

# MIKE & JANE'S ANNUAL REPORT

December, 2012

According to the Mayans, the world will end on December 21<sup>st</sup>, which means nobody will be reading this, and we can therefore get away with yet another example of shoddy family reporting. Blame Jane, since she's the one with the Journalism degree. Mike's is in Psychology, but everything he learned in college has since then been thoroughly debunked, so that would be the reason that rather than fixing problems he drives people crazy instead.



*Rugby Boot Camp*

Anyway... the year of 2012 kicked off with Dave's Rugby Boot Camp in January, which you would think would involve tons of pushups and a lot of being called "maggots" or something, but it was actually just a bunch of boring drills and fellowship and suchlike. Dave has been playing second row, or lock, so spends a lot of time in the middle of a pack of sweaty guys, fervently wishing they were a pack of sweaty girls instead. Maggie, having bounced around from Ohio to Dallas to Milwaukee for Christmas, headed back to Kenyon (which is not near Uganda, as the t-shirt says) in January for the second half of her freshman year there.

In February we went down to Round Rock to watch the boys in a game, then headed on over to Fredericksburg for a weekend of wineries and the Museum of the Pacific War. We stayed in "Ab Butler's Dogtrot," a historic 1820's cabin relocated from Kentucky to Texas – along with everybody else looking for a job these days.

In March, Mike got to fly out to New Orleans with his sister Betsy to watch Jesuit play New Orleans Jesuit and Brother Martin (which is actually a whole high school). Stuffed with jambalaya and gumbo, the guys boarded their bus back to Dallas, then spent the next ten hours participating in super secret road trip rituals we are not allowed to tell anyone. We are pretty sure that these were relatively harmless, though Dave and his cousin Jack now get the twitches every time they see a piñata. March also saw a little surprise party for Dave's 17<sup>th</sup> birthday: a Texas Hold 'Em tournament.

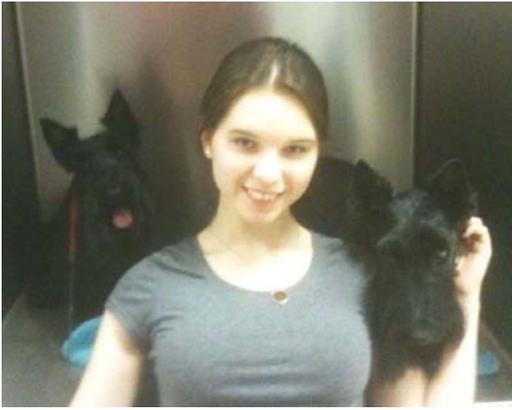
One of Spring's main themes was Dave's getting the whole SAT and ACT thing over with, the idea being to do well enough to focus on college visits over the summer. Fortunately, his scores wound up placing him firmly within the top 100% of high school seniors, so we are naturally very proud. Back in the rugby arena, we hosted several high school players from Winnipeg, Canada who came to town to play in the 2012 Jesuit Rugby Challenge tournament. Aside from us constantly repeating ourselves in response to all the "eh's," we managed around the language



*Spring Break at the Fort Worth Stockyards with Maggie and Melissa*

barrier all right. At the end of the rugby season, Dave was happy to receive the coveted "Ranger Heart" award for the teammate who shows the most commitment and heart.

Also in March, Maggie spent the first week of her Spring Break with her roommate Melissa in Nashville, and then Mike drove up to bring the two of them back to Dallas for the next week. They did the standard stuff



*Maggie with George Bush's dogs. Really.*

people do when visiting Dallas: they went to Fort Worth. ("Dallas is a great place to live, but I wouldn't want to visit here.")

In May, in a bid to get a tad more respect out of Dave, Mike decided to get certified as a rugby referee, so Dave now has to call him "Sir" all the time.\* Mike went to referee a Sevens tournament in Denton, and promptly strained both Achilles tendons, which for some reason are *still* not completely healed. He is fairly certain this has nothing to do with his being over 50, and suspects something voodoo-related is responsible.

Maggie returned from her first year of college in May, and promptly started six weeks at Fireplug Groomers, a dog grooming salon, while the owner was off on a big cross-country trip. This left Maggie in charge of managing the customers, the employees, and the dogs, some of which were actual celebrities.

June involved Jane's semi-annual company convention, this time held at Atlantis in the Bahamas. (Maggie's Aunt Betsy handled the dog grooming salon for her for the few days we were gone.) Seeing as how Dave has a poster of Chuck Norris jokes in his room, it was fun to meet him and his wife Gena there. When Chuck learned that Dave is an Eagle Scout, he clapped Dave on the shoulder and called him a "fine young man." So Dave said he would "never wash that shoulder again." Months



*Jean Claude the Elder*

later, it is really starting to smell...

Dave started working at Spring Creek Barbeque the beginning of his junior year, and now is trusted enough to handle knives and brisket at the same time, though, after a couple of trips to the clinic to get stitched up, we are thinking maybe that was not the smartest move. When he comes home from work he does smell a *whole* lot nicer than Maggie did coming from the dog grooming salon. He is especially appreciated when he brings leftover smoked ribs, particularly by our dog Jean Claude. Who is still hanging in there at age sixteen or so, but navigates mainly by sonar these days.



*Dave and Mike playing cribbage at Camp Constantin. Gauthier is off reading something French. Try to ignore the bald spot.*

In July we hosted an exchange student from Paris named Gauthier, who attended a full week of summer Scout camp with Mike and Dave. He was disappointed there were no merit badges available in *nouveau cuisine* or the Art of Mime, but had a pretty good time otherwise.

Soon enough it was time to head back to school, so Jane and Maggie went up and got Maggie settled in her new room. She now resides in the tallest building in the county: from the roof, you can see nearly 200 yards away. As a sophomore, Maggie is hoping to be crowned Homecoming Nerd, so whenever she is not working as a teaching assistant or tutor, she can usually be found in the



*Maggie the Homecoming Nerd Queen*

\* In rugby, players on the field traditionally address referees as "Sir." If it weren't for that, it would probably be something like "Numbnuts."

biology lab monkeying around with mutations that could possibly bring about a cure for some dreadful disease. Either that or a zombie apocalypse.

In September, Jane went on a trip with some high school girlfriends to Cabo San Lucas for an entire week,

as they all celebrated turning 50 this year. They spent a week of fishing, swimming, massages, drinking, and exercise. But mostly the drinking.



*Jane and friends in Cabo*

could experience the Texas State Fair. They had a great time, especially with their idea for a Big Tex Marshmallow Roast, which was *totally* unrelated to his going up in flames shortly after they left. That was completely coincidental. Honest.

Next thing you know, it was time for Homecoming. Seniors dress in costumes, so Dave and his date went as Danny and Sandy from *Grease*. Fun story: that night, Dave went out to dinner with a large group, and when a couple sitting near them learned they were going to Jesuit's Homecoming dance, they bought all of their dinners! We are pretty sure that was because of their love for Jesuit, and not because of how tough Dave looked in his (faux) leather jacket.



*"Danny" and "Sandy"*



*"Maggie" and "Michael"*

Maggie was able to come home again for Thanksgiving, which was a nice week spending time with her and her boyfriend Michael, who has been managing to put up with us somehow since 2009. And Dave is still progressing in guitar, and went to quite a number of concerts this year: Van Halen, Journey, Rush, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Wolfgang, FUN, Group Love, Walk the Moon, and more. We even got to go to a couple of these with him, though we had to wear disguises and pretend we did not know him. He has regular poker tournaments with friends at home, which so far has not required us to take out a second mortgage on the house. So we have that going for us, as we get ready to send Dave off to college next year. He is still figuring out where, though he would like to wind up in Nashville.



*Maggie and her friends Robert and Big Tex. Big Tex is the one in the hat.*

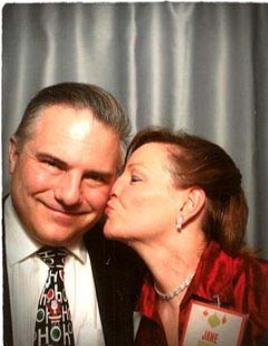
And now it is December, which showed up awfully quickly. We are looking forward to the whole Lambeau Field experience when we attend the Packer game on the 23<sup>rd</sup>, and are of course looking

forward to Christmas Eve with our Kesler relatives in Wisconsin, and then to be back home with the Koenecke side of the family. As always, we are very thankful to have such a wonderful family, and such fine friends. Merry Christmas to all, and the happiest of New Years!



*At the convention with a couple of celebrities who, due to copyright restrictions, shall remain nameless and hidden. Oh, wait; we already mentioned who they were. Oops.*

## Mike, Jane, Maggie, and Dave



*At the Christmas Party*



*Moving Day at Kenyon College*



*As a senior, Dave gets to wear whatever jacket to school he wants.*