



Dear friends and family,

Another year has been emptied out of the litter box of time and, thus, we've arrived at the Goodrich Christmas Letter 2018. There is no single sentence I could use to sum up 2018 (well, at least, not without some colorful words). So, treat this letter like a nice sunbeam coming through the window and bask in its, um, warmth for just a few minutes.



Per tradition, we'll start with Logan. As many of you know, Logan turned 18 on Christmas Eve this year. When Logan is not playing Fortnite<sup>1</sup>...well, being honest, the time Logan spent not playing Fortnite isn't statistically significant, he does have a set of drums and we sometimes hear him "jamming."<sup>2</sup> He also has a job that he uses to fund buying "add ons" to Fortnite. Logan

<sup>1</sup> an online video game where they have perfected hitting the pleasure centers of the teenage boy brain like nothing, and I mean nothing, before.

<sup>2</sup> Jamming is where a band plays one song for eternity. I am guessing the song is called "Forever Fortnite".

graduates this year, so he has applied to a couple of colleges that offer Phds in Fortnitian Physics. Finally, Logan did get his drivers license this year, allowing him to travel to other people's houses to play Fortnite.

Emma is a junior this year and has sunk both paws into all things high school. Beyond her high school IB program,<sup>3</sup> Emma is involved in Younglife, Youth Group, and Burritos Bikers.<sup>4</sup> She is busier than a one-legged cat trying to bury something on a frozen pond. Emma did take her first steps into the working world this year, getting jobs at the pool concession stand ("OMG, it was SOOOOOO groooooss!") and a local women's clothing boutique ("OMG, I have to stand SOOOO much!"). Emma has started looking at colleges, seeming to base her choices on exorbitant price ("OMG! It is SOOOO expensive!"). For example, Jill and Emma went to Chicago to celebrate 1) Emma's 16th Birthday and 2) their shared distaste for the father they didn't allow to come. Emma fell in love with Northwestern due to its, um, non southern and eastern-ness, I guess. Emma does all these things while never, and I mean NEVER, not looking at her phone. She is social and involved and happy.



Child #3 (Lily, for those of you keeping score at home) is in the throes of her first year of middle school. Lily attends a brand new all-Montessori middle/high school<sup>5</sup> and is working down the list of Things to Do When You're a Tween. For example, she has had her first "boyfriend," even though I have explained, in no uncertain terms, that boys are gross and you should only touch them with very long sticks and only then if you are pushing them out of a window. HA! I am kidding! I would never hurt any of the boys my girls bring home in any traceable way.

Anyway, Lily is enjoying middle school and should be considered poisonous by any boys reading this letter. Lily also continues to play soccer, playing on the inaugural girls' soccer team at her school.<sup>6</sup> The coach of that team, by the way, is Jill who found that she was wasting minutes a day in the bathroom and agreed to use that time to coach.

This is a great segue into Jill's update. I've mentioned in the past that Jill is on a mission

<sup>3</sup> Motto: "It is not too much homework if you had time to sleep"

<sup>4</sup> They make edible bikes or put wheels on burritos, I think.

<sup>5</sup> Motto: "Yo, IB Program, we got your homework right here!"

<sup>6</sup> In fact, she scored the first ever goal for the Lady Trailblazers.



to reduce two things in the world: Any wall space<sup>7</sup> and her spare time. In support of the latter mission, she went full time getting a fancy title at Wing Haven Foundation this year. To be fair, this was really just an acknowledgement from the organization, as Jill has been working full time for them for years now. Jill also went to the following marches this year:

- The March for Our Lives in D.C.
- Something in Raleigh, our state capital, which had something to do with politics.... I guess
- The Women's March, also in D.C.
- The March Against Wall Space in our house.

Another march Jill completed this year is the March to Renovating Our House. She started this in 2017 by being the General Contractor herself - the scope began with taking the roof off the top, popping it up, adding 3 bedrooms, expanding living space, and finishing it by having our front yard and patio landscaped.... all while living in the house. This is above and beyond the 742 daily tasks that have to be accomplished for our kids and pets. You would think I would help her out with that, but, clearly, I wouldn't do any of that right. The last time I helped Becca was inoculated for Bordetella.<sup>8</sup>

Last, and certainly least, I'll give you a quick update on myself. I basically live from Marvel movie to Marvel movie, filling this time by being a Skookumite.<sup>9</sup> This year I acquired the title of Director of Production and my primary responsibilities are being old and mocking young people. In my time as Director, I have pioneered the "Avocado is nothing more than a texture play" initiative that has seen several of my employees save hundreds on Avocado toast. Then, there are the KPIs<sup>10</sup> around "not walking 45 minutes for a cup of coffee when we have a Starbucks machine in our office." Lastly, and this is the one I am most proud of, I have started a seminar called "Work, the Thing You Have to Do When Not Renting Those Annoying Electric Scooters" teaching millennials the hard truth of the white collar existence they live yet mock. I can say I thoroughly enjoy my work and that they would probably fire me if any of them knew how to take charge.



<sup>7</sup> No really. I have no idea what color our walls are.

<sup>8</sup> A respiratory disease commonly found in dogs.

<sup>9</sup> My company's name is Skookum, which is a Chinook word meaning "One old guy amongst millennials"

<sup>10</sup> Key Performance Indicators



The pain of traveling with 6, especially when 2 of them are teenagers, did not stand in the way of our family this year. Jill has started a new program this year where she gets to travel with one or more of the kids while I get to watch the leftovers. For example, Jill and Emma traveled to Chicago this year for a fun-filled trip of sightseeing and talking about uber-expensive universities. Jill thinks we could live there.<sup>11</sup> Jill traveled alone to Ithaca, New York, for a conference and loved it, telling me she thinks we could live there. Jill and the Littles<sup>12</sup> went to Asheville for the last half of Spring Break. The entire family went to Greenville for the first part of Spring Break, having to split it up due to a concerted attack by the teenagers on our psyche. Jill has told me we could live in either place. The family almost always has beach trips, this year's being St. Augustine Beach (for a Big Fat Greek Wedding - congrats to Christie and Nick - of course, it's Nick, if not it would be George), Caswell Beach and Hilton Head. At St. Augustine Beach, Jill learned to say the phrase "We could totally live here" in Greek.<sup>13</sup>



<sup>11</sup> Jill is kinda like Kimmy Schmidt in this regard. Every place she travels to has her exclaiming excitedly "We could live here!"

<sup>12</sup> Lily and Becca

<sup>13</sup> Θα μπορούσαμε να ζήσουμε εντελώς εδώ."



The big trip for the year was driving to New York to see the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. It was a Bucket List item and the girls, Jill, and I had a wonderful (but coooold) time watching the parade celebrities not perform while standing with 3.5 million of our closest friends. Logan walked to street level and saw a taxi cab, which was enough of the parade for him. We closed out the New York trip with jaunts to the Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, and the 9/11 Museum. When we were leaving to come back home, Jill mentioned that she thinks we could live in New York.



There was big, slobbery news on the pet front in the Goodrich house. As a reminder, the Goodrich clan has a dog (Archie) and a cat (Skylar, aka Floofy aka Nubiss aka Nugget.). Jill and the Littles had been lobbying for a new dog because "Archie needs a friend." I took a poll of the existing pets about the prospect of adding another dog to the mix and here are their answers:

- Archie: "Can I have a treat? Or go outside? Or go outside and have a treat? Also, there are other people within a 1/2 mile of our house, so I am going to bark incessantly for the next 25 minutes."
- Skylar: (gives me the cat version of The Finger)



When I asked the teens (having to send them a message on Instagram) neither of them could be bothered. So, I was less convinced. But, Jill and I are a happily married, mature couple. We discussed it, my position being that we should not get a dog and her position being that we should, so we



compromised and got a dog. The new dog's name is Josie (get it? Archie and Josie? Riverdale? I don't get it, either) and she has "brindle"<sup>14</sup> coloring. She is high energy, has a conjoined twin size growth on her chest<sup>15</sup> that will go away on its own, and loves to pee on welcome mats. She is everything I thought she'd be. Archie and her play quite a lot, where Archie growls at her like he is going to kill her and she bites his face and chest (two mouths, hers and the growth's). It's fun in a loud, Grindhouse horror movie kind of way.

The cat, as you might imagine, was less than thrilled about this development. So much so, that Skylar up and left the planet very suddenly a couple of weeks ago. While we are sad beyond words to lose the best cat to ever walk the planet, we understand why he chose Cat Heaven over Two Dogs and a Growth. RIP, "Floofy," you will be horribly missed.



Well, that is a bow on 2018. Looking ahead, our next episode will include college (hopefully), travels to more exotic locales (rural *no matter where it is*. Jill is pretty sure we could live there), and the next evolution of The Growth. Be there and be disgusted.

As always, we sincerely hope this season is your happiest and that 2019 is full of lots of footnotes,

**Jill, Glenn, Logan, Emma, Lily, Becca, Archie, Skylar (RIP), Josie and The Growth.**

UPDATE: Emma is no longer interested in Northwestern because it has winters and is now looking more south and east in both locale and, I'm hoping, price.

UPDATE 2: It's been brought to my attention that we have a fourth child, Becca. \*coughs\* This same information tells me that Becca is in Fifth Grade this year and is the only Goodrich kid still in elementary school. Many of you know that Becca is of a somewhat diminutive stature. What you may not know is that she loves sports. So, we asked her what sport she would like to play, given her physical "gifts" and, without hesitation, she chose *basketball*. I will say that there are few things I enjoy more than watching Becca dribble like a MicroMachine around the basketball court. She is a point guard and defensive specialist, as the other players often have no idea she is there.

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<sup>14</sup> Brindles means "I can't decide if I am brown or black, so I am going for "mud swamp."

<sup>15</sup> Really. I would post a picture but I am afraid it would break some internet decency law.

Becca is also into tumbling (both on and off the basketball court) where she can easily flip and fly through the air, as gravity also doesn't realize she is there. Finally, Becca loves playing the ukulele, which looks like a cello in her hands. All in all, Becca is the Goodrich version of a wind-up toy that never really winds down.

