

The 2007 Allison Family Christmas Letter



"I didn't think I could shoot my kids... until I had the chance." That's a quote from my wife... after we experienced a very therapeutic time of family paintball this summer. (She had a twinkle in her eye when she said it too.) Actually, we (Stacy included) really love all of our kids... honest. You might find this difficult to believe, but our life with six kids—three of whom are teenagers—is really going well. And when we say "well," we mean AAAAAAAHHHHH! But I'm happy to report that all of these kids and their issues (and they each have issues) have had absolutely no ill effect on our marriage. What can I say? Stacy is still crazy about me. (Can you blame

her?) For example, last summer, I was driving home from a work day in Sycamore, IL. when my cell phone rang. I looked to see who was calling and saw that it was Stacy. Since I was in the car alone, I answered the phone in a low, slow, sexy voice, "Sexy Stud Hotline—can I help you?" Without missing a beat, Stacy responded, "I'm sorry—I must have the wrong number. I was trying to reach my husband." This coming year we will celebrate twenty never-a-dull-moment years of marriage. We've read *The Song of Solomon* together more this year than all previous years combined (no joke). And they said it would never last. Just goes to show you that parole officers aren't always right.

A Sadey Snapshot: Not Your Grandma's Homeschool...

"Dad, I learned to read a book today!" six-year-old Sadey said to me as I came home at the end of a day. "Let me read it to you." I sat down and Sadey read the book to me. When she finished, she closed it and said, "I learned two things today."

"What two things did you learn today?" I asked curiously.

Sadey said, "I learned to read a book, and I learned to play "Smoke on the Water" on the piano." It's a sophisticated fine arts education... Allison-style. Sadey still enjoys sucking her thumb with her blanky in the same hand (I see more ortho bills in my near future), she's crazy about Webkinz, and she likes playing with friends.



A Libby Snapshot: You've Got a Point There...

As I was stretching before Stacy and I took a jog one day, Libby (nine-years-old on December 19th) sat by watching me *trying* to touch my toes. Getting into the spirit of exercise, Libby asked, "Dad, do you want to wrestle?"

I said, "No way. You're stronger than I am."

Libby said, "No I'm not."

I said, "You're faster than I am."

Libby said, "No I'm not."

I said, "And you're much better looking than I am."

Libby paused just for a second, smiled, and said, "You've got a point there."

Libby loves Webkinz, drawing, and baking goodies with our next door neighbor, Lindsay.

A Josey Snapshot: Cash or Kisses?

Eleven-year-old Josey was helping me with some tasks around the house. When she finished, she said, "Dad I finished the job. How much do I get?"

I held out my arms and said, "How about a great big kiss?"

Josey quickly shot back, "Sorry Dad, I only take cash."

Josey enjoys scrapbooking, playing with friends, and witty banter.



It's all fun and games until you turn this paper over and read about our teenagers... continue at your own risk!

Now you know why you need to pray for us...



An Aubrey Snapshot: Your Favorite Part of Today...

We were sitting around the table after dinner one night—enjoying some family conviviality. While we were waiting for dessert to come out of the oven (one LARGE chocolate chip cookie—my idea), I asked everyone, “What was your favorite part of today?” We started from youngest to oldest. Sadey just smiled as she sucked her thumb. Libby said, “Watching TV.” (Billy said, “That’s pretty pathetic if the best thing we did all day was watch TV.” I agreed.) Josey said, “Tonight’s dinner.” At this point in our family bonding time, Stacy pulled the huge chocolate chip cookie out of the oven and the heavenly aroma started to permeate the kitchen. I said, “Aubrey, what was your favorite part of the day?” Aubrey, 13, looked

at the great big cookie coming out of the oven and said with a twinkle of expectation in her eyes, “I’m not sure what my favorite part of today was, but I’ll bet my favorite part is gonna be that cookie!” Aubrey loves to bake, play drums, and wishes she could do them both at the same time. (She’s also the best massager in the family... by far.)

A Bill Snapshot: In God We Trust?

My son, who is a freshmen in high school this year, catches the school bus before 7 AM. So I've been eating breakfast with him and going through a sports-oriented morning devotional guide before he leaves each morning. One morning we read about a professional basketball player who was offered a 21 million-dollar contract. The basketball player viewed that offer as "insulting" because he had to "feed his family." So the whole devotional was about what NOT to put your security in—for example, one's money or sports talent. One of the discussion questions went like this:

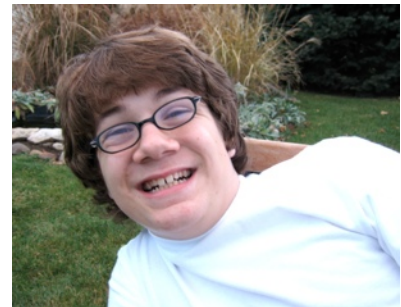
Me—reading from the devotional: "Would you feel more secure if you had 10 million dollars?"

Bill: "Yes!"

Me—raising my eyebrows: "I think you're missing the point of the devotional this morning."

Bill: "Okay, let me put it this way. I wouldn't feel more secure, but I'd be VERY happy!"

Bill enjoys many kinds of music (not country), playing football (his team was 9-0 this year), and living under the delusion that he can take his old man.



An Emily Snapshot: Driving... Me Crazy?

Emily is a highly intelligent sixteen-year-old who edits her father’s writing (and he was a high school English teacher), and, yet, once you put her behind the wheel of a car—she can’t find her way to piano lessons—the same place they’ve been for the last four years—a mere twenty miles away. Of course, this last year has given us lots of stories about Emily’s driving (and God’s amazing intervention for the safety of all). I can honestly say that my prayer life has never been better. Here’s an excerpt from one “conversation” we had—in which the Chillicothe police were involved.

Emily: “Dad, I didn’t know how to turn the lights on in the van, but I tried to drive in the dark anyway.”

Me—waxing philosophical to make my point: “Should a person be allowed to drive a vehicle if she doesn’t know how to do something as basic as turn on the lights?” As you can see, we both have a lot to learn—her how to drive at night without getting the police involved and me when to ask a rhetorical question. (Just in case my insurance agent is reading this, let me say right here that no tickets or written warnings were issued... because Emily used that magical power young women have... she cried.)

Emily likes blogging, drinking coffee with friends, and being a Grammar Nazi—correcting any and all grammar mistakes she sees (even on billboards and pizza boxes... I kid you not). OK—that’s our family Christmas letter for 2007. Did you notice that we didn’t even mention Starbucks once? Or did we....?

Subliminal Message: Send all Starbucks gift cards to us at PO Box 264, Mossville, IL 61552