



Well, here you are again reading another chapter in the action-packed biography of Steve (and now Darlene, of course) Manick. For reasons that I am most grateful for, this year did not start out as rocky as last year. Darlene and I did make it to our one-year anniversary in March, a feat that surpasses many other high-profile marriages. Early in the year, I somehow developed a fair case of bronchitis that produced a pretty persistent cough that, in turn, produced a cracked rib. Not to be outdone, Darlene became sick the day after taking her oral M.F.C.C.

licensing examination (she passed her written exam earlier in the year).

One week later, after becoming progressively sicker, she was admitted to the hospital with a hefty case of pneumonia. She was hospitalized for a week and then bedridden for another month. On the good side, she did pass her oral exam and received her M.F.C.C. license. She leased an office and started a private practice as a sex surrogate in Beverly Hills, so go tell your friends (I was just kidding about the surrogate part). I did manage to get in a little of the outdoors with our annual winter trip to



Yosemite and a summer hiking trip to Sequoia. I am still in the process of repairing earthquake damage around the house, although we've learned to live with some of it. I suppose the only really big news on the home front is that there will be a new little Manick (a frightening thought to some) entering the world sometime around next July 11th. Yes, we are with child (hoping that the singular form is correct). We told our families on Thanksgiving (we had known for about two weeks) and they didn't seem too excited. Right! If you know my parents you'll know that I was conceived just so they could become grand-

parents. By New Year's day, little Fetus (for lack of a better name) will be 10 weeks A.C. (After Conception). As of the time of this writing, the future mom, has little or no physical symptoms, although emotionally she makes

Sybil look stable. Of course, my first reaction was that I need to go out and buy a video camera (a video camera is a device that parents will buy to show their children just how "dorky" they were when their children were young), although video may be archaic in ten years. "Gee dad, no holographs?" A planned June trip to the Canadian Rockies will have to wait and a more "practical" car may need to replace the new Supra (no baby seat room). First on the agenda is to figure out where in the house to put our precious little darling so he/she won't have to sleep in the garage (with Mom, of course). Well, the new year is upon us and I would personally like to go the entire year without hearing the names O.J. and Newt (which is defined as a lizardlike amphibian with scaleless skin and four weak legs), or hearing of events such as the Oklahoma City disaster or the street violence that we've seen recently.

We both wish you the very happiest of holidays and a peaceful, happy new year.



HAPPY NEW YEAR

