

H O L I D A Y G R E E T I N G S

From Hope Manor 2011

Dear Family and Friends,

As if you weren't aware—45 to 50 days of triple digits temperatures topped by those legendary delirious burning blue cloudless skies. Many lakes were in danger of drying up and wildfires raged out of control in various areas. The only moisture came in the form of the garden sprinkler, making pretty little rainbows dancing across burned brown lawns, and did little to alleviate drought conditions that prevail all over Texas. I watched the leaves on my trees curl, conserving what precious little water there was. Larry stayed until the first part of May. He bragged about sitting on the porch swing in short sleeves during the winter, but he didn't get a taste of summer. Praise the Lord for autumn, and more seasonable temperatures.



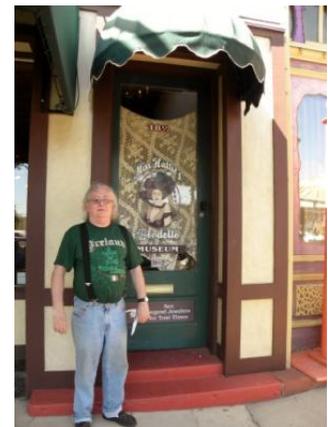
Tammy is going to be a grandmother again. Krystal is due April 1st. Kevin and his friend, David are still renovating trailer houses. Phillip is working at Good Will and at a restaurant. Jonathon is living with his dad, and is doing well.

Michael has grown up to be a considerate young man. He is always ready to lend a helping hand. He continues to enjoy video games, usually beating them in a few days.

Larry and I went to San Angelo to an up-close-and-personal concert by Slaid Cleaves. A friend had told Larry about him and it turns out Cleaves is one of prolific author Steven King's favorite singers. We talked to Mr. Cleaves and Larry got his autograph. Log on to <http://www.slaid.com/> for more information.

Miss Hattie's was an institution in downtown San Angelo. The brothel had humble beginnings, way back when the streets of San Angelo was a "hell town" full of western saloons, rough cowboys, and bordellos. Step back into that time through the velvet drapes and lace curtains and tour the most infamous brothel in West Texas, operated from the turn of the century until it was closed down by the Texas Rangers in 1946. It was connected to the original San Angelo National Bank building by a tunnel of love so that farmers and ranchers could discreetly do their "banking" business while in town with their families. Miss Hattie found great pleasure in entertaining her clients. She believed that if she created a place that was intimate, private, and romantic no one could resist what she had to offer.

And there's Fort Concho—Built in 1867, Fort Concho was constructed to protect settlers and the transportation routes between a chain of forts in the heartland of Texas. In September 1872, Colonel Ranald Slidell Mackenzie and his troopers, called "Mackenzie's Raiders", surprised the Comanche in an attack of a large encampment. Twenty-three Indians were killed, and 127 women and children were taken captive. The captives were imprisoned through the winter in the stone corral at Fort Concho. The following spring, they were allowed to rejoin their families at the Indian reservation near Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Regimental commander of the 10th Cavalry Benjamin Grierson's, daughter Edith



tragically died at about age twelve, in the upstairs bedroom of one of the houses at the fort. It is said that Edith, along with several others, haunts Fort Concho.

Larry and I went to Ruidoso in April, staying at the Inn of the Mountain Gods with gorgeous mountain views, including snow-capped Sierra Blanca in the distance. We played the slots which I find incredibly boring, but I suppose if all those bells and whistles had gone off, and we would have won a pile of money, I would have gotten excited.

Rising from the heart of the Tularosa Basin is one of the world's great natural wonders—dune after dune of glistening white gypsum at White Sands National Monument. Larry was amazed and commented how much it resembled snowdrifts. He fell in love with the tiny village of Cloudcroft, a 110 year old, unique mountain community which combines the modern amenities with pioneer heritage.



Tomaline and I took Michael, Emaryl, Jakoby and Kierra to Ruidoso in late July, but even the mountains were sweltering in the oppressive heat generated by upper level ridge that was anchored over the plains and mountain regions for three to four months. Tomaline had not been feeling well when we left, but what could seriously be wrong? After all, she's only 45. We stayed in a cabin that Koby calls *The Bear House*, complete with a hot tub. From the deck we watched deer scamper up the hill right beside us, and of course, the kids loved the hot tub.

We enjoyed dinner at the *Flying J Ranch* while the *Flying J Wranglers* entertained with comedy and cowboy songs. As we were leaving, Tomaline began to experience chest pain. By the time we got to the car, she was violently ill. 911 took her to the hospital in Ruidoso. The next night she was taken to *UMC* in Lubbock by ambulance. They did emergency surgery for 99% blockage, placing a stint in the left anterior descending coronary artery, often called the widow maker. On the day after, Tomaline said, "I feel better than I have felt in a long time."

Koby had been saying, "Grandma, take me to the snow." I did the next best thing—I took him to White Sands. He jumped out of the car and onto the sand. He wanted to make snow angels. Soon Emaryl and Kierra joined in. Kierra couldn't get her arms and legs going at the same time, but she had no trouble making angel wings.



Emaryl won first place in an era costume contest, dressing up as a hippy. She won second place at the *Panhandle South Plains Fair* in Lubbock with an entry in the decorated cake division. And the pièce de résistance—she made the *A Honor Roll*, *Perfect Attendance* and the *Star Reader Award* for these six weeks. We are so proud of her.



Rickey has become quite expert at repairing everything from air conditioners to plumbing to fryers at *Popeye's* which features *New Orleans Cajun style fried chicken*. It is the second-largest quick-service chicken restaurant, with more than 1,800 restaurants in more than 40 states, and over 21 countries. Rickey attends a small group in Arkansas who are devotees of the *William Branham ministry*. Rickey and his son, *Shane*, spend their time together in the great outdoors. *Shane* loves hunting and fishing, especially bass fishing, inspired by his brother, *Jon* who has won a few competitions. *Shane* is going to be a big boy. At eleven, he is almost as tall as Rickey.

On a sadder note, we lost our beloved schnauzer, Jarrette's Silver Bell in January. He was thirteen years old.



Speaking of concerts, Tomaline and her friend, Randy, went to Las Vegas to see Steely Dan including special guests, and an idealistic strategy for World Peace. Larry took his sisters to see Leon Russell at the newly renovated Regent Theatre in Oshawa. Leon continues to write songs, record, and thrill audiences on his non-stop tours across the U.S. and Canada. Leon's musical style is still resonating with his lifelong fans and is inspiring younger listeners who are discovering his music.

Reminiscing about his visit to Texas, Larry says, "A couple of the best times I had with Emaryl, Koby and Kierra were when we had a big water gun fight. I had gone to Wal-Mart and bought the biggest, baddest, most expensive water gun with so much force, I was sure it would knock them right off their feet. I shot the cat under his tail. He almost jumped right into the trash can. The kids thought that was great, and laughed roasting marshmallows after dark. I told them I was a zombie and was going to go rip the leg off some old dead man behind the fence and eat it. Koby and Glenn came up close. I turned around and had fake blood flowing all around my mouth. Koby's eyes got really big. He was so scared under the bed anymore. Kierra, just over a year old, took it all in stride, not a single bit laughing."



Larry wrote *Lacrosse Families*, which includes the Powlesses, Smiths, Isaacs, Viponds, Evanses and Gairs. It appears as a chapter in *Teionsikwaeks: Lacrosse - the Creator's Game* by Michael Kanentakeron Mitchell, Publisher: Ronathahon: ni Cultural Centre. Larry states, "For a guy that had to go to summer school to pass grade 13, it is quite an honor. I've had my name in a few lacrosse books and a lot of my stats in other books, but to actually get a whole chapter published is one of my biggest accomplishments."

In a press conference, <http://www.canadianlacrosseleague.com/#head-office/4554585349> Larry was named head statistician for the new professional CLAX lacrosse league started by Paul St. John. "I'll be in charge of all the people who submit game stats into Point Streak instead of just one of the team administrators like I was with the Brooklin Redmen. Hopefully, it will become the main development league for professional National Lacrosse."

Larry, with the help of his son, is learning SQL and plans to make the *BIBLE* into a proper data base. He is still working on his book, "A History of Lacrosse in Durham Region". Once transcribed, interviews with Elmer Tran and Roy Fleming, age 96, the oldest living lacrosse player, will become chapters in his book. Several of the chapters can be read at <http://wampsbibleoflacrosse.com/newstats/book.html>.

Larry's brother-in-law, Keith, passed away from brain cancer in January, but Karen seems to be handling it well. Dianne, Larry's sister, retired from her government job and was able to get full retirement benefits at the age of 61. Chuck and Kyla Taylor, Larry's niece, have a new baby girl, Emery born November 4th. Jeremy, Larry's nephew, and Amelie are expecting a baby, due December 20th. He recently landed a job making double the amount he was at Teddy's. Matt Rudnick and Janine, Larry's niece, were married February in Mexico. Dianne and Janine's sisters all flew down for the big event.

Sarah, Larry's daughter, moved back to Yellowknife from Hay River and is figure skating competitively again. "Skating is good...trying to go slow as I do not want to hurt myself...not attempting any big jumps until I get everything together again." She is Recreational Supervisor for the Yellowknife's Dene First Nation, an aboriginal group of First Nations living in the northern boreal and Arctic regions of Canada. She coordinates lots of sports like soccer, basketball, gymnastics, Dene games and also teaches hip hop dancing and fiddle.

Larry is really fortunate, and is always getting extra money from somewhere. He received much of the taxes back that he had paid in over several years. This windfall is already burning a hole in his pocket. We are going to cruise from Vancouver, BC to Alaska this summer. Remember how Mom always dreamed of going to Alaska? If she were here I would take her. Can you imagine—Mount McKinley dominating the skyline as North America's highest peak at 20,320 feet. The towering granite spires and snowy summits of Denali National Park and Preserve are often lost in the clouds. I can hardly wait.

Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.

We, the people are coming in 2012!