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Dearest Family and Friends,

It hardly seems as though a year has gone by since last Christmas. But alas, it is time that I grace you with the annual update on the Maguire family and their debacles...or 'adventures' as Mom calls them. If the goal was to keep things busy and fast paced, our family certainly succeeded this year. Even if it meant occasionally neglecting the world's most handsome St. Bernard.

I'm not sure if I mentioned it last year, but it seems to be all Mom and Dad talked about for the last year and a half: moving. They put the house up for sale in June of 2010. Sometimes lots of people came and looked at it, other times nobody did. I did my best to spruce the place up by sprinkling drool stains and fur throughout, but I am told it is a tough market for real estate these days. Meanwhile Mom and Dad kept going out with Jo, their new best friend and realtor to look at new houses for us. I can't tell you how many times they found "the one", only to change their minds later. All I know is I am never buying or selling a house. It seems to bring about lots of emotions. I am fine with mooching off my parents for the rest of my life. I am told it is standard for my generation.

In March, Charlie turned two. An extravagant bash was thrown with a "construction" theme. Family and friends joined us to fawn over him. I want to say that by two years old I was quite refined and had become a constructive member of the family. Chuck, on the other hand, is a different story. Every day it is something different with that kid. Mom and Dad were excited at how exceptional his verbal skills were at such a young age. Neat. One more person in the family who chatters all day and doesn't listen to me. Grandma Tackebury is convinced the lad is a genius, but I prefer "independent thinker". Lenny seems to really like Charlie. He is always following the kid around and watching him. I have better things to do than hang out with somebody going through the "terrific twos" stage. Speaking of Charlie, he really stepped it up in April. Being the daredevil that he is, he tried to scale the sides of his crib and fell, breaking his leg in two spots. Don't worry, he is fine now. But let me tell you, if I knew how much sympathy a cast gets you, I might have tripped on the stairs years ago to get one for myself. In case you are wondering, Charlie insisted on hot pink for his cast.

Despite having a cast from his toes to his hip, Chuck DID finally manage to master the art of the toilet. I won't traumatize you with the details of what happened when I went potty in the house, but Charlie was able to get away with it for two whole years before he was housebroken. There was one very stressful weekend, but after the process was done everybody seemed pretty excited. I still think it is easier to just take a walk with a shopping bag in hand. Whatever.

I almost forgot... Do you know what you get a two year old with a broken leg and lots of energy? A mini John Deere Gator that he can drive around the yard. And by "drive" I mean terrorize a St. Bernard by motoring full speed without wasting time on the pesky brake or steering wheel. Yeah, that's right. This summer brought us Charlie's first motor vehicle. By the end of the summer he had actually gotten pretty good at steering and would occasionally listen if Mom or Dad told him to stop. I am crafting an angry letter to Power Wheels about this awful invention.

As Mom's school year wound down and the wonderful winter gave way to the dread of a hot summer, Mom and Dad got more and more desperate about the whole house thing. Do you know how much crap a two year old can accumulate? A lot. And we were running out of space. Mom and Dad started to really put the pressure on Jo to find them a place with a basement and find a sucker, I mean buyer, for their house. They even decided to rent our house out and put an offer on a house, which fell through. Dad was convinced he was going to die in the 7 Mile Rd house. I wasn't sure who he thought was trying to kill him.

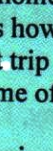
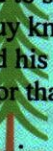
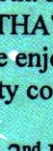
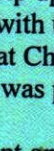
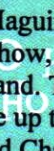
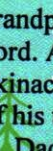
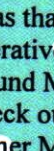
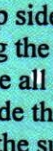
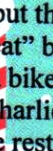
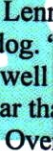
In July, Mom and Dad went on their now-annual camping trip up north. I had to stay home and babysit Lenny, but the up side was that Grandpa Maguire hung out with us. THAT guy knows how to treat a dog. "Treat" being the operative word. Anyhow, I am told that Charlie enjoyed his first trip on a boat as well as a bike ride all around Mackinac Island. The weather was pretty cold for that time of year, but I hear that Charlie rode the heck out of his trike up there.

Over the rest of the summer Mom, Dad and Charlie also went on the 2nd Maguire camping trip. Aunt Bridget stayed in a cabin with Grandma and Grandpa M while Uncle John and John Maguire IV

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hung in a tent. I hear there was lots of swimming, some kayaking, and the smell of skunk after some genius was allowed to buy a slingshot.

Dad and Lenny also did their summer K9 trips again. They go off a couple times each summer and certify and compete and try to convince people that Lenny is really a police dog. This year one of the trips was to Canada. Finally a chance to take a dog on an international adventure and Dad chooses to take Lenny... and to a fake country, no less. Allegedly he won a trophy or two. I'm not buying it.

In August, Dad tried his hand at running. He signed up for something called the Warrior Dash. He and Shellie (some chick he works with) signed up for the three mile obstacle course which culminates in a swim through mud and a leap over a fire. Sounds like a lot of work to me, but Dad liked it so much he signed up for another one in November. He went down to visit his friends James and Luzmilla in Houston and ran the Warrior Dash there with James. Personally I think Dad should leave the running to Mom and focus on walking his beautiful dog.

September brought about some real fun times. Somebody finally put an offer on the house. Then the rush was really on to find a new house for us. Jo worked out a deal for us and got us a great new house. We just moved in last week and everybody loves it. Mom and Dad keep saying that things really work out the way they are supposed to, even if prospects look grim... I wonder where this positive attitude was a few months ago. The new house is pretty nice. It has a basement where we can hide Lenny. The only downside is the lack of a fence. So far this means that I can only go outside while on a leash. Dad mentioned something about some type of "invisible fence". Perhaps I could find an imaginary friend to take me for walks.

As far as the move goes, it went shockingly well. Mom and Dad suckered a bunch of really great people into spending a day in the cold rain carrying heavy stuff. Everybody was so nice, they even made sure all of my things got put in the new house. Unfortunately they brought Lenny's stuff too. Grandma and Grandpa T got stuck with Charlie for the weekend. Luckily, Grandfather M came out to help make sure I was appropriately played with and fed.

In October, Mom (who is now a class sponsor at work) got to help build a parade float for the Freshman class. Dad simply wanted an excuse to pull a trailer behind his truck so he tried to help a couple of times. All of Mom's hard work paid off and the Freshman class won the float building contest. I was sorta hoping for a root beer float, but in the end I couldn't even score a dollop of ice cream. It isn't easy being so mistreated, trust me.

Charlie celebrated Halloween by dressing up as Dad. He wore camo pants and sported a Police K9 uniform that Mom made. Real original. He even had a stuffed dog that looked just like Lenny, but was twice as smart. He got a TON of candy; his favorite was a Dum-Dum sucker. For real.

By late fall, Mom was really packing on the pounds. Thank goodness for sweater season. Oh, I am sorry. I probably should have mentioned that in July we learned that there will be another little darling joining our family. Apparently Charlie hadn't destroyed enough of our home, peace, or sleep habits so Mom and Dad thought we needed another one. This one will have its own room. The gender is some kind of a secret and Mom and Dad are at a loss for names. However, Charlie has already named it "Lamppost". Everybody is very excited.

I would love to go on with more about our family, but I am sure you have a life to get to. And I have to finish "rewiring" Lenny's invisible fence collar. I hope the holidays bring you all much joy and happiness. And the occasional treat when nobody is looking.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,
Beaumont, Hattie, Patrick, Charlie

and Lenny, I guess.