

# Mertz Peters Michaels

Notes from MPM - December 2010



Watson, aka Peanut, serenading us with a Christmas caroll

Christmas is upon us again. Greatly as I enjoy the season, I'm beginning to feel as if it has been tiptoeing along behind me all this time and one day it will look over my shoulder and say disapprovingly, "You're at least a week behind schedule!"

I have six grandchildren, varying in age and gender, but none is young enough to appreciate the stuffed animals and adorable little clothes I used to lavish upon them. Now it's electronic stuff whose function is unknown to me.

One thing each of them is getting is a book. I always send at least one book.

This year, since I can't keep up with current young folks' reading (and I disapprove of much of it) they are getting The Classics, such as Mark Twain and Kipling. They may not read them now, but who knows? As a friend of mine poetically remarked, "You are planting a seed." (Of course there will be more practical items, such as checks, which will no doubt be more appreciated.)

We had our first small snowfall this morning, just enough to make the roads slippery. My new kitten, whose official name is Watson, but who has for some reason acquired the nickname of Peanut, is experiencing snow for the first time. He seems to enjoy it.

I've been working on a new Amelia, but don't hold your breaths; I don't expect to get much farther until after the holidays.

Excuse me now, I must try to find two presents which I seem to have mislaid, and wrap all of the rest. I wish you a Merry Holiday, whichever one you celebrate, and a Happy New Year.

*Barbara*