

Seattle David Family News

MERRY CHRISTMAS

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Merry Christmas and happy New Year friends and families. As I finally get this letter send out I realize we are late for both. What else is new?

The weeks, months, and years are flying by here. While it is hard not to miss the ages and stages gone by, it is exciting to see who our kids are becoming and begin to relate to them in new ways. There is still never a dull moment, except...when we sleep, a gift of this stage of parenting I do not want to forget to celebrate.

Update time: I'm starting with my hubby this year. Andrew is working in Office 365 at Microsoft and appreciates being in a stable, financially profitable part of the business these days. He gets to work with people all over the world, which is something he really enjoys. This work usually takes place over the phone, but this summer he finally benefited from his first business trip to India. Andrew's dad, Wing Commander Prabhakar David, passed away unexpectedly this July and Andrew was able to see his dad just days before, courtesy of a business trip that took him to Bombay. His dad's presence, here on earth, is missed by those of us left behind, especially by his wife and the children they brought up to be such amazing people. There is such comfort in the fact that he is with his Savior walking, running, and who knows, maybe even skipping pain-free for the first time in decades. We also love thinking of him chatting with an endless supply new friends in heaven, which we are sure would indeed be heaven for him. He was always warm and friendly to everyone he met. I will always remember the way he accepted me into his family and treated me with love and respect, despite



our cultural differences. I am so blessed to have enjoyed a better relationship with my father-in-law, than many who marry fellow Yanks. Our common belief in Jesus was felt so much stronger than our differences.

I am feeling the freedom of having my youngest in school 3 mornings a week this year. It is enough time for me to realize that I can, indeed, complete a thought. It is comforting to know that the damage of the infamous "mommy brain" is not permanent. Still, the schedules of the 4 kiddos set life at a pace that I cannot quite seem to keep up with. I admit that I do not regularly read the 6 "must read" emails that I get from my students' teachers and principals each week (let's not talk about the PTSA ones). It's way too overwhelming. I also do not stalk them in their online grade books on a regular basis. I comfort myself with the thought that this will lead to greater responsibility and self-reliance as they grow. I have no statistical evidence to support this approach, so please don't take this as advice. It's more of a confession. I continue to work for the same consulting nurse company. In addition, I am leading a women's Bible study at our church, which I truly enjoy.



Matthew is in 8th grade, and much to our surprise, it's been a pretty light year academically. Yay! He moved up a level at his rock climbing club, which takes him out into the *real world* to climb *real rocks*. Therefore, I am using denial as my coping mechanism. Matthew is a very honest and reliable young man, who can be trusted to watch his siblings. He's even been known to watch princess movies and throw tea parties to keep his little sister happy under his command. You may not fully understand what a sacrifice this is, unless you too have a 13-year-old boy.



Isaiah has completed his first decade of life. He recently told me that he, "lives to make people laugh." He does make people laugh, a lot actually, though I have never had complaints from his teachers. Thank goodness for his slightly out-of-control fear of authority figures! His sense of humor has greatly improved his relationship with his big brother, who can't help but LOL. While affectionately amusing, Isaiah is also currently my glass-half-empty kinda guy. I can usually cheer him up with a little ribbing about his "first world problems" like having to fold his basket full of clean clothes before playing video games. I recently got a chance to see him present a group project at school. In addition to learning that PowerPoint presentations are better with noisy, varying transition effects, I also learned that he is a great team leader. I watched him guide and help his team through his project with kindness and confidence. Go Zay!



Zachary, now 8, is obsessed with football and the Seahawks. Right now he is determined to be an NFL QB or running back. While his genetics would say it is unlikely, his will of steel reminds me not to be too skeptical. Zach is the kind of kid who makes things happen. Russell Wilson's catch phrase, "Why not you? Why not now?" could have

come at a better time for this mom trying to keep her 8-year-old's feet on the ground. He also enjoys playing soccer and is pretty good at it. Zach is a very hard worker at school, and a great help to his teacher. Perhaps his most helpful trait this year is his alertness to our new puppy's needs. Thank goodness for one kid who helps me remember to feed the puppy and let him out.

Four-year-old Grace is great fun for all of us. She loves her friend Natalie, preschool, and learning to write. She loves to tell dramatic tales, suffers through relationship drama, and regularly has fashion crises. All of these are new for us. When she is really happy she begins "monologing" as we call it and I dare you to get a word in edgewise. She plays fantastically on her own, a blessing I delight in greatly. This does not mean that she doesn't show up in the middle of the family room demanding attention for her dances and orders for her "retend" restaurant as soon as a sporting event comes on TV. She has to fight for her space in this man-filled house. Her personality (not her fashion sense) continues to be a lot like mine which is very convenient. I get her. She gets me.

Golden retriever puppy, Rally, is our latest addition to the family. He is lots of work, but cute as can be. Dogs teach you a lot about their people too. It has been fun to see the way each of us relates to him differently and I am pretty impressed with how well he adapts to each of us.

I can't wait to hear from you all this year! I love to catch up with your families! Have a wonderful Christmas, remembering the great gift of Christ and the peace, hope and joy that we have as a result. What gift could be better?

Lots of Love,
The Davids



Top Kidisms of 2015

As a part of toddler-triggered bedtime conversations about death and heaven I said, "In heaven, the streets will be paved with gold!" Gracie replied after a gasp of excitement "Ooooh! I am going to bring my tap shoes!!!"

Matt was taking cookies out of the oven and set the cookie sheet on the granite countertop. I asked him to move it to the stove. He did, but said "What do you think is going to happen, Mom? This counter is rock. I don't think a cookie sheet is going to turn it into magma." Smart alec!

Grace: "Mommy, you smell good! (Showing me our skin colors next to each other). I'm chocolate and you're peach. Don't I smell good Mommy?"

Zachary sniffed Grace's stuffed bunny one morning and she insisted that he had completely ruined it. "Your breaaf went right froo her and now she stinks. Will you please wash her, Mommy?"

Gracie exclaimed, while walking through the new liquor section at our local grocery store, "Mommy, look! They have lots of Miss Hannigan's bad drink."

Clever, Isaiah on drawing his 3rd "I" in a game of Scrabble: "Ay, Yi, Yi!"