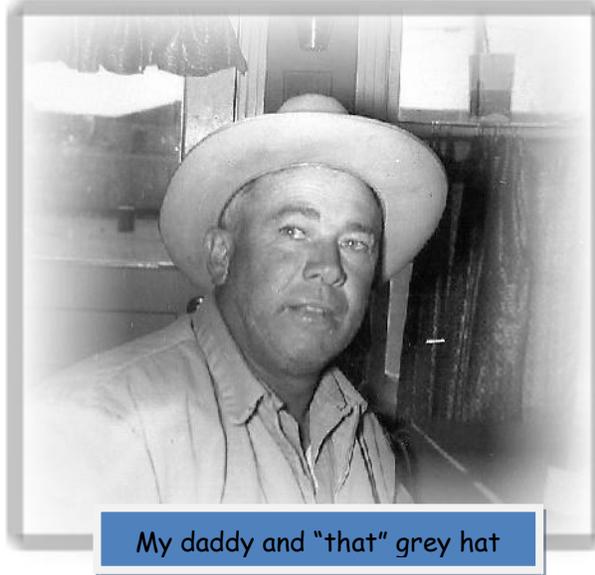




Dear Family and Friends,

I was four-years-old when we moved to Lubbock. My daddy worked for Tidwell Construction Company and later for Municipal Water, Power and Light.

Daddy always wore freshly pressed long-sleeved khaki shirts and cuffed khaki pants with razor-sharp creases, neatly belted at the waist. He also wore steel-toed lace-up boots and a grey felt fedora.



My daddy and "that" grey hat

I remember it well—cuddling next to Daddy, watching wrestler Gorgeous George Raymond Wagner gain mainstream popularity and become one of the biggest stars of the period, with his outrageously flamboyant and charismatic character. My daddy loved baseball. Sometimes we lay on the floor with his arm securely around me and watched the center fielder, Mickey Mantle of the New York Yankees who is regarded by many to be the greatest switch hitter of all time, and one of the greatest players in baseball history. There was Lawrence Peter "Yogi" Berra AL catcher, outfielder, and manager, playing for the New York Yankees. Berra is one of only four players to be named the MVP of the AL three times and is one of seven managers to lead both American and National League teams to the World Series. Who could forget center fielder Joseph Paul "Joe" DiMaggio nicknamed "Joltin' Joe" and "The Yankee Clipper", as he played his entire 13-year career for the New York

Yankees. He is perhaps best known for his 56-game hitting streak, a record that as of 2012 still stands. DiMaggio was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1955. He married Marilyn Monroe, who is distantly related to me through my Borden ancestors. And center fielder, Willie Howard Mays, Jr. (*The Say Hey Kid*) winning two MVP awards, and ending his career with 660 home runs, third at the time of his retirement, and currently fourth all-time.

Daddy had the tangy scent of Old Spice Aftershave and the pungent smell of tobacco. He smoked Lucky Strikes. Strands of chest hair would escape above his undershirt and the top button of his shirt to tickle my cheek. Sometimes I could feel the rough stubble of a five o'clock shadow when I rubbed my hand across his face.

One night, when I was six-years-old, a magician came to my school, George C. Wolfforth Elementary. He was masterful—performing amazing card, rope and scarf tricks. The magician asked for a hat from the audience. I volunteered "that" grey fedora. He began by demonstrating to everyone that it was an ordinary hat, well, not so ordinary, it belonged to MY daddy. Of all things, he poured milk into MY daddy's hat. Oh, no, he cracked eggs into it. He's ruining Daddy's hat! Am I ever in trouble. (Daddy never spanked me, not even once, but he just might over that hat.) But MAGIC words were spoken. A MAGIC wand was waved. And PHEW! Just like vanished into thin air, leaving Daddy's hat he do that?

We toasted in the New Year with sparkling depression glasses that belonged to my thought they were high society.

Kierra turned the ripe old age of two She recognizes about 15 different (ASL)



MAGIC, all that milk and eggs dry and unharmed. Now, how'd

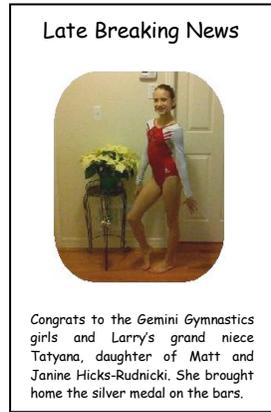
grape juice, served from mother. The great - grands

February 1st. She amazes me. signs, counts to five, and can

"read?" *Please, Baby, Please, Hi, Bird, Bye Bird, If I Had a Bone*, and parts of *Double Decker Bus*.

Operatic Tenor Andrea Bocelli's *My Christmas* CD was playing in the car. She was safely buckled in her seat and singing along, *O Tannenbaum*. Oh, pickles, as Kierra would say, I can barely pronounce tannenbaum.

JaKoby celebrated his 4th birthday on January 8th. We hatched dinosaur eggs (balloons with tiny dinosaurs inside) and had a real dino dig with dinosaur skeletons buried in sand. He has an extensive vocabulary and talks a bazillion miles an hour. He started pre-kindergarten this year amid my tears. It's still hard to send them off into the real world for the first time.



Among activities this year included Mardi Gras. Emaryl found the baby in The King's Cake and St. Patrick's Day, complete with a visit from leprechauns who left green milk, green water right of the tap and miniature green footprints everywhere.



We lost the last two of our dogs, Je t'aime Ebon, my Keeshond in January and Angie, Tomaline's Miniature Pincher in November. They are sadly missed, but I am not planning on getting another one. The great-grands monopolize my time.

Tammy wrote the sweetest thing on Facebook. The uniqueness of my mom is: you gave me life. You loved me unconditionally. You helped me become who I am today. There's only one you and I love you. Thank you for giving me life and showing me how to be what I am today. Without a doubt, she made my heart go "pitty-pat".

Kevin has been preparing to take his GED, and has a new girlfriend, Stephanie Massing. She had a toddler, Wyatt. Kevin enjoys interacting with him, Facebooking that he and Wyatt were watching *The Amazing Spiderman* together. That reminds me of Kevin, Phillip and Michael's super heroes, especially Batman. Phillip could not say Superman and called him Futerman.



They all still like the Bat, and I kinda like him, too. Phillip is working at a restaurant and lives with Kevin. Jonathon has recently moved back with Tammy after staying with his dad for awhile.

And the big news—Gary Bodfield and Krystal welcomed my ninth great-grand and Tammy's fourth grand, Bianka Rose born April 11 at 3:30 am.

Tomaline continues to eat up the miles out there on the super slab. She goes coast-to-coast and Canada. When we are travelling, the great-grands watch for Celadon trucks, thinking it might be Meme. We are looking forward to seeing her at

Christmas.

Michael, as usual, remains a devotee of video games, and Yugioh cards. He started a league at Unger Memorial Library, meeting every Saturday. His son, Kristian, age seven, now lives in Katy, Texas with his mom.

Reporting to you from Hope Manor, November 7, 2012, "Much of the history of the Western world, over the past three decades, has been a history of replacing what worked with what sounds good." Thomas Sewell. I still find it difficult believe that the American people have chosen Barack Obama to lead for a second term. Well, if America can stand four more years of runaway spending, she can withstand anything.



Rickey continues with Popeye's Chicken, working in east Texas and Louisiana. He is going to a heating and AC school. He says he has enough to do without learning something else. He spends a lot of time with his son, Shane, who was fishing on Barksdale AFB in the rain. He likes to fish so much that he's willing to get soaked. He hooked an alligator who moseyed off with his bait. Oh, pickles, and G-ma thought fishing was such a nice, safe sport. He is excited about his pump pellet pistol. He bought it with his own money he made working for Rickey. He helped Rickey put together a new hair salon close to the Air Force Base.

The year 2012 started out on a high note as Larry was given the position of league point steak administrator for the new six-team semi-professional lacrosse league called CLAX, the brainchild of Paul St. John and Jimmy Veltman. Although players were only paid a small salary as the league was just getting off the ground, there were eight players who were called up to the Professional National Lacrosse League where several players stayed and one player, Damon Edwards, spent the rest of the season with the Toronto Rock, being paid over \$800 per game, which although is small compared to professional hockey or baseball players, is a pretty good chunk of change for a young guy starting out with a mortgage to pay, and possibly a family to support. Larry had a great time meeting some really super people and learning another side of the lacrosse world. It was a lot more work than he had expected and has since given the league his resignation, but with expansion of teams to Toronto Maple Leaf Gardens, Barrie and Niagara Falls, he wishes the league every success in the future.

"The low point in 2012 was the sudden passing of my younger brother, Lewis, from an enlarged heart. I'm sure going to miss him with our similar interests in music and genealogy. I miss not being able to share with Lewis how our second cousin Betty came across some information on Dunhill Castle near Waterford, Ireland built in the early 1200's where the Power family descendants lived for generations. With Lewis' passing, my desire to finish my book about the History of Lacrosse in Durham Region has been stalled as a lot of my inspiration to write a book came from his urgings."

On a happier note—grand nephew Milo Keith Yule was born December 1, 2012 to Jeremy and Amelie. Grand niece Kyleigh Lyn Dianne Edmonds-Hicks was born August 21, 2012 to Christian and Desiree.

"Twyla managed to come to Oshawa from August 8th till August 26th and we had a great time as usual, and even though I had an attack of congestive heart failure. Thank God she was here to nurse me through it and I still managed to take her to Toronto four times for some special events. I managed to drop 27 pounds in less than a month by taking a water pill once a day and making a life change in my diet. One super positive thing that happened was I managed to finally get my diabetic high blood sugars under control after over twenty years with the addition of a pill for my thyroid gland."



Kyleigh and parents

Sitting in front of the Gaylord Powless picture, taken in Queen's Park Arena in 1964, contemplating my last day in Oshawa, it is with mixed emotions that I leave. There are things at home I miss, especially Michael, Emaryl, JaKoby and Kierra, but I will miss many things here, too, Larry Power most of all and the Gaylord Powless Lounge. It is another time, another place, another world, a simpler time, like a couple of kids on whirlwind pleasure-seeking adventures of which I could easily become addicted to. No schedules, we sleep, eat and play with abandon and little constraint other than getting to the theatre or lacrosse game on time. We live like kings and queens, dining in restaurants or enjoying a simple repast in the Lounge. Larry, a wee bit of the Irish leprechaun, is like the King of Oshawa. Rarely, do we go anywhere that Larry is not sought out by friends and acquaintances. We hobnob with authors such as Jim Hinkson, lacrosse dignitaries, lacrosse coaches and players such as Johnny Fusco (one of Larry's heroes), the man on the street, millionaires, and his old high school chums, and everyone curious about Larry's Texas cowgirl friend. And then there's Larry's driver, Bernie; Mike; Wally; the shoe store man, Harry; John and Diane Goulding, "Talker" Dave Kaplin; Jeff Davis; Donna Noble; and Larry's sisters, Dianne Power-Hicks and Karen Yule, who have all made me feel welcome and have made this a memorable visit. It is with sadness that I bid y'all farewell.

"I was pleasantly surprised in September when the commissioner of the Major Series lacrosse league, Jim Brady, gave me two sets of tickets for the Canadian Mann Cup Championship in Peterborough. There are not many things in life that I enjoy

nearly as much as going to the Mann Cup Championship in Canada every year as it has been competed for every year since 1910."

"I'd like to add in the Christmas letter how much I appreciate all the generous and thoughtful things my good friends and relatives have been to me over the past year and though I may not let you know it I feel I am one of the luckiest guys alive on this planet."

I think we might have had a touch of insanity when we allowed Emaryl to have a slumber birthday party. I had forgotten how

little girls giggle and scream. They must have had a good time, no one wanted to go home. They painted their nails, played Shape Bingo and Candyland, run though the house, upstairs and down and decorated gingerbread. The party ended at noon. Jarrette said, "I can't wait. I am taking a nap at 12:01."



Santa and Kierra White



Reflections of Santa Land

Although it's been said
many times, many ways
(Iroquois-Ojenyunyat
Sungwiyadeson



Emaryl's Girl Scout Poster

God's blessings,

Twyla, Larry, Jarrette, Michael and Kierra

