



Merry Christmas



Volume 11

www.seattledavids.com

December 25, 2008

*For
God
So Loved
the World
that he
Gave
his one and only
Son,
that
whoever
Believes in
him shall not
perish but have
Eternal life.*



John 3:16

What a night to write a Christmas letter! Snow is falling outside, the tree is just up and 'It's a Wonderful Life' is on TV. Maybe a bit too stereotypical? Oh well, it all puts me in the mood.

It's been a wonderful year in the David home and we have so much for which to be grateful. With the addition of our third baby boy last December, the David home is now truly madness and insanity. I have a confession to make to many of you. Growing up in a family of all girls I thought all parents of boys were just bad parents. "Surely they should be able to keep those ruffians under better control," I thought to myself. I didn't realize it was only families with boys at the time, but as I look back there is a near 100% correlation in my judgments. I am here to say to all of you I AM SO SORRY. My children are so much fun but by my former standards I am an awful parent. If my boys are

behaving as I would have formerly expected I get out the thermometer. I have adjusted my expectations and am prepared to continue to be judged by the person behind me at the grocery store for the foreseeable future.

Part of the adjustment to my testosterone-rich environment has been learning the fine art of motivating them. I had Matthew, 6, and Isaiah, 3, out in the yard for a final weed-pulling session in late October, but was having a lot of trouble keeping them on task. I tried asking nicely, asking firmly, even a raise in allowance for the week, but nothing was working. Just as I was about to give up I had a revelation. The weeds, pinecones and fallen branches became an advancing army. The grass and flower beds were the local inhabitants we were charged to defend. I was Queen Amber and they were my knights. They ran with

it. They deemed the bucket we put the weeds in 'the bucket of terror.' The yard waste bin was the 'bin of death.' Our flower beds have never looked so good. I love boys!

So that is a peek into our daily life. Here is an update on each of the fabulous five.

Andrew, being a Y chromosome holder himself has a significant advantage and responsibility in this household. He roughhouses with the boys, plays war games and even became a den leader for Matthew's Cub Scout troop this fall. You should see him all dressed up in his uniform. He is sooo... cute and a little embarrassed. He really is great with young boys though. He came along for Matthew's birthday party at the Museum of Flight as an afterthought this summer and I don't know what I would have done without him. Those boys ate up every word out of his mouth and followed him around like puppies. I was chopped liver. His second most important job is still working at Microsoft as a Senior Program Manager. He is doing well there and we are very happy with his choice to change companies in 2006. While things get busy from time to time and he's been known to end one day with an 11PM teleconference with China and start the next with a 5AM with Germany (all from home I should add)





those are the exceptions.

Matthew is our big first-grader now and is all about Power Rangers and Legos. He also loves to run and we usually have to stop him when we take him to the track. He just goes and goes. There is a running club at his school and he took first place for his grade this fall. As personality goes, Matt is my black-and-white, my-way-or-the-highway, honest-to-a-fault young man. If he buys into a rule he is faithful beyond expectations. If he is not sure your rule is for him he will endure extreme amounts of discipline to defend his position. The good news is we are not too worried about peer pressure. He is like his mommy and is one to have a few good friends rather than many. As he hopped into the car after school recently he told me, "I think I might need to delete some friends. I have added some new ones and now I have too many." Yikes! I promise I did not encour-



age that way of thinking!

Isaiah (Zay), is very similar in appearance to his brother at his age, but he is a very different personality. He is outgoing, the life-of-the-party, and a people-pleaser. We leave the park and he says, "I'm going to miss my friends." I say, "We didn't have any friends with us at the park today." He replies, "I mean my friend in the pink coat and my friend in the blue coat." No need to delete friends for this one. He does have one "best friend" though we have not introduced this term to him yet, and his name is Brendan. They have played fantastically together right through their 2s and we all know what a miracle that is. He asks me regularly to "just drop me off to play at Brendan's house while you run to *[sic]* errands." He is also picking up a lot from his nightly Bible stories with daddy and is becoming the 3's class' "Bible Answer Man." I heard him running up and down the hall before I was out of bed this morning shouting, "The Midianites are coming...here comes Gideon to get them...he killed the Midianites." I started to stop him as I don't usually allow them to pretend to kill but realized in this case I would be editing Scripture and let it go.

Zachary is one now and I can't believe how fast this year has flown by. He is a very sweet little boy and has been a breeze which is just what God knew I needed for #3. His around-the-neck hugs, which he freely gives to any woman willing to let him hold a fistful of her hair, have melted more than a few hearts. His mommy's hair is his favorite of course. Now when I say he is sweet, don't mistake that to mean he is docile. He has been growling on a regular basis since he was 6 months old and has no problem crawling over or stiff-arming his brothers out of the way to get to what he wants. I sometimes worry how much testosterone is in this one. He will crawl right into one of the daddy and son wrestling match-



es if I will let him. His brothers both love him and I am impressed at how hard they will work to keep him happy and safe. He is one blessed little boy. He took his first steps this week. They grow up too fast!

So that leaves me and I have to say there is not a lot outside of what I have already shared. I am still working a few hours a week as a pediatric office nurse, but taking care of my 4 boys is my primary job. Andrew is probably getting the raw end of the split on that one these days. Sorry honey! We will have our day again. Currently, my favorite getaway is a run through the Starbucks drive through. The little ones are in 5-point harnesses and I can mellow out with a tall decaf mocha. Ahhh... I know many of you identify. I do love being a mommy. This is just what I wanted to do when I grew up and I would not trade it for anything.

Well that brings you up-to-date on the Seattle David clan. I pray that you all have a safe, warm, and joyful Christmas and succeed in the near impossible: keeping your family focused on the true reason we celebrate. Praise God for his love for us and the tiny baby he sent to save us all!

Merry Christmas!

With Love,

*Andrew, Amber,
Matthew, Isaiah, and Zachary*