

SEASON'S GREETINGS

We hope that this letter doesn't find a disgruntled reader who had previously been mumbling about the Christmas card they sent to the Moores without getting one in return. Yes, we know it's late, but we think the phrase "Season's Greetings" is still appropriate.¹ Perhaps even worse than a grumbling reader would be the reader wondering, "Who are the Moores and why am I getting a post-Christmas card from them?" Well, we may not be able to completely answer the latter reader, but for the rest of you we'll start off with the information that the Moores are still alive and well in the great state of Idaho. In fact, we're almost ready to call this place "home," in spite of (or because of? - it depends on whether you ask Kevin or Tammy) recently experiencing our first blizzard, complete with sustained winds of 50 mph, gusts up to 70 mph, and lots of snow blowing around. It's scary to note that we are in our fourth year in Pocatello. We have never, in the almost 14 years we've been married, lived anywhere more than four years. We are happy about many things here, from schools, to churches, to jobs, to lifestyle, to outdoor recreation, to ... It's a good possibility that we could stay here until our kids are grown (of course, that's *only* 12 years; funny how 12 years doesn't seem that far off when you're thirtysomething!). Despite all the positives, it's still hard to adjust to the idea of being a permanent member of a community and not just someone on the road to somewhere else.

Speaking of permanent, Kevin is by now a well accepted member of the faculty in the College of Engineering at ISU. He still hasn't gotten around to reading Machiavelli's *The Prince*, but has found life in Academia to be a pretty good substitute. More and more he has been developing a research focus in his career, which is ironic because we moved to ISU to avoid the atmosphere of the major land-grant research institutions. He has just published a research monograph through Springer-Verlag and is working on several projects that might lead to an overseas appointment for a sabbatical in a few years.

Although Kevin's head swells from time to time as research grants are funded and journal articles appear, Tammy is more often heard muttering something under her breath about "... one of the enemy." This apparent animosity is largely the result of her 18 credit hour load last semester, which included Russian and algebra, as well as four other required lower-level courses. We will always remember the Fall of 1992 as the proverbial "semester from hell." This semester is better. Tammy is doing her senior seminar class. The goal of the class is to produce a publication quality paper. She is still in the process of choosing her topic, but is leaning to something related to women's attitudes about war during the Civil War, as part of a larger study that explores the differences between women's views on war before and after the suffrage movement. Tammy will graduate in May 1994 and then begin study for a Masters degree in Library Science.

The kids are typical kids with baby-boomer parents. Joshua is now a second-grader, Julia is in kindergarten. They love each other and then hate each other (the oscillation between the two extremes seems to be chaotic, with all the normal characteristics of a chaotic mapping such as period doubling, bifurcations, chaos, etc. - Kevin plans to write a paper about this sometime). Both kids like the snow. They learned how to ski last year. This year we've had lots of snow

¹Given that it will probably be February before most people receive this letter, please provide your own interpretation to the phrase "Seasons Greetings." Some possibilities include:

1. Happy Groundhog's Day (Kevin's personal favorite: his birthday is Feb. 2).
2. Hail to the Chief (Presidents' Day is coming up soon; we just had a wonderful inauguration).
3. Let's Party! (Mardi Gras and the beginning of Lent).
4. Would you be my Valentine?

and go sledding at least once a week. We're still not convinced, though, if it's the sledding they like or the hot chocolate afterwards. Joshua and Julia are each developing their own individual interests. Julia takes gymnastics lessons twice a week. She is on a "by invitation only" team. She's not the best in her class, but she has a lot of potential. She can already do a roundoff followed by a back handspring and on the bar she is real good. She is also very strong as a result of the lessons and is able to do three pullups. Joshua has been studying Kenpo karate. He is a yellow belt, the second level out of seven. He is looking forward to his first tournament in a few months and he hopes to make the next belt (orange) by the end of the summer. He has very good form and technique, but may have inherited his father's aggressiveness. Of course, with all these lessons, Tammy's classes, and Kevin's job, it can get hectic. A typical Thursday involves: going to the house at 2:40; preparing snacks to take in the car and picking up gym clothes; getting Julia at 2:55 from after-kindergarten class; getting Joshua from school at 3:00; kids change in the car and eat snacks while we drive to lessons; 3:30 Julia's gymnastics; 4:00 Joshua's karate; 5:00 pick up Julia; 5:30 pick up Joshua; 5:45 pick up mom by the Student Union; 6:00 start supper while kids watch Get Smart ... Well, I guess you get the picture. I suppose it's no different than most people with school-aged kids.

What else is new since last year? We have traveled a bit. We made a trip to California to visit old friends and see old stomping grounds (Joshua was excited to see the hospital where he was born; we were excited to drive by our old apartment on Beverly Drive and see the same mailman that was walking our route seven years ago). Of course we also went to Disneyland. We were in LA just a few months after the Rodney King riots. It was still a bit spooky. The sights we saw, comments from friends, and the tension in the air convinced us that if our nation doesn't deal with its urban problems, we will be in trouble. Tammy's parents, sister, and associated nephews visited us for a week in July. Then we traveled to Breckenridge, Colorado to meet Kevin's parents for a few days. We also did some remodeling that involved a demolition saw and lots of redwood. We took out a picture window in our dining room and replaced it with French doors. These now open out onto a 400 sq. ft. deck that we put in by the sweat of our brow (35 sacks of ready-mix in the supporting post holes!). Its hard to believe that in graduate school we lived for four years in 480 sq. ft. and now we have a deck almost as big. So it goes as the wheel of life goes around.

We hope this letter finds all well with you and the ones you love. If you have occasion to be near Pocatello (three hours drive from both Salt Lake and Jackson Hole) please look us up. Love and take care.