



MICHAEL NELSON
660-8252

DAVID UPDIKE
329-0484

RESIDENCE FAX
720-0329

OFFICE FAX
527-5848

POST OFFICE BOX 2448
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
98111-2448

Saturday 12th December 1992

Dear Friends,
Dear Family,
Dear Clients,
and Dear People We'd Like To Get To Know Better in 1993:

We're Still Here

We have a dear friend named Merritt who believes, for reasons unknown to us, in astrology. In late 1991 (or was it early 1992?) she got a hold of the times and locations of our births and started making charts. She went over the charts with us when they were completed, though really only one of us paid any attention at all (go ahead, guess). We did come away with one clear understanding: we were in for a major crisis in late 1992. Actually the major crisis was only predicted for Michael. It was due for certain in 1992, towards the latter half of the year. Now of course our fates are most certainly bound together; a crisis that befalls one of us is a crisis that hits us both quite equally. This predicted crisis was to be big, really, really big. The one theme that she kept repeating was that this event that would forever change Michael's life, that this was not one of life's ordinary little hassles. "It will divide your life into before and after," was a phrase she to which she continued to return.

So, with this ominous vaticination looming over our heads, we bravely set forth into 1992. Roughly every other telephone conversation with Merritt, and certainly every visit, reminded Michael that his crisis had not yet arrived. Naturally Michael brought this, whenever he remembered, to Merritt's attention. Throughout the summer she said fall, wait until the fall. In the fall the crisis was actually, according to the judgement of the moon and stars, due in November. That was fairly specific, don't you think? At one point, I think it was a dinner in October - yes it was: we had just returned from Chicago with a new Mexican cookbook and David made mole for her and her boyfriend - at this point the crisis was to be health related, maybe. We asked if a heartattack would qualify.

We're still here. It is middle December now and we are still here, sans crisis. And fine, thank you very much. The real estate market has slowed down considerably, and cash flow issues have arisen. This is certainly annoying, but we don't feel as if it is a before and after issue. Could be if things don't pick up in January, but we are sure they will. Besides January will be in 1993 and we were assured of a crisis in 1992. Now we may be tempting fate here, but if we don't have a crisis within the next nineteen days, we will ask Merritt to completely renounce for all time anything to do with astrology. Or, at the very least, we want her to admit that it has about as much worth and validity as Dionne Warwick's Psychic Friends Hotline.

Holiday Greetings

The phone rings and the callers ask after their annual calendar. Christmas cards arrive and the senders ask what the annual letter will be like this year (do they mean how long?) Some send requests for a typestyle; others call and question the calendar size and layout. Gary Tucker faxes us *Dear Ann Landers* articles critical of the entire endeavor. We are mailed clippings from the *Post-Intelligencer* wherein Letitia Baldrige comes out in favor of, and the aforementioned Ann continues to rant against, year end newsletters. (The *P-I* plans on printing samples from letters they are sent.) My, but people do get worked up about these letters. We just laugh it all away and continue undaunted with our plans to keep in touch with as many of you as possible. And we sincerely hope that some of you will do the same: cards or letters, calls and invitations, visiting our open houses, stopping us on the street - we appreciate any and all attempts at keeping in touch. And if you're one troubled by greetings and news in this form, might we suggest a cozy yuletide fire?

Enough of the process. So, *Seasons Greetings* from our home to yours. We hope this letter finds you at least as happy and healthy as we are and we'd like to wish you a happy end, a crisis free end, to 1992. What happened in 1992? What's up for 1993? Read on.

"Who am I? Why am I here?"

What can we possibly say about the events of this last year? If we were asked to pick a defining moment in 1992, a slice of time that just sorta sums our overall response to the year, it would have to be that point in time during the nationally televised Vice Presidential debates when James Stockdale turned off his hearing aid. (What was he thinking? What was he doing?) At first we were stunned. Upon reflection it seemed perhaps more appropriate than we first thought. Too much Woody Allen and Mia Farrow? Turn off the hearing aid. Bored with Madonna and her book? Turn off the hearing aid. Potatog? Turn it off. Alarmed by the increasing number of cable T.V. Infomercials? Turn it off. Sinead O'Conner? Hearing aid off. Patrick Buchanan? Turn it off. Proposition nine, the state of Colorado, Murphy Brown's baby, Michael Jackson's new appearance, Grunge Rock? Just turn off the hearing aid. Bungee jumping? Off. Bob Packwood? Out. And so on. No one is forcing us to listen. Most of it we should ignore; much of it, however, we need pay attention to just to stay on top of, or one step in front of, it. Is it just us, or *was there* an increase in offensive, outrageous, upsetting, annoying, and irrelevant people and events last year? Oh well, at least the voters in this household had the satisfaction of finally seeing all of their local and national candidates actually win. This is the only time either of us can ever remember this happening in our eighteen (or nineteen) years of voting.

Fine, But What About Real Estate in Seattle?

(We have to do this.) Well, obviously we are both still very much at it. The crazy Seattle market of 1989 and 1990 are now very distant memories. Sometimes, when no one else is around, we look back and remember all that frenzy, but when dealing with colleagues and clients we are firmly rooted in today's realities. We wouldn't say that this is a bad market, not even a slow one. Nor would we say it is a hot, or even fast, one. We no longer think in terms of it being a seller's market or a buyer's market either. It just seems normal, it seems like 1986, 87, or 88 again. The only difference is that prices are higher (but then this is also true of books, coffee, movie admission prices, clothing, and compact discs) and we are that much more experienced for surviving the highs of 1989 and the extreme lows of late 1990. We still each love our chosen career paths. David occasionally investigates options related to, yet different from selling real estate, but only because he has a low tolerance for the slow times. Michael can't imagine doing anything else ever even during the worst of times (except retiring).

But what about when bad things happen to good real estate agents? Definitely 1992 has been a year for that puzzle. We won't even get into the situation with our neighbors here - we've learned that that one is impossible to put on paper. Other things though can be touched upon. David had two different sets of clients (buyers), one right on the heels of the other, in early '92 that drove him into a profound funk. Michael watched helplessly from the sidelines and agreed, along with everyone else involved in the transactions - loan officers, title officers, escrow officers, sellers, everyone who came into contact with David's buyers - that the situations *they* created were astonishing and unprecedented. The details would be in bad taste and wouldn't mean much unless you were part of this industry. About this time David began taking classes in appraisal, though we are certain there was no connection. Michael had his share of the dark side of real estate as well: a client, another buyer, who Michael had known for about ten years. Countless homes are shown to this client, who sought Michael out as his agent, over a period of eight months - on and off, the client worked at sea and Michael has the patience of Job when it comes to real estate. This buyer looks at houses with Michael on a Wednesday - for the umpteenth time - and then buys one four blocks from our house on Thursday from a different agent, an agent he was not working with, but who had the house listed. On Friday Michael calls the client to check in and is nonchalantly, matter-of-factly given this news. He asks why, not that it matters at that point, but curiosity is a powerful thing. No real reason

is given and Michael gets off the phone as calmly as possible, wishing the client luck with the transaction. We then spent the next few days racking our brains trying to figure out why people do the things they do. We wonder stupid things like if they realize that this is how we make our living, or if they know (or care) about how we feel or about the time and energy we've invested, or if we somehow said or did something to offend, and so on. We try to find a word to describe how we feel when things like this happen - "betrayed" comes to mind, but it is just not quite right. "Total bewilderment," ??? but that's two words and doesn't have the hurtful component to it required. We knew an agent who once sent a note that merely said, "Shame on you." That kinda works. Anyone in sales out there? How about anyone who does crossword puzzles? Help us out here - we need a word, any number of letters will do, and you've got all the clues you need.

But let's leave this topic on a high note, shall we. We're still here and we still have a huge enthusiasm for what we do. And we're darn good at it. And we're well thought of by the other professionals in our industry. That's quite important to us. And 99% of our clients appreciate us and we appreciate all of them, 100% of them, because real estate is what we do, and without clients there's nothing to do. In 1992 we've sold vacant land owned by a university, an entire apartment building in a 1031 Tax Exchanges, condos, co-op apartments, view houses that were barely standing (fixers - we love 'em!!!), duplexes, regular houses, new construction houses, houses in bad, really bad neighborhoods, houses in the best neighborhoods you can think of - anything you can think of, we've successfully met the challenge in '92. And our clients have been all over the map: first time buyers, newlyweds, retiring couples, old clients who've had new babies and need more space, gay people, old people, young people, straight people, people scaling down, people trading up, people trading spouses, non-profit agencies, friends, estates, friends of friends, client referrals, people who read the Scene section of Seattle's *Sunday Times*, even if they are reading it in California, and, for the first time ever, a Catholic nun. Why it's Clinton's America in our file cabinet.

"Nelson Updike Realty Incorporated, May I help You?"

Just kidding, but we did have our own logo designed and letterhead printed. We'd been joking about this, and toying with the idea, and scribbling on napkins in restaurants, for a few years now. During a slow week in August we actually began to do something about it (idle time, idle hands, and the next thing you know you're spending money you don't have). Every year we run the same old ads in programs, directories, and papers. Our open house flyers were in a rut. We decided to spice things up. David began to draw. We visited a local printer with a graphic designers on staff. We consulted by fax and phone. We had weekly meetings. August became October and designs came and went (you should see the file on this - we have it of course). And then, in early November, we realized that if we really applied ourselves we could print the holiday newsletter on fab new stationary and put it in a fab new envelope. Things fell together and we came away from the printer a tad more in debt, but with three different kinds of envelopes, two kinds of letterhead, and fun stuff to organize in our new "in home" office - just a room taken over in our house, but finally finished. You are now holding our business stationary, which was printed on recycled paper (how many have recycled this letter prior to finding this out?) Where will this all lead? We we're not exactly sure, and really haven't given it all that much thought. Probably just to a greater emphasis on our names when working south of the ship canal. We certainly won't be copywriting the term "Lookiloo" anytime soon. Someone already beat us to that. Hhhhhmmmmmmmm.....what about "Yrentby" as a copywrite item??? Maybe there is a real estate future that we are not yet aware of.

We've been attacking this letter off and on throughout the day. We type a bit, proof read a bit, confir a bit, and try and deal with the day's tasks. Today we've managed to write an offer on a mansion - huge house? - in Madrona and get it signed. The offer goes to the Federal Bankruptcy Court on Monday. It is a long shot, but the game is always worth playing, and these clients are people we like a great deal, so even if it doesn't work, it is fun to try this with them. Later we looked over a prospective new listing. Later still, Michael had a 45 minute second showing on one of our listings up the street. In between all of this we have tried to finish getting a dishwasher, garbage disposal, sink, and the cabinet that holds them installed in our kitchen. Many delays. Sometimes life without a competent general contractor is just a big joke. We have a great general contractor, but this was supposed to be a

"small" job, and we have time these days, so we thought we could over see it ourselves. Cutting corners - why do it? We've shopped for groceries, made dinner, and watched a mediocre movie we rented. Now *Saturday Night Live* is on and we never miss it. Mike Meyers is dressed up as the Queen talking about the separation of Charles and Diana. Gotta go. We'll finish this tomorrow and mail all of these calendars and newsletters on Monday. Then our borrowed diningroom table will be clear again and 1992 will officially be behind us as far as we're concerned. Goodnight.

Sunday 13th December: Random Events From Our Year Gone By
Cat Paralysis

Without a doubt the event in 1992 that was the most fun, brings us the greatest joy, and will have the longest impact on our lives was our getting two kittens in the first week of October. Our cat Jane was killed by a car in April. Very, very upsetting. A few months later Michael began talking about getting not one, but two kittens. But there were reservations: the arterial we live on, and Samson, our youngest dog, and the whole commitment thing, you know traveling is that much more complicated and so on. Well.....we're very good with the whole commitment issue in general so we tossed that concern out. The arterial? Well.....we have always had several pets and have now lived on an arterial for over eleven years - five years in this location on 14th Avenue and almost seven years before this on East John Street - with only one mishap. So out went that concern. That left Samson. In early August we began visiting P.A.W.S. and the City Animal Shelter. This is just too difficult for us and nothing seemed quite right. Then in August our dog Samson got into a fight with the neighbor's cat. Michael wasn't there when it started, but when the screaming started he ran and was there to help break-up the ugly mess. Now this was extremely upsetting. Samson's face and eyes dripping blood and the neighbor's cat's front paw badly sprained. Not only did this unfortunately turn out to be the second step towards ending any relations we ever had with our neighbor's, it put us off the idea of getting kittens permanently.

In late September an extremely nice woman named Dean called David after seeing an article about us in Seattle's *Sunday Times*. She visited our home several times before and after looking at houses with David. She loved our dogs and would sit on the floor and play with them each visit. During her third visit or so Michael mentioned his desire to have cats, yet the worry after the pet fight. She completely pooh-pooed this concern and went on about all of her experiences bringing cats and dogs together. A week or so later she calls Michael and explains that one of her friends has a cat that had four kittens and two have yet to be adopted and would we think it too pushy if she brought them over? At this point they were only four and a half weeks old. Michael thinks about how small that must be - one or two quick bits from Samson, or even a body slam, and that's it. He has reservations. She assures him she will take complete charge of this and that there is nothing to worry about.

Later that day we are all on the floor with cats and dogs all around. We are holding Samson back - all he wants to do is charge at these kittens full speed. But we quickly determine all he wants to do is smell them. After he did we could let him go and never once did he do anything aggressive. Nor did he ever play roughly with them. Who knew? Libby, of course, doesn't care at all; she was raised with cats much bigger than she was at the time. She wasn't even really curious or interested in playing with them. Samson was, for the first ten days, totally consumed with these kittens - he followed them everywhere and if they stopped to sleep, he would stop and sleep next to them. This was amazing to us. Now he doesn't care about them either. He is no longer curious at all, follows them nowhere, but will still sleep next to them in front of the woodstove when a fire is going.

And we're pleased beyond measure. The cats are healthy and have a great home. The dogs are happy. It's a full life. The male cat is named Calvin; the female cat is Claire. They are now four months old and still seem too small to Michael. He longs for a twenty pound cat and waits patiently. A new affliction has hit our humble home and we call it "Cat Paralysis." David coined the term. Cat Paralysis sets in when one or two kittens decide to fall asleep on top of you, in your lap or on your leg - whatever position you happen to be in

when they climb on and go to sleep. The net effect of this is that you then do one of two things: 1) You fall asleep listening to them purr, or 2) You just can't move because you are unwilling to jostle or upset them. You are effectively paralyzed by the kitties - you can't move. But there is an upside to this condition. You then get to be waited upon by the other person in the house: "Could you bring me the newspaper?" "Get it yourself!" "I can't move right now - I have Cat Paralysis." This works everytime.

The Evolving Home

Our house continues to move along. In March of this year our good friend, and contractor, Wally stepped in and decided to finish the back half of our house. It started out as a rather loose arrangement to say the least. It is amazing what can happen when someone who knows what to do, and the order in which to do it, is in charge. Our kitchen - bath - laundry area went from being raw, very raw, space to being completely finished in a period of just over two months. Roughed in, newly plumbed - including a water line to the street, wallboarded, taped and plastered, and professionally painted in no time. Cabinets, tile work, shower stalls, fixtures, flooring, and fresh electrical soon followed. By mid May the workers were all gone and the bulk of the home was finished. As soon as this spate of activity was over with, we gutted most of the upstairs bath. It will remain that way for a long, long time. But since the downstairs bath is in and new, who would want to use the old trashed one anyway. So anyway, the big part of any home remodel - the kitchen - is finished. True, there are still a few kitchen cabinets to go, but we only have them built as we can afford them. There were only two other changes this year to the home. Some new exterior siding went up along with a grape arbor (we have two rather productive grape vines). And a new hall paint job up and down the stairwell. Oooopps - make that three changes, we had the gas company put in some new wooden windows as well. Oh, and we personally painstakingly painted and finally fixed up the "home office" so it could be used as one. Keep in mind, this took over five years to accomplish. For five years this room in which we now type sat stacked full of junk and completely un-usable. It is so nice to have it functional with maps galore and several bulletin boards for keepable news clippings and cartoons and faxes.

Thank God For The Miss Saigon Tour:

Travel was greatly reduced last year. We only went places where we would spend little to no money, or where we had free lodging. We did go to Whidbey Island for a few days in February. It was our seventh anniversary, but we actually went to evaluate a piece of land that is owned by David's mom. We timed the trip just right and two of our friends followed us up in their car and spent part of the trip with us. We also went to Vancouver, B.C. - now that we think of it, with the same two friends, Jim and Gary. That trip lasted only a weekend as well. As for travel that involved airplanes, we only went where we could stay for free. Enter Rebecca and Chereese, and the world of Broadway shows. They had to leave Manhattan, where they were living, to look for an apartment in Chicago. We jumped at the chance to sit their apartment, walk their dogs, and feed their three cats. So, during the week of the Democratic National Convention in July, when everyone was in New York City, so were we. Two guys, two gals, two dogs, and three cats in a small, one bedroom apartment on the Upper West Side for several days. Then they went to Chicago and we spread out - such as we could in that apartment. We saw: *Jelly's Last Jam*, *Death and the Maiden*, *Ruthless*, *Falsettos*, *The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me*, - hmmm, we saw six shows we know and we are standing here unable to remember the last one.....so much for culture. We went to some rallies in Times Square. We saw lots of sights. We did not shop. Then Rebecca and Chereese moved to Chicago so Chereese could stage manage the First National Touring Company of the show - oh!!! yeah - that's the sixth show we saw in N.Y.C. - *Miss Saigon*. So for Michael's birthday (37th) in October we went to Chicago for a week. We travelled with our friend Gary Sarozek again. In Chicago we walked the dogs again and sat about a much more spacious, huge actually, two bedroom apartment and visited with our friends. Michael's parents, who he had not seen in exactly four years, drove to Chicago from Detroit and spent the day with us mid trip. We all celebrated this event by having an extremely nice dinner out on the town at the end of the day. Then we rested. As for any future travel - it solely depends on which cities *Miss Saigon* travels to. Vacations even we can afford - we love 'em!!!!

What Else, What Else, What Else ??? - Wrap It Up

On March 30th Michael's car blew up on I-5 while we were heading to Eagle Hardware. The engine just blew up. It was towed to a shop that faxed us each day a new estimate. Each day the estimates grew by literally \$1500. This went on for about ten days. When the number passed nine thousand dollars we called for another tow truck, this time towing to our garage where it sat for over fifty days while we figured out what to do. We were a one car family for over two months - that's no big deal, but a one car real estate team? Not good. Saved by a friend in the auto biz named Mark, we finally got it repaired and saved quite a bit of money. But an entire new engine, and all of these tubes they attach to it, still can cost. It took about three houses to pull us out of that one. If you are wondering why we didn't junk it - CATCH 22 - we couldn't because we still owe on it! Since then two great things have happened: 1) We bought a pick-up truck (Toyota, '92, bright red, with 4-WD), and 2) They built an Eagle Hardware in the Central Area, just minutes from our home without getting on I-5. We always take the truck.

We did not have our annual big party in 1992. Newsflash: our annual big party is no longer annual. It actually never was. We were having it, it seems, every other year. We think that has changed now. We have turned over a new leaf, or at least we keep telling each other that. Positive affirmations and re-enforcement you know. Maybe it will happen in 1993, but possibly not. If it does it might be hot dogs on our grill and a keg. Maybe we could get *Pearl Jam* to perform and do a grunge party. Kidding - if you knew how Michael feels about this new "music" you would know that's a sick joke.

In August David got a cold call from someone selling concepts we here-to-for have not dealt it. Retirement plans, savings, mutual funds, growth, disability, health, and life insurance, rates of return???? It's Greek to David and it sounds like *Nirvana* to Michael. Savings? I.R.A.? Portfolio? 401-K? Michael has an easier time with *Nirvana's* lyrics. Anyway, David took the call and he is very nice. David talks to door- to-door fund raisers also. He is very nice. Next thing you know we are having coffee with this man and talking about saving money we don't yet have. But it is highly educational and transforming - we needed that. The wake up call we needed, but hardly a "before and after" kinda thing. Still no crisis. And so far we are only out-of-pocket for the latte.

Andy Warhol Was Right

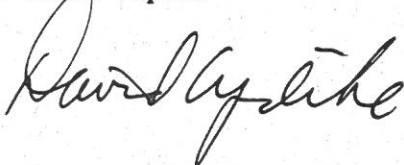
Did you know that word processors have a spelling check feature? Michael did not - no one ever told him. Now that he is aware of this, he is certain it was designed for him. Well we just printed this out and each proofed it. We can't think of anything major that we left out, with the exception of one thing. We were in the paper in September. The family values discussions during the elections made us nuts, so we went out on a very minor limb to add our voice to the hub-bub. We have now had our fifteen minutes of fame. The article is enclosed. Not one hate call, and we are fairly easy to find in the phone book - particularly David, who received most of the calls. We only received positive phone calls after that. Complete strangers called to be supportive. Maybe it's a wonderful world after all. We just need to take some risks to find this out.

So ends yet another year. After this is mailed, we begin working on our taxes for 1992. We promised Rob, our accountant friend, we'd be his first clients in 1993. We are not going to procrastinate in 1993. Starting right now. We both hope you use and enjoy the calendar. We hope to hear from you in the coming year. We hope you are well.

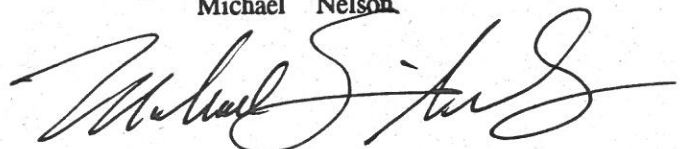
Thanks for sharing?

Seriously - take care of yourself, and your friends,

David Updike



Michael Nelson





PARENTS PLACE

Dealing with job loss stressful, but can be a lesson in coping

By Ellen Rosen and Liz Szabo
Gannett News Service

Losing your job, or seriously worrying that you will, can shake the structure of your family.

It threatens your financial security and erodes your self-esteem. Tensions build as you worry about how to find another job and how to make ends meet until you do.

As a parent, you worry how this will affect your children. Psychologists say that depends on how it affects you.

"There is nothing as stressful as fearing you won't be able to provide for your family," says psychologist Joseph Cassius, of Memphis, Tenn. "The way you cope will be the model for how your children react, and how they will handle problems in the future."

People handle unemployment in different ways, depending on their personalities.

"Some parents try to control everything, but hiding your feelings can just make you sick," says Cassius. "It's very common in a stressful situation to develop physical illnesses like stomach pains and migraines."

"But this teaches children that when things don't go right, the appropriate response is to get sick."

Instead of hiding feelings, psychologists recommend discussing the issue with children in simple terms.

"Adults need to remember that earning a living and providing a home are grown-ups' responsibilities," says Morris Ehrenberg, a child psychologist in Rochester, N.Y. "Parents have to seem like they have everything under control, whether or not that's true. Children look to parents as their source of strength."

The biggest mistake parents make, Ehrenberg says, is to involve children in the financial crisis.

"Children need to be told that no matter what, their parents will see to it they are taken care of."

"Be very reassuring. You can tell them 'I've been laid off, which means have to be more careful with our money.' But young kids don't understand a lot of this."

"They are more self-centered and wonder 'How is this going to impact me?'"

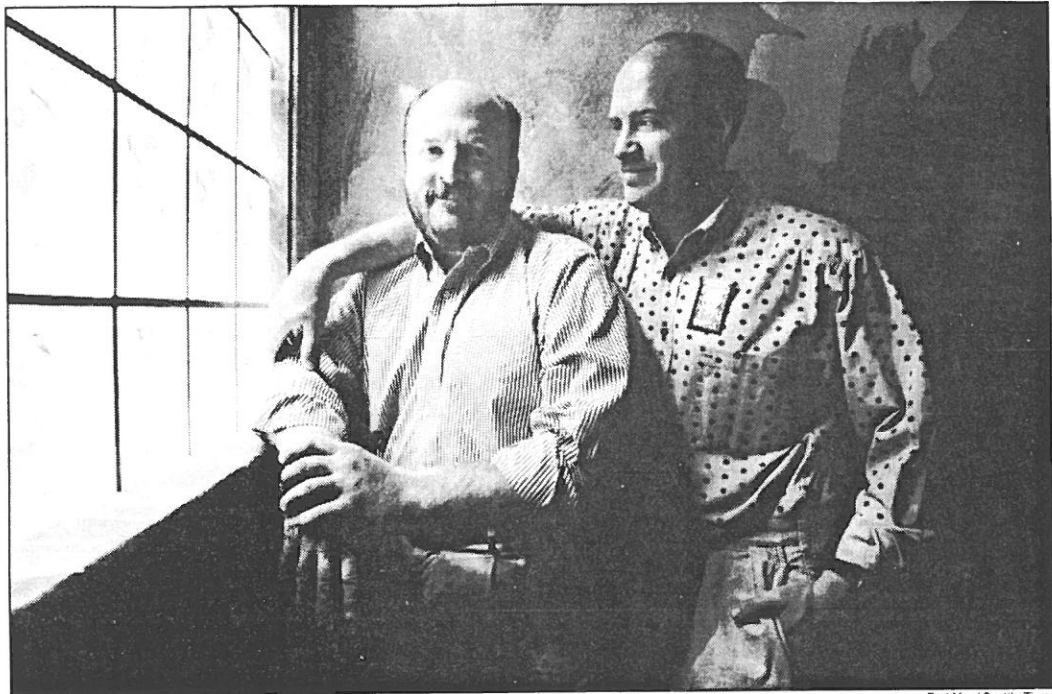
"Unemployed parents still have a lot to offer their kids," says psychologist Peter Coolen of Morris County, N.J. "They aren't working, they may not be able to afford new toys, but they may have more free time to spend."

They can become closer to their children by becoming involved in school and community activities as an adult supervisor.

Parents of older children might want to involve them, on a limited basis, in discussions of how the family might cut back some expenses. Children, particularly adolescents,

Family Talk

Family Portrait



Rod Mar / Seattle Times

Michael Nelson, left, and his partner, David Updike, live in an older home that they are slowly remodeling.

The Nelson/Updike Family

Who they are: Michael Nelson, 36, and David Updike, 35. They met through a personals ad and have been a couple for seven years. David is a Seattle native. Michael has lived here 14 years.

What they do: As real estate agents they spend a lot of time researching the local housing market for their clients. But the activity is more than just a vocation. Helping people find appropriate, affordable housing is also something of an avocation for both of them.

"We tend to work with a lot of people struggling to buy a house rather than people who can easily afford a house," said Michael. One way they do that is to steer people into considering neighborhoods where there still is good value in older homes, such as the Central Area.

Michael and David also have a weak spot

for fixer-uppers. Their own home near Providence Hospital had a couple of dramatic architectural features when they bought it five years ago — such as a second-story balcony with a sweeping cityscape view — but was in drastic need of remodeling. Since then they have been slowly remodeling it into the kind of people-friendly home they need for entertaining friends, one of their favorite pastimes. They've also become a resource for friends and clients needing names of good carpenters and drywallers or tips about where to get nice fixtures on the cheap.

"Because this house has been in a state of transition for five years, it's a source of encouragement for others," said David. Visitors are always given a quick tour of house, with humorous updates on the latest status of various improvement projects, such as upstairs bathroom, which so far doesn't exist.

Off hours: Along with enjoying Seattle's

cultural life — they are devotees of Seattle Opera and Seattle Men's Chorus — the pair enjoy traveling. They also frequently entertain their large circle of friends. In addition the pair have in the past done charitable work for the Northwest Aids Foundation and the Rosehedge House, a home for AIDS patients.

Future plans: Because they love Seattle, David and Michael say they plan to always live at least part-time in the city. Their dream is to someday buy a home in the country or on one of the Puget Sound islands and spend a lot of time in the country. But that's a long way off. "We'll be in the Central Area for years," said David. "This really is home."

Suggestions on families to feature in Family Portrait come from a variety of sources. If you know of good candidates — or if you'd like to suggest your own family — drop us a note at Portrait, c/o Scene, P.O. Box 70, Seattle, WA 98111. Please include a daytime phone number.

Do you believe in spankings?

Do you spank your kids? Do you believe in spankings? In the story below, family psychologist and advice columnist John Rosemond explores the controversy over spanking. In his view, a quick spank is OK as a FIRST resort to get a child to stop an action, but never as a final consequence.

What do you think? Do you have an alternative consequence that works well as a discipline?



Call Family Talk, 382-8850. You'll have one minute to leave your name (spell it), address, daytime phone number and message.

Or write to us. Please keep your letters under 100 words. Mail your replies by Friday to SPANKING, Family Talk, c/o Scene, The Seattle Times, P.O. Box 70, Seattle, WA 98111.

Spank to get attention

What is your family rule about spanking? Do you believe spankings ever are the right punishment? If so how are they administered and at what point in the disciplining process do you use them. If you don't spank, what do you do to make your point?

by John Rosemond
Special to The Times

discipline. In fact, they do not warrant being classed as discipline at all. At best, a spanking is nothing more, nothing less, than a dramatic

and keep the child in confinement for days. And one can reprimand a child about his/her misbehavior abusively. It would, for example,



As GOE

Amendn bill for Older Ar

Time is the O Act b cannot amendment to passage o The Olde originally pa now in its 27 important pi for older pe Bill Moyer o of Seattle/Ki this country' lation for co services, adv proving live: ple."

Almost h goes to meal In Seattle it Meals-on-W meals in sen Area Agenci transportati employment pr mation and

The reau lation, which creased func vices, was n when a surp versial amer tached. The peals or libe Security ear creasing the be earned b are taken fr benefits. No duced if an i more than \$ this passes, earn up to \$

The conti Social Secur volve arouv view. If the e increased, it will deplete. fy fund soon people woul full benefits with a large; this argue; to receive a amount.

On the ot sentiment th who are wor uting to the reserve sho; " by hav made from 1 cial security

Regardie this unrelate delaying rea the importan cans Act wh Sept. 30. To Brock Adam duced a bill to reauthori own without Passage of t continue pa; and program through 199

Action o happen this Concerne contact thei in Congress reauthorizat Americans A tion, contact tion and Ass 3110 or 1-80

As Time gc Sunday in The produced by