

December 22, 2003



Yep, it's me at the kids' Christmas Party. Only two more shopping days left. And I'm not making house calls anymore. Love and a Merry, Merry Christmas!

Dear Family:

OK. So we couldn't make it to the Candlelight Service this year. What to do? What to do? As a substitute we attended Mass at Keur Moussa, a Benedictine Monastery. The service was a combination of Latin and French music accompanied by African instruments - Kora: a kind of harp, Balafon: a wood xylophone using assorted calabashes, and drums. The monks were in good voice. Can't say much about the homily. It was done in very fast French. No Christmas carols. No snow. No coffee hour. This wandering Catholic got a few nostalgic "quells" from singing some Gregorian chants, but we also realized just how much we miss you all. Meantime, the best of all wishes to you all!

Chuck and Anne

This marks the last journal of 2003. Looking back, this year has been one helluva ride! When we wrote our Christmas letter last December, we had no idea where we going to end up. Besides our substitute teaching gigs, our job opportunities looked pretty bleak. One year later we feel blessed.