

Silent night, HOLY NIGHT!

Merry Christmas 2020

We started the year in exciting fashion by doing the one thing in Carl's bucket list: attend a Twins spring training game in Ft. Myers, Florida. We signed up for four games in a week in early March and attended a game early in the week. In the middle of the week, the COVID-19 panic caused the rest of spring training to be canceled, but we had already seen our game.



A favorite activity is to play bridge at various nearby bridge clubs. The pandemic closed all of them, but Bridge Base Online has picked up the slack, offering local club games online. Carl is playing more bridge than ever, without wasting time driving to games. Of course, the frequent stopping for supper on the way home after a game has ceased. We miss eating out as much, but still find a few opportunities, though not associated with bridge.

My office in the basement looks out on our back yard, where we have seen much wildlife. This year we had a wild turkey hen and five half-grown chicks. They picked seeds from the area under the bird feeder hanging from the deck, but also found stuff to pick at all over the yard. They disappeared before the first snow.

Carl began having sore hips when walking. He expected to eventually have hip replacements as his Dad had. Mayo discovered arthritis on the lower spine was the culprit. Arthritis on the upper spine actually fused the top two vertebrae. His chiropractor still manages to adjust him and help relieve his headaches.

Janice's mother, Arlene Finke, entered into eternal life with her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ on November 12 at the age of 94. She had a stroke in 2018 and ended up in a nursing home. Cherrywood Pointe was built two years ago at the end of our street, so when she moved there, we could visit with a one-minute drive or a five-minute walk. When COVID halted visits, we could go to her first-floor window to see her. We would call her cell phone and have in-person chats. We programmed speed dial with phone numbers for Janice, Cheryl, and Joyce. Calling her daughters was her favorite activity, though sometimes she had to ask who she had called. Cherrywood would set up Zoom calls so all three daughters could be on the call. This fall, she ended up in the hospital with low oxygen, and when released, went into hospice in her room in the nursing home. She passed away after just a few weeks.



We finish 2020 with an appreciation for our lives and the family with which we have been blessed.

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For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Luke 2:11