



Merry Christmas!

And

Happy New Year

to

You!

At Christmas, we rejoice that God, Who is love (1 John 4:16), GAVE His only Son for us to remedy our sinful condition (Romans 3:9,10, 3:23). Sometimes we think of the Nativity as a sweet story without remembering the implicit cost. It was a costly gift, for Jesus not only came among us humbly, as a baby, but to die on a cross to pay the penalty of our sin (Isaiah 53:5, Romans 5:8) that we might have eternal life (John 3:16). He rose from the dead (Matthew 28:6,7); He has eternal life and can give eternal life. Yes, it's a costly gift, but fully paid for and freely offered, to be received by faith (belief, reliance) in the Son of God and His finished work (John 3:16, 6:47, 11:25, Acts 16:31, Ephesians 2:8-9).

That is the Good News! A little of our "current events" follows. Well, we see that Texas has once again entered autumn – this year, even before December. We transplanted northerners welcome this weather, and note that Texas ladies see it as the call for highest boots of highest fashion. (The Head Domestic Administrator has decreed that at this point in the letter, there shall be no snarky comments about global warming, nor any stupid excuses about lateness.) Moving on to our larger adventure of the year.

Larry began in very late 2017 working on a shed for the back yard to replace our venerable but sagging Rubbermaid toolshed. A slab had been poured for the purpose several years back when the patio was put in and has awaited this palatial construction. No, ladies, it is not like Cheryl's she-shed as featured on the State Farm commercial. (It should aspire to such dignity! Oh, wait, does that mean fire?) It is about 10x14 on the outside. (Thanks to neighbor and contractor Mike Westbrook, it is complete and, recently, weathertight.) Larry believed he should make it in a modular way so it would just bolt together – never mind that more straightforward construction would have erected it in half the time and for half the cost. But, by gum, we could take it with us if we moved. 😊 All that was only the prelude to the adventure.



On Saturday morning of Labor Day weekend, Larry set forth to scope out the partial disassembly of the Rubbermaid antecedent to this edifice so it could find its way to its new home in a neighbor's yard. Stepping down from the ladder (TWO steps instead of the single step he thought he was taking), he fell to the ground, the ladder fetching him a sound one on the left thigh on the way down. As the pain dissipated, he found he couldn't straighten his left leg. Crawling to the old shed, he hauled himself to his feet and began a stately hobble across the yard, relying primarily on his right leg. Halfway across the yard, his left leg found a way to collapse under him, he fell – and now he discovered he had a matched pair; neither leg worked right! So, like some April-bug (yankees call them Junebugs), he flailed his way across the dirt of the rest of the yard on his back and somehow gained the patio. (Truly, it is a shame there is no video.) Anne found him when she came out to supervise, and the consensus was to call 911. (Always tidy, she hosed him down so as not to get the ambulance dirty.) A trip to the Medical City of McKinney ER (a facility we now know we cannot recommend) ensued and was followed by a ride home (yes, home – still pretty much untreated) and a further ride to the ER at Dallas Presbyterian, where it was at length determined that he had ruptured BOTH quadriceps tendons (a rare occurrence, but hey, it's Larry). The fix is surgery, a lo-o-ong period in braces with knees fixed straight, a stay in a rehab facility, home health "help" (hah!), and the physical therapy he is now undergoing. Yes, this set of inconveniences rather unfit Larry for work. (At this writing, he hopes to return soon.) →

Lest you think Anne was left out of the fun:

Anne was of course the chauffeur (chauffeuse?) to get Larry to Dallas Presbyterian. Did we mention how much she enjoys driving in Dallas? (For the unacquainted, that is a huge “Not”.) Nearly the first thing she encountered upon her return to the house (she stayed at the hospital the first night) was – no! could it be? the loss of email! (As we weeks later discovered, the UPS supporting the computer had gone down.) Nor was that all. Fortunately, our niece, Carol, arrived from Michigan to help Anne out, for she was assailed in quick succession by

- *the need to find the appropriate rehab facility for hubby (hospital policy seemed to prevent even a recommendation),*
- *the need to clothe her husband modestly with garments that could be applied over his braces (shopping!),*
- *the failure of the washer and the need to purchase another,*
- *the intrusion of getting it installed,*
- *the front door handle falling off (!),*
- *a ghastly experience with AT&T trying to pay the landline and cell phone bills (did they not want the money?),*
- *the replacement of a toilet,*
- *the need for a wheelchair ramp, and handicap bars in the hall bath (she engaged Mike for these tasks),*
- *the need to procure a wheelchair and a transfer bench,*
- *and, of course, the accumulation of laundry.*

Not like Job's troubles, but nothing boring, to be sure. Niece Carol helped Anne to find and configure a tablet as a substitute email platform – which took some more shopping and getting up to speed, as well. Indeed, Carol was great help in many ways, and Anne felt she would have collapsed without her. Thank you, Carol! And thanks to husband Chris, who sacrificed her company for the time.

Nor was the adventure over. The rehab facility dropped the ball rather badly in arranging discharge, most particularly in ordering a “hospital bed” that failed miserably of the definition. Anne had at the last minute to take over this procurement. Then the patient came home (in the wheelchair van Anne had to arrange), and she now had weeks of arranging home health “services”, doctor appointments (wheelchair van each time, \$\$\$), helping to get him bathed (such a stinker), and even to put on his socks for him after helping with his braces. And only a few weeks after the failure of the washer – the dryer went out! So another purchase, and another installation. And she had to feed the boy. Not once did she run away screaming. Anne is a saint, and it is certain that Larry married up. (Well, so did the rest of you guys.)

All in all, though, we are well enough. We survived the “adventure”, Larry is on the mend, and we have enjoyed the company of niece Carol 3 times this year, and her husband Chris and her sister Julie once. The cars work. We have learned the virtues of Amazon and Costco.com (how nice to have things delivered!) God has been good to us.

We'll be happy to hear from all y'all as you find convenient time. And, oh, yes – there is a possibility of new web content from our house, depending on when Larry uploads <this or that>. Check out <https://www.brunelleweb.net/> if you're curious. (To tell you the truth, we also are curious what you'll find there. 😊)



Our love,

*Anne
Larry*