



Merry Christmas to all...

And to all a
good .



Dear Family and Friends,

It was just a short 10 years ago that everyone was worried what would occur on Y2K. The date came and went without incident. Now we have a black president who has very little regard for American traditions. As a Christian nation, we have an obligation to prevent the Obamas, Pelosis and Reids of this era (error) from destroying all we hold dear and preserve liberty and freedom for our children and posterity. It is hard for me to believe that Americans have stood for his shenanigans for as long as we have, but I believe that real change is just waiting for January 20, 2013 when we inaugurate the next president, and I don't think it will be an incumbent.

We welcomed our newest family member, Kierra LaShawn White, 01 February 2010, the daughter of Jarrette and James White. I was in the deliver room when she was born and got to cut her umbilical cord, creating a special bond between her and me. I have been keeping her since August. She is such a sweet and pleasant little girl, rarely crying unless she wants her "Ba" (bottle). Then she wails until you get it ready and put in her little chubby hands.



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In April, I took Larry, Michael, Emaryl and JaKoby to SeaWorld in San Antonio. I hadn't planned to take Koby; I thought he was too young at age 2, but when I went to pick up Emi, Tina told me that he had gotten his bag and wanted it packed, too. I just couldn't go off without him. I will never regret that decision. He was such a joy to watch and full of wide-eyed wonder.

We didn't get to the hotel until about 4 AM. After we got the luggage to the room, Larry and Mike decided to get some ice. Of course, Emi and Koby had to tagalong. Once they had gotten to the ground floor, Larry turned around just in time to see the doors close with Koby Glenn still in the elevator. Larry frantically pressed buttons, trying to get the elevator back and all the while, they can hear Koby Glenn howling through the shaft. Once the elevator came back down, Koby Glenn was so scared that he flew straight out. Now when you take an elevator, Koby says, "Hold Koby." Can you imagine what would happen if he had gotten off on one of the ten or so floors? The hotel would have to be shut down and the SWAT team would have to search floor by floor, room by room until a very scared little boy was found. Everyone would have been frantic.



Of course, no trip to San Antonio is complete without a visit to the most famous mission in all of history, San Antonio de Valero established in 1724, and better known as the Alamo. I remember the first time I was there in the 1970s. It was a very quiet day. Mom, Tammy, Tomaline, Rickey and I were the only visitors. There

are such overwhelming feelings in this place, the birthright that 182 men against Santa Ana's thousands gave each and every Texian that day, March 6, 1836. Rickey asked if it was a "choich" (church). Mom commented that it seemed as though the place had been sanctified.

William Barret Travis was only 26 years-old when he penned the famous letter—

On February 24, 1836, during Santa Anna's siege of the Alamo, Travis wrote a letter addressed "To the People of Texas and All Americans in the World":

Fellow citizens and compatriots;

I am besieged, by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual Bombardment and cannonade for 24 hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender or retreat. Then, I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism & everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid, with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor & that of his country. Victory or Death.

*William Barret Travis
Lt. Col. Comdt.*

P.S. The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses 80 or 90 bushels and got into the walls 20 or 30 head of Beeves.

Travis

Larry commented that it seemed impossible that a handful of men were able to defend the Alamo for 13 days while Sam Houston gathered a ragtag army of volunteers who defeated Santa Ana in 18 minutes at San Jacinto, April 21, 1836.

Mike and I rode The Great White, at SeaWorld, a roller coaster type ride, but you are strapped in ski-lift type chairs with your feet dangling 2,000 miles above the ground, maybe 20,000 miles above the ground. At points during the ride, you are spun completely around and hang suspended upside down for a few seconds. The first spin wasn't too bad, but during the second spin, I wondered what insanity possessed me to ride this man-eating torture machine. By the third spin, my stomach was in my throat, threatening to spew out on the unsuspecting world below. "Let me off this &^*IJHGFR% thing right now. It's never stopping. I'm gonna die here." I think all those people who got off laughing were just showing off. No one in their right mind could have enjoyed that. And, folks, I still get nauseated just thinking about it. Mike said, "I'll never do that again, EVER!" And neither will I.

Check out the hyperlink and watch a video clip of The Great White.

<http://www.seaworld.com/sitepage.aspx?PageID=641>

I was disappointed in the whale show, but this was just after the orca, Tilikum had killed trainer, Dawn Brancheau, 24 February 2010. There was no human interaction with the whales in the water. Shamu did not beach itself on a ramp where an audience member was allowed to pet him. And the whales did not splash the audience. You know how much better and bigger everything is in Texas. And I had been bragging about how much better and bigger SeaWorld was than Marine Land in Canada. Well, Larry had the last laugh.

The Journey to Atlantis come barreling down the last water fall, sending a wave of water spraying out in all directions, drenching any and all passerbys. Larry was holding onto the railing and Emi clung to him for dear life as the wall of water rolled over them, threatening to dislodge their hold and sweep them away to some distant area of SeaWorld. Emi and Larry must have liked it. Larry was laughing and grinning from ear-to-ear, and they went back for more.

Koby was a bit scared of the kiddy water park, but once he got going, I had



Emaryl and Koby Glenn

a hard time keeping an eye on him. This pint-sized dynamo of a little boy was amazing. He seemed fearless, climbing a rope ladder suspended way above the sandbox. Anything Emi could do, he did, too. They fed the dolphins; saw the Antarctica Emperor Penguins, walrus, otters and seals.

At the IMAX theatre, we saw *Alice in Wonderland* in 3D. All I can say is, "Wow!" You could almost reach out and touch butterflies, the Cheshire Cat, even the credits jumped off the screen right at you. Koby had never been to a movie before. We went to the late show, figuring he would fall asleep, but no, it was Emi who went to sleep. He sat as quiet and still as a church door mouse, and watched the whole movie. He likes to be mildly scared and was a bit afraid of the Cheshire Cat. Larry would whisper, "He bites," and Koby would scoot as close to Larry as he could while squeezing Larry's arm so tight.

We took a dinner cruise on the San Antonio River. They served chips and hot sauce, fajitas and an ice cream dessert. Emi and Koby were so good. They, along with their little sister, Kierra, are awesome.

Before we left San Antonio, we visited with my ex-sister-in-law,



San Antonio River -- JaKoby, Emaryl and Michael

Irene (Renee) Gullett, whom I had not seen in over 20 years. I don't like that



term. I have several ex-sisters-in-law, and as far as I am concerned, they remain sisters whom I will always love. We had a nice visit and reminisced about the olden days. Pamela and her daughter, Tamar, live with Renee. Paula lives in Las Vegas.

Renee looks great. The years have been good to her. It was at Renee's that Koby Glenn had been good for as long as he could. About 30 minutes before we planned to leave, he knocked over a pedestal and broke a watering globe. I figure Renee was glad to see us go.

At the South Plains Panhandle Fair in Lubbock, Emi and Koby once again demonstrated that devil-may-care attitude by sliding repeatedly down a huge inflatable slide. It was at least 30 feet up in the air. They looked so small silhouetted by the burning blue of an autumn sky. It took several minutes for Koby's short, chubby legs to negotiate the steps to the top, and all for a few seconds surge of adrenalin. But the sheer delight on Emi and Koby's face said it all. I have been so fortunate to share some wonderful experiences with them, ones that will always be fresh in my mind.

There have been new experiences and unique challenges this year.

News Flash!

I took the plunge in August and joined the growing number of retired baby boomers. And except for the big cut in pay—I love it. My house has waited so patiently for so many years to feel the touch of a gentle hand, is now getting the cleaning she so richly deserves. I still have a long way to go. There are so many nooks and crannies to hide about 45 years of accumulation of junk—so much stuff, and like Mom—it is hard to part with some things. I have sold some stuff on eBay, given books and magazines to the library and donated things to Broadway Treasures for support of the local women's shelter, and I haven't even scratched the surface. In fact, I am hard put to notice anything missing. And even harder now that 45 years or so of snowmen are melting and dripping on tables, shelves, window sills and

Christmas tree. It took about 9 days to unpack and put all the decorations inside and out, but that may not be because there is so much stuff, but I'm not as efficient and quick as I once was. I told Richard to skip decorating the front dormer; we are just getting too old and he is so unsteady these days.

Larry is really excited about a forthcoming book by Mike Mitchell mostly about Native lacrosse history, but it's the collaboration of lacrosse history by lacrosse historians such as Stan Shillington, Bobby Allan, Mike Mitchell, Paul Whiteside, Morley Kells and Larry. It includes one chapter written by Larry and Larry's bio, along with several pictures of Larry with some of the better known lacrosse players. Larry wrote the stories about lacrosse-playing families and was honored that Mike would have him do the history of three great Native lacrosse playing families: the Powlesses, the Isaacs, the Smiths, as well as the Evanses, the Gairs and the Viponds. It is due out by Christmas, and like a little kid waiting for that Red Rider BB gun under the tree on Christmas Eve, Larry waits, not too patiently, for the mail to arrive each day. With sad puppy-dog eyes, he announces, "No book, today."

Larry is writing a book of his own to be called "The History of Lacrosse in Durham Region" and thus far has 11 chapters completed. The Oshawa cable sports channel interviewed him on an evening show and can be viewed by clicking on this link or typing it into your address bar.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HDn_THEDgT0

Larry's web site the BIBLE of lacrosse, <http://wampsbibleoflacrosse.com> continues to be quite successful with over 30,000 unique users as well as over 400,000 hits in total in the past two years. It's about time for him to start making some money from his passion and solicit sponsors.

Shane, Rickey's son, spent a couple of weeks with me this summer, but I don't think it was much fun for him. I was sick with bronchitis the whole time. It seems like every time one of the kids gets the sniffles, I get sick right along with them. It took about 4 months and two rounds of antibiotics to finally get over it—geez—another sign of getting old. Maxine is right—getting old isn't for sissies.

Larry and I both enjoy genealogy, and occasionally get right caught up in the moment. We can take branches of our trees right back to 1066, and William, the Conqueror. Larry boasts that a distant relative, Oliver Wolcott signed the US Declaration of Independence. His ancestors were among early immigrants to America, landing around upper New York and Vermont before immigrating to Canada in 1826.

We are going to Dallas on the 19th and take Carol Sue, my long-time friend, and Tomaline, to see the Trans Siberian Orchestra. It has become a tradition for Larry and me. Why Dallas? Well, they are not playing in Lubbock or Amarillo this year, the bums.

All my kids, grands and great-grands are doing well. There is getting to be so many of us and we are scattered from Nebraska to Texas to Louisiana that it's getting hard to write something about everyone, although, we did have a bit of excitement last week. Tomaline had one of her typical blonde moments and tried to drive her truck under a low bridge. To say the least, she came to an abrupt halt, but not before doing \$15,000 damage to the truck. Well, trucks can be replaced, but I only have one Tomaline. I am thankful she was unhurt. Richard, with his usual dry sense of humor said, "Guess she'd better learn to duck."

Larry's daughter Sarah is teaching elementary school in Hay River for the second straight year, but this year only as a supply teacher as well as teaching figure skating before school starts in the morning and after it ends at 4 PM. Supply teaching pays \$450 per day and she also makes an additional \$50 per hour or \$300 per day from teaching figure skating. Sarah is going to pay to fly Larry and I up to Yellowknife in the summer of 2012 and I believe that wedding bells may be in the future as Sarah and her boyfriend, James has been talking over the possibilities. It will make Larry happy to be able to give Sarah's hand in marriage especially since he couldn't be there for her graduations from high school, college, nor when she earned both of her university degrees.

Larry's Uncle Frank and Aunt Marilyn are proud to announce the marriage of their son, Bradley, keeping the Power line of the family tree continuing for at least one more generation.

Larry's sister, Dianne also proudly announces the marriage of her daughter, Janine Hicks to Matt Rudnick this the spring in Mexico.

No Christmas letter would be complete without a visit to Santa Claus, and this year is no exception. We had breakfast with Santa at Wayland University last Saturday. Emaryl, JaKoby and Kierra sat on his lap. Notice that Kierra isn't crying like most little babies do when they see this white haired and bearded stranger for the first time.



The following letter was written by Jarrette Glenn. She asked me to send it out with my letter.

Hey, Family and Friends,

Well, since I can't be at home for the holidays, I decided to write a Christmas letter myself to send out. And please bear with me, these damned prison pens barely work. Yeah, that's right—that was no a mess up. I said prison. Some of you may be surprised, but for the most part, I bet you are

thinking, "I knew it was only a matter of time." Although, I am not happy to admit that I am in prison, I am grateful. If I may say so, myself, I have had a better year this past year than I have had in the past. But not to say, I was headed in the same direction. That's why I came to jail. After I had my baby, I began to slip off.

And I'm trying not to sound like I have jailhouse religion so that's why I say I am grateful for jail. So to keep my "jailhouse religion," I've decided to move to Dallas. I will be attending a program called Exodus Ministries to make sure the year 2011 is really one to remember. So as soon as I get a Dallas address, I will let you know.

And if there are some of my friends that don't receive the address, don't trouble yourself by telling it to them. There's probably a reason that they didn't receive that memo!

I'm changing people, places and things to ensure I stay clean and on the right path.

So here's to you, Emaryl (age 7), JaKoby (age 3, January 8th) and Kierra (age 1, February 1st), Merry Christmas.

Love,
Jarrette

