

Every year, new rules. Let's get to it.

Last winter I was feeling lucky and applied to work on the Google culinary team. We create a different menu every day for the nearby satellite office with 150 staff. Regular hours are good. I'm not sure if Carly's (my girlfriend) co-workers know my name -- they call me Google. Bing them.

Julie and Shai were married in September in Newport Beach. Every second of the multi-event weekend was a blast. Great California weather at every stop. Julie was a beautiful bride. The ceremony was outside and our guests motored to the reception in small boats through Newport Harbor. Mom, Dad, Tami and Zeev (Shai's parents) set the tone at the reception with an Israeli folk dance they had practiced for weeks. Julie and Shai glowed the entire time. I even managed to get a few laughs with my toast. More laughs than Dad got, btw. I can't ever remember seeing so many happy people having so much fun in one place at one time.

Mom's 60th was the same weekend as the wedding. Aunt

THANKSGIVING MORNING 2010

David: Hey Jeff.

Jeff: I'm not writing the newsletter

Carly: What newsletter?

Jeff: Don't ask.

Katie: Now that Julie and Shai are married, Shai should take his turn.

David: He doesn't know all the good stuff.

They're way across the country.

Carly: I'll write it.

David: You need more time. Next year.

Jeff: Okay. Okay. I'll do it. But you can't edit. And I pick the photos.

David: But I check your spelling.

Hey Karen, thanks for organizing and hosting. We celebrated the girl-2010-oh birthdays, Mom and Julie (30, in absentia) among them.

Dad had to return his electric Mini Cooper #006 after the year-long field trial. He has been talking

Bratwurst and Sauerkraut and sparred verbally with the friendly people of Green Bay. In case you missed it, Dolphins won. OT.

We had a Fliegler family reunion in Santa Monica during the summer. Aunts and uncles and cousins came from China and Switzerland, Arizona and New Jersey, Carson City and Irvine.



Julie. Shai. Married. Family. Friends. Laughing. Dancing. Great day.

knows all about stone flies and other things that you might find under rocks in the creek. Running out of space. Here's the roundup.

Julie and Shai are still living in New York City. Shai is lawyering, Julie is working on her PhD in Oceanography at Rutgers. She just passed her comprehensive exams, both oral and written. In a few more years we'll be calling her Doc. Their schedules are crazy busy but they're taking advantage of all there is to do in the city. But we all know that they are Californians at heart. They'll be back.

I think Mom is teaching chemistry this year. And Dad, well, he is still doing whatever it is he does. No one really knows what that is. They lost their dog, Rugby, a few months ago. We all really loved that little guy. He got spooked at the dog beach and didn't fare well darting across PCH.



The first in my series of cooking classes. Want to learn how to make pumpkin crisp?



One day fly fishing and now Mom thinks she should have her own show on cable.



If the Hora is this scary, how will they ever go bungee jumping in New Zealand on their honeymoon in January?



Wine tasting in Santa Barbara in February. Dad, Mom, Debbie, Dick.



Oceanographer Julie is riding the basket at sea on a month-long research cruise in the Caribbean in January.



We saw Lions and Tigers and Bears close-up on our Rolling Safari at the Wild Animal Park in San Diego.



Carly. Smiling. Me. Smiling.



The wedding VIPs on the beach. Tami, Dad, Lis, Groom and Bride, Tomer, Adie, me, Mom and Zeev.



Did Julie really like my toast or was she happy that I stopped talking?



Lambeau.

Holly arranged a surprise luncheon for a few of the ladies. I heard that Mom got week-in-the-knees when she arrived.

While am thinking of it, and in case you're wondering (I know you are), Dad's team finally won the Thanksgiving football game after a multi-year drought. His team is doing well in our family fantasy league too. I'm last, but I text the best smack.

The runner-up to the event of the year was our October trip to Lambeau Field to see the Dolphins-Packers game. It was a crystal clear day, 60 degrees. Dad, Uncle Mo, Julie and I stayed in Sheboygan (I'm still working on the pronunciation), we ate

about this pure white Ferrari he saw recently at a car show but Mom said not to worry -- it's way out of range. His new toy is the 3D television. I thought it was a silly idea, but it's actually pretty cool. Especially for sports. Don't tell him I said that.

Mom was invited to celebrate her friend's retirement in Steamboat Springs in July. They ate, hiked, shopped, talked, concerted and fly-fished. (I can't be absolutely certain about the talking, but the odds are good.) Mom's favorite was the fly fishing. She



Aunt Jeanne, Aunt Arlene and Mom at a spring time girl-lunch.

Carly and I just moved into a small place in Costa Mesa. She has it looking great. Stop by for a visit. I love Costa Mesa. I'm going to be the mayor one day.

Happy Holidays everyone. Let's make 2011 the best ever!

Love,
Jeff