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Usually my Christmas letters contain some of the good things and weave in a few gripes from over the year. But all in all, this has been one of my better years. Evidently age is taking it's toll on my kids. I mean you know something is different when they start telling you, you're not so dumb anymore. Our eldest Beth, is flying up from Arizona for a week around Christmas. Those with family around the country realize how special it is to have the family together, for Christmas.

Any of you with Sears cards will want to keep them prompt or you may be hearing from our younger daughter who has now moved to collections in her job at Sears. Actually I think her friendly air, can be a refreshing plus in that area. This positive outlook evidently came from her grandfather. (we know it didn't come from me, right?)

Meanwhile Diane has her hands full keeping up with kids, cats and myself. Recently I pointed out to her, she should be thankful each day for being married to such a wonderful person as myself. But she seems to feel, there must be something special waiting for her in the next life, for putting up with me in his one. So I put the question to some of my friends, and had to conclude "whatta friends know, anyway"?

My Concrete business has been great this year. My foster father "Godfrey" gave me a real gift, as I learned his reputation for quality. More important then the fact that, it can pay well is the satisfaction received by both my men and myself. The guys working with me, for the most part, worked in a unison that made for an efficiency that I haven't seen in years. And just as important is the ability we have to be able to laugh at each other and ourselves. As we all do some of the dumbest things every now and then. Combine all of this with well satisfied customers, and you have what many think of as hard work, being great fun.

For about ten years now I've used a Radio Shack Color Computer. Missing the bells and whistles of the "quote" big brother PC's, yet it did all I needed. And with it I developed a National Compute Club, putting out a disk magazine (The UPGRADE), which crossed both oceans. The real plus for me here was the many friends I've made via phone, NETs, and letters. Even traveling to meet some at small feasts in Chicago and Atlanta. Well, the computer hasn't been sold for five years, and progress of the more popular models has waned the support. Sadly I had to put out our final issue this month. Many careers were built on what is commonly called the CoCo. Unique due to it's marketing, it gave it's users almost a small town atmosphere as it drew them together in a common bond, unknown on other computers. Like a first bike or tricycle hanging in the garage, many of these Coco's set sentimentally in the basement.

But ya know, it isn't the plastic and wires, nor is it the spokes and rubber that gives us the memories we treasure. It's the people who helped, and those we met traveling a path that brought us to here. I too now own the powerful PC with it's bells and whistles, yet it is fitting I put out this letter on my CoCo, the machine of treasures.

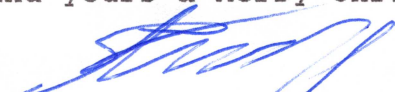
Said a long time ago, "Do not lay up for yourselves treasures of the earth... but lay up treasure in heaven.... (Matt 6:19) Have a look. Celebrating the one who taught us, the greater treasures of life. Wishing you a Merry Christmas, and a faithful new year!

[Handwritten signature]

I cheated a little on the CoCo letter. Not wanting to go to Kinko's at a buck a shot,,, I did it on the CoCo then put it through my Logitech Scanner, and printed the coppies on my new HP 870 color jet.

But don't we know,, old friends are better then the best technoligy can provide.

Hey,, wishing you and yours a Merry Christmas,



Terry Simons