



From Hope Manor  
2008



08 December 2008

Geez, Louise! It's Christmas again? Wasn't that just a couple of weeks ago? Time seems to be catapulting down some roller coaster track, faster and faster, never slowing for the clickity-clack climb up the next rise. It's been a busy year. So much to do--so little time.

Tammy has been diagnosed with Fibromyalgia, an autoimmune disease related to arthritis. She has good and bad days. Phillip is still working for the same company and is doing well. Krystal has just turned fourteen, neither a child nor an adult. I say they should be locked up at 13 and let out when they are 21. And, heaven forbid, Jonathon is not far behind.

Tomaline continues to chalk up the miles out there in the asphalt jungle. She was in Plainview a few days ago, and commented, "Now I remember why I moved. I still hate the cold." When the north wind kicks up a cacophony howl, chasing the Artic chill right into your bones, you know without a doubt—there is nothing between the North Pole and Lubbock, except a barbed wire fence.

The newest addition to the family entered the world 08 January 2008, JaKoby Anthony Edward, born to Thomas and Jarrette Glenn. What a cute little fellow, and too bad, he knows it. Emaryl is becoming a young lady, way too fast for this Grami. She just celebrated her fifth birthday and is going to pre-K.



Jarrette & JaKoby



Emaryl  
Emaryl

Michael is concluding his classes at Eastern New Mexico University. He's anxious to get home and play video games. I think I might have to kick him out of the nest like Mama Robin, teaching him to spread his wings and learn to fly.



*Michael &  
Christian  
and his sister*



Rickey is working as a mechanic for a company nestled in the trees, just a few miles off I-20. The hustle and bustle of the city and the speeding autos just seem to vanish as if they never existed, and it is though you've stepped into another time and place.

Shane spent a few weeks with Grami this summer. He and Emaryl splashed happily in the cool water of a backyard pool. They were quite the chefs, baking a cake and were expert bowl and beater lickers. At Carlsbad Caverns, Shane stared in wide-eyed wonder at the stalactites and stalagmites 750 feet below the surface. He even adopted a bat. Michael and Shane became my First Knights at Medieval Times in Dallas.



*Shane, Grami, Michael*



Larry's daughter, Sarah, took a teaching position at Hay River in the Northwest Territories. She has a boyfriend and continues to ice skate as often as she can. She came to Oshawa this past summer. She and her brother argued over who was going to pay. Larry said, "It was nice to have someone else pay for a change."

Larry was inducted into the Ontario Lacrosse Hall of Fame, October 18, 2008, for his tireless dedication to the preservation of lacrosse history. No one could have been prouder. "It is one the greatest highlights of my life," Larry said. Larry and I presented copies of the Gaylord Powless picture to the Hall of Fame and Akwesasne.



*twyla & larry*



## Inductees

We have probably seen Niagara Falls for the last time—talk about a tourist trap! \$7 hot dogs, no condiments, \$8 Whoppers, no drink, no fries. \$50 Boston Pizza, never again. But the Falls are awesome, the roar deafening, the mist spiraling, curling upward like smoke, the unimaginable power. I would ride the Maid of the Mist and view the Falls from Skylon Tower again, one, an exhilarating excursion of close up and person and the other, a magnificent panoramic view of the Falls, Lake Erie and beyond.

We drove across upper New York State to Salem, established 1771, where Larry's GGGG-Grandfather had once owned a pub. We spent a day steeped in the past while Larry reconnected with his roots. We might have found a link in Isaac Powers—it now appears the "s" was dropped when they immigrated to Canada in 1818.

The fall foliage, yellows, oranges, reds, was spectacular as we drove across Vermont and New Hampshire into Massachusetts. Then it was bumper-to-bumper traffic for 300-plus miles to Fall River, Massachusetts and Lizzy Borden's Bed and Breakfast. The most unique experience of the trip happened there. We participated in a séance with table-tipping and soft knocks for yes and no. The medium soon proved to be no fake at the paranormal There is no way she could have know what she revealed.

*Medium: "There's a Louie here. Does that name mean anything to anyone?"*

Larry: "That's my brother. He's getting married Saturday."

Medium: "No, this person has passed over. Lewis, Sr.?"

Larry: "My grandpa!"

Medium: "He's standing at your shoulder. He looks exactly like you, and he has a distinct smell about him."

Larry does, indeed, bear an uncanny resemblance to his grandpa, and Larry has told me on many occasions, how his grandpa always splashed Old Spice on every day.



Well, if Lizzy Borden's house is haunted, we slept right through it. Besides, the psychic phenomena happened for us at the séance.

Then it was on the New York City. What is there not to love about the Big Apple, the people, the smells, the lights, the excitement, the neon? From the Empire State Building at night, the lights, an enchanting gossamer twinkling spider web of eye-candy, illuminating the skyscrapers, rivers and bridges. Not just one Broadway play—but two, *The Lion King* with fantastic costumes and *Phantom of the Opera* with all the songs I love. And who could leave New York without cruising to Liberty Island. There she was, the Statue of Liberty, just like all the pictures, tall, majestic, a symbol of all the US stands for. Tears clung to the corners of my eyes, proud to be an American, and proud to be standing beneath her.



Back in Oshawa to get Larry's brother, Louie, married off to his long-time sweetheart, Donna. Donna was given away by her two brothers; her sister, matron of honor and Larry, the best man. The wedding reception was later in the evening. We danced the night away to "Golden Oldies."

Later in the week, we saw "Dirty Dancing" in Toronto, and came away with more "Golden Oldies" spinning around in our heads.



Another fantasy vacation coming to an end just before the Longhorn/Red Raider game. Whoever said it is not over until the fat lady sings, must have had this game in mind. I don't think, I have ever watched a more exciting football game.

Here's hoping that each and everyone has a safe and happy holiday.

Love always,

Twyla, Larry and Michael