



Happy/Merry <Insert your chosen holiday here>.

Welcome to the Goodrich Holiday Newsletter 2008! This year's letter is a product of various forms of stress: Holiday Stress, Traveling Stress, and Holy Mother of <insert your chosen deity here> We Have 4 Kids Stress. Call it an experiment where we try to rid ourselves of stress by writing about it and, thus, passing it on to our loved ones. Yay!

The holiday season this year kicked off with a trip to Atlanta to see Jill's kin (we say things like "kin", "fixin to", and "might could" now.). This trip was special for several reasons. First, Logan and Emma stayed at Aunt Beth's and Uncle Greg's house every night, allowing Jill and Glenn to remember life with 2 kids. Michael, our Youngest Atlanta Nephew (YAN), Logan, and Emma play games like "Let's Fight Over Michael," "Two on Three Gang Up and Scream," and the holiday favorite "You Are Not the Boss of Me." It truly touches the heart. We also spent some time with Max, our Great Really Old Atlanta Nephew (GROAN), who (deep inhale) enjoys running, soccer, playing the guitar, playing catch, video games, and dying his hair the same colors as what you'd see if you put your face in a bag of Skittles (minus the "girly" colors, which we think are purple). While in Atlanta, everyone needed to clear out of the house to allow Glenn to watch Georgia Tech BEAT Georgia. Glenn's reaction to the win consisted of open sobbing to REALLY loud screaming, hugging the TV, and trying to get one of the in-laws to tattoo the score on his right cheek (losses go on the left one) to finally (and thankfully) running off into the night squealing like a Beatles fan. It is likely that the Wieders will no longer allow themselves to be in the same city as Glenn for the GT-UGA game and, possibly, not at all. The ride home from Atlanta, normally 3 1/2 to 4 hours, took 7 hours that Sunday due to Thanksgiving traffic, allowing us to cross "Find something where death is preferable" off our Bucket List.



Upon returning to Charlotte, we attempted to perform the customary (and criminally tactless) decorating of the house. George (Jill's dad) is apparently trying to bail out the economy by purchasing inflatable Christmas decorations and passing them on to us. So, we found exactly enough time to layout the blow-up wonders, plug in half of them and spew lights all over the yard before the pull of 4 kids caused us to stop. Our yard looks like we've been carpet-bombed by the Griswolds. Think of any scene where the undead are coming up out of the ground, then replace them with the un-inflated. My guess is if they ever make a movie where they need a scene of Christmas in a post-nuclear world that Hollywood will be a-calling.

In order to make this holiday as stressful as possible on Jill, Glenn spent the first full week of December in Denver for "work." It is amazing the amount of progress that each family member makes when Glenn is away. Becca, who is 9 months old, decided to use that week to start sitting up by herself. This, as you probably guessed, lead to Becca's first break-dancing, consisting of doing the Worm into a full 3.5 backspin into the grand finale headspin-back-to-sitting up. Also, Jill wisely packed all traditional family-related events into that week. The kids made gingerbread houses, wrote their Christmas letters, held their school holiday extravaganza, and went to see Santa. All is not lost, as Glenn will share other Christmas moments with the kids, such as Explaining Why Santa Didn't Bring All 1500 Things on My List and the Holiday Candy Shakes.

Lily's Christmas experience is much less traumatic than previous years, where sitting in Santa's lap was comparable to falling out of an airplane in sheer terror value. She was a champ through the Santa lap event this year, asking for "ya-ya" (her blanket) and to "be naked" (she hates





wearing clothes, hopefully not a indicator of things to come). Santa ho-hoed and winked and looked at us like next year he would invoke a Four Kids and Over fee, a look we get quite often. Lily's superpower is overwhelming cuteness, and she is still very, very happy, despite her obligation as a 2 year-old to throw major (albeit, not even in the same league as her older sister) tantrums.

Logan, who's 8th birthday is on Christmas Eve, is planning for the Big Event. The theme this year is Clone Wars, proving that his horizons have been much broadened over the Star Wars theme from two years prior. As you can imagine, his planning involves the kind of detail that Darth Vader him(it?)self couldn't muster. Every attendee is a different character, from Anakin to Han's-First-Girlfriend's-Son-You-Know-the-One-Who-Runs-That-Hardware-Store. As I try to explain the subtleties of the female psyche to Logan ("You can't make a girl a wookiee. It's too much like a dog."), Jill is tasked with making a Millennium Falcon cake that "that can fly with working guns that will be used to shoot the Tie Fighter cupcakes, also pilot-able." Logan is a big fan of Lego Star Wars on the Wii (so is Daddy) and he still loves to read and pull the imaginary knots out of his hair. (sigh)

Emma has resigned herself to the fact that Santa isn't going to bring her anything this year. She is at peace with this realization, which leaves her parents with no holiday ammo. Those of you familiar with our saga are aware that Emma has a PhD in Attitude (with a minor in 80s fashion). Past years allowed us to warn her that Inglebert (our Elf on the Shelf) would take news to Santa that Emma rabbit-punched Logan or passionately told Daddy that he was a big meanie-face. Emma calling the bluff has left us saying things like "If you don't stop, Logan will get even MORE presents from Santa." Thankfully, the prospect of more happiness for others is a mildly effective deterrent. When she isn't trying, Emma is beautiful, creative, and smart (already smarter than Daddy). They LOVE her at her school, causing us to wonder if she trades spots with her twin on the bus.

Zoe (the mutt) has settled into the house well. She was the lucky recipient of obedience training this year, which allowed her to wear a shock collar (Jill calls it a "love reminder") during waking hours. Other dogs believe she is under house arrest for various white collar crimes, like diluting alpo with tofu and hydrant fraud. She perpetuates this image, with several appearances on Hairy King (Charles Spaniel) Live and The Bacon Report. We know the truth, though: She is masking puppyhood fears with overt barking and chewing: Classic Purinian (Dr. Alfred Purina) psychosis.

So, that about wraps up this year's holiday letter. If you want to know what happened before Thanksgiving in Goodrichlandia, you will have to check out our blog (<http://www.goodrichs.net>) where details of Glenn's medical procedures and numerous articles focused on waste management await. (I should take a marketing course.) If you are struggling to find meaning in the season, try to look no further than your family and friends. In a largish family like ours, each perspective, each anticipation, each wonder reveals the truest gifts of the season and how undeservedly blessed we really are.

We sincerely hope that your truest gifts are abundant this year.

Peace and love -



*Glenn*



*Logan*



*Becca*



*Zoe*



*Jill*



*Emma*



*Lily*