

Hello from Seattle, where it's raining. Shocking, right? In other shocking news, babies get bigger really, **really** fast, so Afton went from not-quite-crawling in early January to running in December. He got excellent glasses in April so that Mommy and Daddy wouldn't feel bad about having to wear theirs, which was nice of him. His current favorite pastimes are hiking, climbing huge numbers of stairs, going on walks, and generally being outdoors. His first backcountry adventure was in Mount Rainier National Park this summer. In February, we founded a ham radio club (the Narwhal Amateur Radio Society, NR7WL), which is definitely not at all weird. In May, Lindsey effected her grand return to the Seattle Opera, where she now Controls finance with an iron spreadsheet. In July, we packed up and went to Hanford Reach (motto: "One of the best nuclear sites to vacation at!") with the Helena, Billings, and Cincinnati branches of the O'Connors, the net result being "three boys under five are loud." In October, Brendan switched jobs; he's doing exactly the same thing as before, but for a different company, which seems to please him. We've also been up to San Juan Island (Afton's first ride on Grandpa Morck's boat!), out to Whidbey Island (Afton's first ham radio Field Day!), on countless walks with the Morck grandparents, and caroused generally. In December, Max, our 17.5 year old cat, passed away after having taught Afton successfully to gently pet the cat and also drop food for him; he will be missed, but some of his hair will remain strewn throughout the house forever. In 2024 we will continue to try to see all the people we've been meaning to see since the pandemic started, but toddler travel is complicated, so if you're coming near the Pacific Northwest, drop us a line!

In some disarray,

Afton, Lindsey, and Brendan O'Connor

