

January 2001

We may be late but we've made it this far.

It's been a pretty busy year for our son, Adam, age 23. He was down in the Big Easy for Mardi Gras, and over the Memorial Day weekend he was down in Disney World in Florida to attend the first of will probably many of his college fraternity brothers' weddings. Professionally he moved from the help desk at TRW to the segment's public relations office where he's responsible for editing the company newsletter, taking pictures, and maintaining its web page. They've sent him on two trips out west, and for a graduate with a degree in magazine journalism; this is a job right up his alley. He also went through a program of self-improvement, trimming his weight by almost 40 pounds and running in local 10k races. Lastly, this summer he moved out into an apartment all his own. With furniture we had collected, and more from his grandma, he and his two cats (Jackson and Caroline) live about ten minutes from us and five minutes from his office. This year he is exploring the prospects of starting graduate school and thinking about buying a place of his own.



Sarah, ago 20, started her third year at UVA after earning honors her first two years. She has decided to dual major in history and environmental sciences while trying for a distinguished major (honors) in history. She was the treasurer of the UVA rugby club, which for the second year in a row participated the NCAA top 16 tournament, held last spring at Stanford University. This summer she and some friends drove cross county to their summer jobs at Kings Canyon National Park in California. Daria and Jeff used that as an excuse to fly west and spend a week driving with Sarah from LA to SF via Monterey, San Jose and Yosemite. At the end of the summer, she and her friends hiked for four days via Mount Whitney (highest point in the lower 48 states) across the ridgeline to their parked cars on

the east side of the Sierra Nevada. They then proceeded to meander their way back to the east.

Jeff was informed in 2000 that he had graduated from Virginia Tech with a Master of Information Systems in December 1999, finally resolving a question of outstanding credits. This year he took over as Webmaster of his community, and the county Board of Supervisors appointed him to the Dulles Airport Transit Association, which is exploring alternate methods for financing needed road improvements. Although he has explored other job opportunities in the high tech world in Northern Virginia, he's glad he hasn't moved as most of the firms he had explored have gone through repeated rounds of layoffs.

Daria has had a hard year. In late November she was diagnosed with ovarian cancer and in early December underwent the recommended surgery. She spent the rest of the millennium recuperating and has started what will be four rounds of chemotherapy. This January, Jeff shaved her head in advance of the accompanying expected hair loss, and she has returned to work part time.

Daria's dad, who resides in a nursing home not too far from us, suffered a stroke in the spring, but had regained some mobility by the fall, when he fell and broke his hip. As cheerful as always, he now gets around in a wheelchair and we have found that our home's doorways were built wide enough to accommodate dad's wheelchair.

Jeff's mom, who had moved down to an assisted-living facility next door to Daria's dad in November 1999, found that she didn't mind staying there. Jeff and his brother Howard moved mom's furniture down to Virginia (some by UHual just the same weekend as an early April snowstorm in New York, and the rest shipped down to be split amongst her apartment, Adam's apartment and Sarah's off-campus apartment. Excellent timing!) and sold her co-op, which Jeff and Howard knew as home since 1952.

Although this letter may reach you later than we had hoped, we are all well, and look forward to the remainder of 2001 as a year to savor. A happy and healthy year to all!

Jeff, Daria, Adam, and Sarah