

Happy Holidays!

Mike & Jane's Annual Report: December 25, 1993

"I love the winter weather, so that you and I can get together; I love the winter weather, 'cause I got my love to keep me warm." Shoobie doobie doo. Here we go again with another holiday season, as the temperature here in Dallas often drops to under fifty degrees. Brrrr! For those of use originating in the Land of Frostbite (Minnesota and Wisconsin), it is kind of a hoot to watch all the local yokels haul out their expensive furs and topcoats when the temperature drops below seventy.

Standard Christmas Letter Section

[The part that sounds like every other Christmas letter you all get.]

The past year has been a flurry of activity. First thing you know, Mike was named to the President's Council on Thinking Up Funnier Lawyer Jokes, and had to spend all of March in Washington. Bill, Hillary, and Socks all say hi. He was also selected to the U.S. National Rugby team, and scored four tries in the Eagles' huge upset victory against the British Lions, while nursing a broken shoulder and several hangnails. Mike also was discovered by Ross Perot while getting a haircut, and now is on a \$3,000,000 retainer, but still likes to hobnob with the "little people." Jane sent the latest copy of the *Interstate Current* to Sweden, and received the first-ever Nobel Prize for Public Relations and General Schmoozing. Her first novel, "I Was a Teenage Cheesehead," received rave reviews from the *New York Times* ("Riveting descriptions of bizarre polka rituals keep the reader on the edge of his seat..." "I felt like organizing my own fish boil..."), and will be in bookstores in January. Jane was also named *Time* magazine's *Woman of the Year* and *Maybe Even the Whole Century*, but is far too modest to tell anyone except her oldest and dearest friends.

Back in the land of reality (relatively speaking), the year started out with the traditional

New Year's Eve party, which was a resounding success in that nothing very large or expensive was broken. Our neighbors were forcibly included in the festivities by a conga line that wound its way around the neighborhood at 1:00 a.m., singing what may have been *Auld Lang Syne* but more probably was *A Hundred Bottles of Beer on the Wall*.

We wish we could regale the world with fascinating stories of our adventures the first half of the year, but it is hard to be a jet-setting Beautiful Person when you are thirty pounds over your normal weight and your belly sticks out a foot and a half. Aside from Mike's condition, Jane was pregnant, too. This year there was a lot of that going around, as everybody we know suddenly started breeding indiscriminately, causing outbursts of baby showers and hormones. Jane's were kept pretty much in check (the hormones, that is), at least until the ninth month, when every time she climbed into her little Honda she felt like a Zeppelin maneuvering into its hanger.

In April Mike and Jane merrily trotted off to the required birth classes, thinking they would learn how to drive race cars, only to be cruelly disappointed. It's *LaMaze*, not *LeMans*. Anyway, they found themselves in the midst of *Revenge of the Night of the Living Dead*, as everyone in the class (except, of course, for Mike and Jane) displayed the wit and sophistication of one of Bill Clinton's various half brothers. The class was a lot like taking defensive driving to get out of a speeding ticket, only not so stimulating.

We had a couple of lads visit on a rugby tour from Cambridge to play Mike's team. Seeing as how the sport originated in England, their touring sides always show up convinced they will show us Colonials how the

game really is played. Unfortunately for them, the Dallas R.F.C. had come off its worst season in anyone's memory and were in no mood for trifling with tourists. Mike passed for three tries in the 30-6 rout of the Brits.

Back on the home front, now that we had been anointed by the God of Bedpans and allowed into the hospital, we then commenced waiting. And waiting. Jane was due around the beginning of July, but was convinced that the baby would be late, as based on past Kesler experience the whole family was betting on eleven and a half months. Mexican food finally did the trick, at about 1:00 a.m. on a Saturday morning. Hoping for a quick delivery, we rushed over to the hospital, only to be rewarded with 22 hours of labor ending in a Caesarean section. By this point both of us were so punch drunk from lack of sleep we would have been satisfied with giving birth to a hamster, so long as it happened quickly. Every Chinese waitress in town had predicted a son for us based upon Jane's appearance and the Moo Shoo Pork Lunch Special; they were proved wrong when Megan Marie ("Maggie") Koenecke finally emerged at 10:34 p.m. July 3, 1993, 7 pounds 8 ounces, 22 inches, with a lovely little conehead. Mike is a Leo; Jane is an Aquarius; evidently Maggie was born under the Moons of Meepzorp.

No, really, the conehead disappeared after a week or so, and we found we had an incredibly beautiful little girl, with all the parts in the right places, for which we are eternally grateful. We have gone through what, we suppose, all new parents go through, but count ourselves lucky that we have such a good and cheerful baby (most of the time), who has been (so far) very healthy.

Maggie was baptized pretty quickly, mainly because Jane's parents came down the week after she was born and we wanted them to be able to attend. Having Jane's parents around was quite the godsend, though we did catch Herb a couple of times trying to hypnotize our daughter into rooting for the Packers. Fortunately, Mike caught it in time, and has watched every Dallas Cowboy game so far with Maggie on his lap.

He's still working on teaching her how to do the Shark.

Maggie has bounced along, and gets prettier, more fun, and sillier every day. All she can do by way of communication is emit high pitched squeals that cause dogs to howl and bats to fly into the living room. Fortunately for all of you, she cannot say any words yet, so you are spared a list of cute toddler sayings. But be forewarned.

Aside from taking care of Maggie and attending to work, there is little else to report. Mike injured his heel in the Fort Worth Tournament to kick off the season, which resulted in a strained plantar fascia which has kept him sidelined all Fall. We finally got around to visiting Mike's sister Betsy and her husband Cary in Beaufort, S.C., after spending seven hours on the runway on Thanksgiving only to return to the gate. We had a grand time anyway touring the Marine bases, old forts, Savannah, and Beaufort in general. We also got the chance to get to know our new nephew Will better, who was born in April. But the niftiest part of the whole trip was flying in the F-18 Flight Simulator at Cary's base. It is the World's Neatest Video Game, and clearly has no real military value but keeps the gyrenes from wasting their lives on pinball. Jane had first crack at it, and demonstrated the edifying spectacle of flying her airplane at around 600 miles per hour underground. Twice. Mike had a wonderful time, and is now trying to figure out how to save a few million dollars to buy one of them suckers for his own.

So, this time of year brings thoughts of friends and relatives... We hope that Santa brings everybody swell stuff. From Mike, Jane, and the brand-new tax deduction, may your holiday season be bright and reflect all through the New Year.