

# Lukewarm XMAS News Flash

## DEAN SENDS X-MAS GREETINGS

### Still With Spell Checking™

**M**

erry Christmas to you and yours. I hope this holiday season finds everyone happy and healthy.

Thanksgiving is over and now it's time to turn our thoughts to the hassles and hustles of the Christmas season. When it's time to shop for those you love (or at the very least, those whose wills in which you'd like to remain), and send Christmas cards to those that enter your thoughts once a year. It's at a special time such as this that my thoughts turn to my annual Christmas letter. I understand your expectations are high and far be it for me to even try to fulfill them. I've peaked already, okay? Now get off my back.

As always, not much new to tell everyone this year. I still work at the same job here in Houston. I still live in the same place, drive the same car, and have the same hobbies. Well, that's not entirely true. Those of you who have e-mail (that's electronic mail to the uninitiated) have probably been deluged at one time or another by mailings from this locale. I have taken to amusing myself by scanning the web for items of interest and ramming them down the throats of others. When not attempting to overflow your mailbox, I might be found working on my own personal web page. If you thought you were going to make it through this text without yet another plea to visit that page, you were sadly mistaken. As always, the strange and idle ramblings of the mind of Dean Lenort can be found at: [http://ouworld.compuserve.com/homepages/Dean\\_Lenort/homepage.htm](http://ouworld.compuserve.com/homepages/Dean_Lenort/homepage.htm)

Now that I'm getting on in years, this is the part of the Christmas newsletter where I would talk about the foibles and antics of my family. Since I am a very traditional kinda guy allow me to press on in that vein. The cat turned eight this year. It seems like only yesterday she said her first word. I can still hear that first little "Miao". Oh how she's grown. At just the age of eight she's already able to speak as though she were a



**IF YOU LOOK VERY CLOSELY,  
YOU CAN SEE ME WAVING.**

cat of many more years. She says things like "Meow" and sometimes even "Mraou". Isn't that precocious? Our (my) lives have just been so blessed through the happiness she brings to our (my) home (apartment) that I don't know what we (I) would be doing without her.

Don't watch for me too closely this holiday season. As far as vacation plans go, I still haven't made any plans for Christmas. I was a bit tardy in contacting the airlines and the amount I would have been required to pay this year for tickets was a tad exorbitant. It's not the money so much, but the principle of it all and such. (I can hear it from here: "Dean has principles?" Yes. And they mostly revolve around pictures of dead presidents.)

As those of you familiar with this context are well aware, not comes that special part of the newsletter when I sit back and reflect on the things for which I have to be thankful and to contemplate what I might do to enrich the lives of others. Did that fool anyone? Anyone at all? Surely there must have been someone who thought I was just a little bit serious? No? Bah.

Despite the apparent tone of this letter things are going well and the holiday season promises to be a good one. I really do wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. See ya sometime,

Dean