



2022

November 24th

Holiday Greetings !

To Our Family, Friends, and Valued Clients:

It's Thanksgiving. Or it was Thanksgiving. Dinner is over now and we're home with the dogs getting ready to settle in for some Netflix. Literally all of the days around here end with Netflix. Or Hulu. There's a new movie called *Spirited* that stars one person I really like (Ryan Reynolds) and one person who I can't stand (Will Ferrell). I guess it's going to be a test of Ryan's likability versus how absolutely annoying I find Will Ferrell. I waited until today to even think about watching this because David has a firm rule about Christmas things prior to Thanksgiving. He does not approve. So, no Christmas music, no Christmas cards, no Christmas movies, no Christmas things at all prior to Thanksgiving. Tho' I'm sure he'd make an exception for *Love Actually* and *Die Hard*. Those Christmas movies are timeless and can be watched in July or August if you're in the mood. And just so you know, I'm not an arbitrary hater: I really liked Will Ferrell when he was a cast member on *Saturday Night Live*. It's everything he's done since leaving *Saturday Night Live* that drives me crazy. The world needs more Keenan Thompsons, and less Will Ferrells.

I bought an artificial Christmas tree a year ago. Actually, I bought two identical artificial Christmas trees a year ago, one for our tiny apartment in Seattle and one for our house in Palm Springs. They are heavy. One of them we put on a moving truck with all the rest of our stuff and sent it to Palm Springs. The other we moved into the very tiny storage locker that came with our very tiny apartment. Somehow I convinced David, even though he's got the no early Christmas rule, to haul it out of our storage locker and set it up in our apartment two days ago, well before his no early Christmas rule had passed. I bought these trees on the Amazon site after our friend Frank Kennard recommended them. We have no lights, we have no ornaments. We have nothing Christmasy to decorate these trees with. In a rash moment I threw away all the Christmas stuff we had a few years back. We had been going to Palm Springs for the Christmas holidays, that seemed to be a pattern that was going to continue, and we never had a tree there so I thought, "Well we don't need all of this anymore." As I said it was a rash decision and I regret it now that I've become a big old softy. But it will be fine. It'll give us some purpose and direction this holiday season. We can stroll through the market together shopping for Christmas ornaments. But we will never be able to replace the *Dynasty* ornaments I made back in 1986.

Ah yes, some Elmer's Glue, some silver glitter, wire hooks and a 1985 *Dynasty* calendar with the original cast members carefully cut out of the cardboard like pages. All of the cast members hung on the tree and at the very top, where an angel or star should be, was Linda Evans. Merry Christmas.

Where to start with my letter . . . . ah, how about here: If you have been paying attention you know that this is the last year I intend on writing this letter. This is the last year of calendars, envelopes, bulk mailings, and, of course, the letter itself. I've been doing this for 35 years now. I got my real estate license in early 1987 and I sent my first letter out in December of that year. I've been very loyal to the project and very consistent in its execution. But 35 years? That's something. That's actually remarkable if you ask me. How many things (chores) have you done religiously for 35 years? Think of the people you know, have any of them done anything consistently for 35 years? I'm gonna go out on a limb and say no.

When I stop doing it, will I miss it? Probably. It's something I start thinking about in October and I am mentally involved with it all the way through December. I think I will miss it. However, I don't know I'm going to stop entirely. I'm toying with an idea for something new and different. So, if you've enjoyed reading this letter over the years you should let me know. I'll keep you on the list if you let me know:

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### **Thanksgiving Dinner 2022**

Before I launch into the year past, let me jump back a few hours to Thanksgiving dinner while it's all still fresh in my mind. As you know, if you've been paying attention, for the past 30 plus years David and I have been celebrating Thanksgiving with our good friends Greg and Larry in Seattle. Again, very consistent and very remarkable. The four of us have had every Thanksgiving dinner together for over 30 years. But then Greg and Larry bought a castle in the south of France and moved there. Just like that, out of the blue. This left David and I casting about for something to do on Thanksgiving. Our friends Frank and Gary stepped up and offered to host Thanksgiving dinner at Frank's house and invite two other couples to the dinner. So we went from having no plans with no people to having dinner for eight. David and I had only met one half of one of the other couples previously so that meant we got to meet three new people. We like meeting new people!

A text thread was started with eight phone numbers on it and the menu planning began. Frank and Gary made the turkey (using an Ina Garten recipe). Gary made wonderful rolls (using his mom's recipe). David made a savory mushroom bread pudding (using an Ina Garten recipe). David and I made cranberry martinis (using another Ina Garten recipe). Gary made a pecan bourbon pie (using an Ina Garten recipe). Can you sense a theme here? It wasn't all Ina Garten. I made cranberry sauce from a recipe I found Bon Appétit in 1986 and David made chicken liver pâté from a Silver Palate cookbook, also circa 1986. There were other side dishes and there was rumor of a green bean casserole that failed to make it to the table. (So much was going on!) And the two couples who we were just meeting that day for the first time really knocked it out of the park with pies and cakes. Unbelievably good pies and a really good pumpkin Bundt cake. With

frosting. Dinner was at a reasonable hour, no two in the afternoon start times. No crazy religious topics, no crazy political topics, no crAZy at all at our table. Just eight intelligent, articulate gay men having a holiday dinner. A template for all holiday dinners. All in all, it was a very gratifying and satisfying Thanksgiving experience.

### **Saturday, November 26<sup>th</sup> ~ Bright City Lights**

Yesterday David and I walked up to the movie theaters and saw a movie. We live downtown now so no driving, no parking, no hassles at all. We timed it so that the movie let out just prior to the exact time that there was going to be a tree lighting, or ornament lighting, event in Westlake Center. There was music, caroling, tons of people, very festive. (I never know if the proper name for this area is Westlake Center, Westlake Park, or Westlake Plaza! Now that I live down here, I should really figure that out.) We walked around taking in the sounds and lights and trying to feel Christmasy.

The movie we saw was another attempt on our part to expand our canon of holiday films beyond the two classics aforementioned. This one was called *Violent Night*. Get it? Silent Night plays off of Violent Night? Clever, right? Sadly this movie couldn't hold a holiday votive to *Die Hard*. Bruce Willis and Alan Rickman are a tough pair to out do.

### **Friday, December 2nd ~ We Need A Little Christmas**

Did I mention that the tree's up? I think it's been up for about 10 days now and sadly there's still no ornaments on the tree. Actually, there are two ornaments on the tree that we bought at Metropolitan Market while shopping for groceries. My vision of us taking romantic strolls through the Pike Place Market and picking up ornaments along the way is still just a vision. The reality, not so much. The reality is every now and then I have to contend with David looking at me and saying, "Why are we not in Palm Springs?" It seems that my vision for a romantic first Christmas in the market is not shared by everybody in the household. David says we're never doing this again. David says from now on all Christmases will be in Palm Springs. David also contends that Opal and Daisy (those are our dogs just in case you don't know that) would prefer being in Palm Springs already as well. Live and learn I guess.

### **Our Year Without Going Too Dark On You**

So now we come to the difficult part of this year's holiday letter. You could read the following two sentences and then skip a few pages ahead, maybe as far as page 6 or 7, and you'd be fine. That would be the "make a very long story very short" version of this letter and it would skip all the dark parts. Some people might think skipping the dark parts in a holiday letter is a good idea.

Here are the two sentences:

On Friday, July 9<sup>th</sup> 2021, David and I closed on a condo located in the Pike Place Market. It is actually one block north of the Pike Place Market so basically in the market but not quite. And yes, 2021 takes us back a year further in the past than the year I'm supposedly writing about.

And . . . . .

On Tuesday, April 26th, 2022, about ten months later, we began moving our possessions into our new condo in the market.

### **Back To The Story**

On Wednesday, March 25th 2020, I had my second stroke, the serious one. I had had a minor stroke in January of 2020 but it was so minor it wasn't even really a blip on the radar. So March 25<sup>th</sup> is the date I'm working with. This date also happens to be the start of the Covid-19 shut down in Seattle. I was in a hospital on lockdown. David was locked outside of the hospital. This went on for 10 days. On Friday, April 3rd 2020, I was released from the hospital and allowed to be taken home by David. And no sooner than I got home it started.

What started? Well, the endless nights of worry. Every night, night after night after night after night, worrying, generally between 2:00 and 4:00 AM. If I was lucky I'd fall asleep when I first went to bed around 10 PM or so but then every night by 2:00 I'd be lying there wide awake worrying. It was super irritating. David would be lying next to me sound asleep. Both dogs would be at the foot of the bed, sound asleep. And there I'd be wide awake, completely wide awake, carrying the weight of the world on my shoulders, worrying. And what was I worried about? Well, anything that could go wrong.

First off, anything that could go wrong medically. I mean, what if I had another stroke? At the time I was convinced I was going to have another stroke that very night. I really didn't think I'd see the morning. Every night I had no confidence I would see the morning. What if the next stroke left me unable to feed myself? What if all I could do is sit in a chair and drool? What about ending up in a wheelchair? What if David had to push me around everywhere? What if David had to help me in the bathroom whenever I needed to use it? What about showers? What if I lost the ability to talk? Would my career be over if I couldn't talk? What if I couldn't explain things to agents? Essentially, I explain things for a living.

That was one school of thought, the medical aspects of another stroke. But there was a second line of worry as well: The houses. We had one in Palm Springs and one in Georgetown. And tied into the houses is our finances. In our household I happen to be the guy who knows all the account numbers, all the online passwords, how the retirement accounts are set up, which utility goes with which house and when they get paid, and how - basically all of it. When I wasn't lying in bed fully awake, convinced that I was going to have my third and final stroke any minute, I would lie in bed fully awake thinking about what would happen to David if suddenly I was out of the picture and he were left to deal with everything on his own. Even though I'd be "suddenly out of the picture" (i.e., dead) my sense of responsibility is pretty fierce. One night I bolted out of bed, rushed to my laptop, and started a new document called "If I should die." (I am not kidding.) It lives on my desktop and I've been adding info to it now and then, like my Quicken password, account numbers, and so on. I hope to finish it before the next stroke finishes me.

Obviously living in a constant state of dread is no way to live. It's just sad. Massively sad. By day I seemed normal, if a bit subdued. By night I was a sleepless wreck. I'd try watching TV

well past my bedtime in a vain attempt to make myself super tired so I'd sleep through the night, but that didn't work. The worrying was powerful and unrelenting. So I'd lie awake for what was left of 2020 and then all of 2021 thinking about what could go wrong with our real estate holdings and and what it would feel like to leave David alone with these two houses.

There was a lot of morbid thinking in the year and a half immediately following my stroke.

### **Friday, December 16<sup>th</sup> 2022**

Hmmmm. I last wrote on December 2<sup>nd</sup>. That's two full weeks ago. I wish I could tell you all the exciting things I've been doing for those two weeks, but there's really nothing. Just busy with holiday stuff, work parties, shopping, seasonal things. We did get invited to the JAS holiday party which was great fun and allowed us to connect with some people we ordinarily would not have seen. And I did spend two days (they were planned, it was not an emergency situation) in the hospital having a stent installed in my left carotid artery. It took 90 minutes exactly. From the time they rolled me in the room and gave me sedation to the time that I was waking up was exactly 90 minutes. I time these things. They insisted on keeping me in the hospital for 32 more hours for observation. I know people who have hips replaced that get to go home in mere hours. I had to wait and be tortured by nurses waking me up every hour to see if I was alive. It's not the procedure that'll get you, it's the time afterwards in the hospital with the nurses.

Oh and why did I need to have a stent installed? It all stems back to 2009 and the radiation on my throat when I had laryngeal cancer. The radiation successfully killed the cancer, but it fucked up my throat for the remainder of my life. I really cannot drink fluids, unless they're thickened with a fluid thickener that you can buy on Amazon, eating is difficult, and talking is sporadic at best. Currently, my carotid artery is narrowing to a point that blood flow is hampered (70% narrowed, 30% useful blood flow) which is one of the things my stroke doctor thinks may have caused the stroke. Him having a theory at least mitigates my worrying obsession. 2009 was 14 years ago. I have been living with the residual effects of the radiation for 14 years. But at least I'm living. I'm not talking as much, and I'm certainly eating a lot less, but I'm alive.

### **Back To The Story of 2022**

Where was I? Still in 2021 and still worried. Worried about the medical aspects of my life and I was worried about our houses. I didn't really feel that I had any control at all over the medical aspects of my life (and I still don't) but I do have control over real estate. I had the idea that we should move. We spent the month of December 2020 in Palm Springs. When we returned to Seattle on January 1, 2021 I was mentally ready and I said to David, "I want to go see condominiums. I want you to be my agent and show me condominiums." And so it began.

Our house cleaners come on Friday mornings at 9 o'clock and they like us to take the dogs and get the hell out of the house so they can clean without wild dogs running around. So, every Friday David and I would get organized, get the dogs into the car, and be ready to take off at 9 AM when the cleaners arrived. Every Friday starting January 1<sup>st</sup> David and I would go to Vivace, have cappuccinos and pastries, and then start our Fantasy Condominium Tour. We'd go see between 2 and 5 condos each week. We started out looking everywhere, Capitol Hill,

Downtown, First Hill, but we quickly narrowed the search to Downtown Seattle. At first this included Pioneer Square, and some truly old school condos like The Watermark, but just as quickly the search just became Downtown.

The condo we bought we first saw in February 2021, near the beginning of our Friday condominium searches. We saw it in February but we didn't realize how perfect it was going to be for us until we looked at 10 or 15 other not perfect condos. By time we realized it, it was off the market. But David contacted the listing agent for the condo to see if the Seller still wanted to sell. She did. My budget for this purchase was \$600,000. I thought we could find a very small one bedroom condo for around 600 which would just be a place to sleep in Seattle as our primary home was going to be in Palm Springs. I was wrong. We ended up paying \$654,000 and assuming the Seller's lid assessment (a tax on all downtown condos for waterfront improvements since the removal of Highway 99). But we got a deeded parking space with an electric car charger right at our parking spot. I drive an electric car. And I like parking. Did you know that a lot of the new condos that are being built in Seattle come with zero parking available? Zero closets, zero storage, and zero parking. I was having none of that so I bumped the price up to include the cost of parking and the electric car charger.

We closed in July 2021, but we were nowhere close to ready to move into the condo. We had two other houses to deal with. Fortunately we knew two guys who had just sold their house in Seward Park and were looking for a place to land. Evidently people don't really want to rent to you if you don't have a rental history! These guys are professional architects who have owned their house for nearly 30 years and still they were getting flack from potential landlords. Unbelievable. Oh and no one was willing to give them an eight month lease. They only needed a place to rent for eight months and people were giving them grief about that. Not us. Eight months was about how long it was going to take us to get our house ready to sell so I was down with this immediately.

So it's July 2021 David and I now own three properties which is one too many. We had the vacation house in Palm Springs. We had a condo that was currently a rental in Seattle's Pike Place Market. And we had our beautiful primary residence that we had personally built for us in Georgetown.

### **This Story Grows Tiresome**

And it's my story for Pete's sake. Let me jump around a bit, that might relieve some of the boredom. In April of this year we spent eight days in Manhattan. When we got home I spent 15 days in quarantine because it was my turn to get Covid. I was completely fine in New York. I was completely fine when the plane landed. But when we were on the little train from the gate to the baggage claim BOOM, it hit me. I came down with the chills something fierce. My teeth were clattering my bones were shaking, I was sick. Got home from the airport, took a Covid test and BINGO, positive for Covid. I wasn't particularly concerned about this because I've had all of the vaccines. I'm a big believer in vaccines. I've gotten every Covid vaccine available to me (we did the Moderna ones in this household) as well as all of the boosters. I even got the monkey box and shingles vaccines. I believe in science. My Covid symptoms lasted for three hours. I had the chills really bad for three hours and then they went away and I was fine. No headaches, no

cold symptoms, no flu symptoms, nothing. Only the chills for 2 to 3 hours and then it was over. However, I kept testing positive for 15 days. This was a drag because I took the quarantine seriously. I stayed in the house, I saw no one but David (he came down with Covid about five days after I did), no bars, no restaurants – just quarantined with a television, two dogs and a husband.

### **In Retrospect The 8 Days We Spent In New York Were The Best 8 Days Of 2022**

Looking back on the whole year I can honestly say that our time in Manhattan was the best time of the year. Manhattan has everything I love: It's a big city, it's got a lot of people, it's got tons of buildings, it's got amazing restaurants, and it's got Broadway. I am content to go there and do nothing. Nothing but walk the streets and try to soak it all in. These particular eight days we were with Cheresse and Rebecca (now from Austin, TX) and Donna and Lorelei (also from Austin). We'd all go our own way from when we woke up until lunchtime and then the six of us would meet at some wonderful restaurant and have a wonderful lunch. One day Gary Sarozek (from Seattle) was in Manhattan one of the same days we were and we included him in our lunch plans.

The restaurant that day, the name of which I forget, was located in the base of the same building that was used for the exterior shots of Monica and Joey's apartment building on the TV show *Friends*. I felt as though I had to take a picture of that. What I really needed was a picture with all of the tourist lined up taking photos of the building, selfies with the building in the background, group shots, and so forth. It reminded me of back home in the Pike Place Market with the endless lines of people trying to get into the original Starbucks and then posing for photos at the storefront. It turns out tourists are the same wherever you go. Actually people are the same whenever you go. Some mornings I'll be walking in the market at like 6:45 AM before any of the tourists show up. But the original Starbucks will be open at that hour, preparing for the tourists who will show up shortly. I like to walk by and just pop right into Starbucks when there's no line and buy a mug or bag of beans or coffee filters or something. Just because I can.

These eight days in Manhattan we saw four Broadway shows: *Company*, *Funny Girl*, *The Music Man*, and *A Strange Loop* and we dined at some damn fine restaurants. And we walked around. I've now been to Manhattan so many times in my life that I don't need a map. I know my way around there, I can get from point A to point B easily.

### **Hey !!! I Have To Stop Now And Move On With My Day**

Tonight David and are invited to Janelle and Alex's holiday party. This will be fun, but the thing I'm most looking forward to about the evening is that David and I can walk (repeat, *walk*) to the event. There is a loft space that's rentable for parties directly above Sur La Tab and Beecher's Cheese. There's a secret door in the alley not far from The Pink Door. It's maybe two short blocks from our condo to the secret door in the alley. And these girls know how to throw a party. There will be plenty to drink, and plenty of great food, and friends to mingle with, so what's not to like?

### **Back To The Story of 2022 ~ Where Was I In This?**

It's the next day and I'm back. Alex and Janelle's party was very fun. We got to visit with lots of agents who we really like since, well, I hired all of them, and we could drink as much as we wanted to since we were going to walk home at the evening's end.

Allow me to continue . . . . .

On Thursday May 5<sup>th</sup> David and I drove to Cannon Beach, OR with Opal and Daisy while our agent (Sean Misday from my Eastlake office who gets a shameless plug in this letter for helping us out) held his first open house at our Georgetown home. On Tuesday May 10<sup>th</sup> David and I returned to Seattle to review our 36 offers. Or should I say two offers? No, not too? How about one? How about ONLY one offer? David and I missed the super red hot Seattle market again. Then again it was a full price offer. A full price offer from two very well qualified strong buyers who posed no problems between signing the offer and closing. No issues with the appraisal, no issues with anything. As agents, both David and I really appreciated that.

For all the talk of Palm Springs, we only went there two times this entire year. Once was in June. We drove down with the dogs the day our Georgetown house sale closed. Mark & Dirk also drove down with their dog, Fanny. Four gays and 3 dogs in a summer paradise waiting for a moving truck to arrive with nothing on it that we really needed.

And the other time was September of this year when we arranged for a dog sitter to come stay at the condo with Daisy and Opal and David and I flew down to Palm Springs for a quick four-day trip. (The dog sitter did an amazing job ~ YES, I was worried.)

Everyone asks if we're spending more time in the desert. Or they ask how many times we've been there recently. They really seem disappointed when I say we've only been there two times this year. Or they ask when are you going again? And I say January 25<sup>th</sup>. And again they seem disappointed because January 25<sup>th</sup> is so far off. But there's a pause and then I say, "For three months" and whoever I'm talking to actually seems happy to know that we get to go there for three months. That's the plan anyway. David may have to return home to meet with sellers or show buyers properties, and I may have to come home to collect the mail because it's tax time again and I don't wanna be late. Plus perhaps one of us should check on the condo. It's only a two hour flight so if one of us needs to come back, we'll just come back. It's not the end of the world.

And we get to drive down. I love the drive down. I love stopping at roadside diners, I love stopping in Carmel, I love Marc Maron's WTF podcasts, I love Starbucks (when on the road, not so much when in Seattle), and I hear this trip we're going to be visiting our friends, Robert and Jason who moved to a temporary rental in San Francisco. Fun. So looking forward to this. And when we get there we have visitors all lined up. The girls are coming up from Austin, Mark and Dirk are coming down from Sequim. Our dance card is filling up.

**We will have owned the house in Palm Springs for eight years on January 20<sup>th</sup> 2023.**

There's only two other things to touch on and then I think this letter is done. Let me go check to be sure. I'm back. And yes, there are only two other things to talk about and then it's so over.



First up, France. Or should I say castles in France? Our dear friends, Greg and Larry have purchased a castle in France and they moved into it. While there they were driving around or something and they came across an Abbey and they purchased it as well. Now they have two properties that they own in France. One, the Abbey is in a fairly sizable city, and the other, the castle, is in the middle of nowhere. In November David and I travelled to France. We stayed in both properties, the castle and the Abbey, and were Greg and Larry's pampered guests for nine days.

I found the castle very uncomfortable, and somewhat dangerous for me. The staircase for the castle was circular and went, I don't know, for four or five floors, maybe six floors, in a tight circle. All the steps were pie shaped. All the steps were made out of stone in the 15<sup>th</sup> century. There was a handrail, but only on one side of the staircase, which makes sense because it was on the step side of the staircase. The other side of the pie shaped steps you couldn't really walk on anyway so why bother with a handrail? I was constantly cold and felt a draft. Which makes sense because it was a stone castle built in the 15<sup>th</sup> century. To be fair I should point out that David did not have any of these problems. Then again David has not had a stroke and has full use of both of his arms. I was flummoxed just trying to grip the handrail.

The Abbey was much more to my liking. Also built of brick and stone brick in the 15<sup>th</sup> century, and immediately next door to a church, it was large, very spacious, welcoming, very comforting. The most amazing thing about it had to be the hallways. They seemed to me to be about 15 feet wide, and really tall. Greg and Larry own an incredible amount of art and these hallways were perfect for hanging art in. We've been exposed to their art collection for probably 35 years now, but never did it have the impact on me than it had hanging on the walls of this Abbey.

The coolest thing we did on this vacation to France was drive to the town of Roquefort. It was cool because, well first off you get to drive in the French countryside, but better than that was when you get there you get to go into the caves underneath the town of Roquefort where the cheese is made. I now know how to say "Roquefort" properly (big surprise, the T is silent) and I now know when looking at the cheese selection at Whole Foods that if it says Roquefort it comes from those exact same caves that I've now been to.

The only other thing to mention in this letter before saying goodbye is how absolutely traumatizing 2022 was for me, particularly the months of March, April, May and June. Why were those months so traumatizing? Because those are the months I had to pack up my life time of collections and obsessions while sorting them into three distinct categories:

1. Condo
2. Palm Springs
3. Landfill

When I started in March, I had 44 file boxes, you know the kind, standard banker boxes, filled with all manner of stuff, mostly photographs and clippings from newspapers. I can't believe I'm saying this, but most of that stuff, including the photographs, went to the category of the landfill. I don't have any children who want these things. I don't have anybody collecting artifacts from

my life. It's just me and David and I don't even think David wants this stuff. So there was a great purging. But the purging made me so sad. I honestly felt like I was throwing away part of my soul. The weird things I collected, the not so weird things I collected (like cocktail shakers and barware, dice, playing cards, small knives, office supplies, un-used postcards), all of it needed to prove itself purge resistant or it hit the landfill pile. Very little got to come to the condo (it's only 875 square feet here). Plenty of it went to Palm Springs and when we go to Palm Springs for three months this spring, that'll be my project while there: Sorting through the last of it.

And if something does happen to me, if all a sudden I'm taken out of the picture, I feel a lot more ready. I have a lot less to worry about in 2023 than I had to worry about in 2022. This feels like progress to me, like movement in the right direction.

**Let's End On A Dog Note:**

Opal is 12 years old. Daisy is 16 months old. Opal has cancer energy. Daisy has puppy energy. Opal is a very smart, very well behaved, polite dog. Daisy is still a handful, but at least she's a house trained handful who had less than 5 "in house" mistakes in the past 16 months.

Daisy is house trained thanks to David who walks her five times a day. Daisy and Opal are enjoying really nice lives thanks 100% to David. He feeds them, walks them, he dotes on them.

**Let's End On A David Note:**

I literally don't know how I'd live without David. Since the stroke David dresses me, puts a coat on me, puts peanut butter on my toast, crushes my daily pills, opens bottles and jars, folds my laundry, does all of the driving anywhere we go, and generally offers to help all of the time with all manner of things. David is an amazing life saver. But he didn't help even one wee bit with this letter.



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Happy Holidays!



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[ Both of those are cell phone numbers and get both texts and emails ]

[ And, for now at least, we both can be found on Facebook ]

[ And this is how the last holiday letter ends, it just stops.]