



Christmas 2003

Duelm Family Newsletter

from Julie, Brian, Tony, and Brock in The Woodlands, Texas

Happy Holidays!

We hope this festive season again finds you healthy and happy, with fond memories of the past year and excitement for the year to come. And, we hope you enjoy our family tradition of pictures and stories from the past twelve months.

Can we deep fry that?

Many of you may have read that Houston was awarded "Fattest City in America" by Men's Fitness magazine...for the third year. That status has always baffled us because the food here seems no different than elsewhere in America. That is, until we attended to 2003 Houston Rodeo. There we found a stand that deep-fried everything, including a Snickers bar which we had to try and found quite disgusting.

Everything is big in Texas

While at the rodeo we strolled the midway and tried our luck at a few games. Sometimes you really don't want to be lucky. Julie started the windfall by carelessly tossing a ball that bounced into a basket. The laws of physics should have prevented the win, but she took home a prize that could only found in Texas.... a 12 foot stuffed snake. Then, as if luck were inherited, Tony rolled six balls down another game and scored a 7 foot alligator. Not to be outdone, Brock returned to the scene of the crime and, like his mother, did the impossible. It's a good thing the parking lot shuttle bus was a charter because the loot

had to fit in the luggage bay underneath. Now, if we only had room in the house.



School, sports, and more

Brock is in 5th grade this year, playing soccer and basketball, in Scouts, and he joined the choir (probably to get the girls). Tony is in 8th grade, playing football, basketball and baseball, and in orchestra.



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Brock - 5th grade



Tony - 8th grade



Aging...gracefully?

Brian turned the magic 4-0 this year. We kept the fanfare subdued to avoid sparking a midlife crisis (Harley, tattoo, two 20s, etc.) So far he has been able to maintain the façade of normal middle age, though we suspect there might be a body piercing in the near future.

Round and round we go, where we stop...is the rest-room

This summer we spent a long weekend in nearby San Antonio. In addition to the standard tourist attractions of the Alamo and River Walk, this year we decided to view the city from atop the Tower of the Americas. This 750-foot tower boasts a restaurant at the top which revolves once every two hours. It had a marvelous view, but about half way through our meal Tony became white as a ghost. We realized (albeit a little too late) that Tony suffers from motion sickness, even when moving at a snails pace.

Your tax dollars at work

After 15 years living an hour from the Gulf, we finally decided to try deep sea fishing. A good friend has a boat, and Dad and the boys set out while Mom was away. Our first trip was a bonanza catching a nice sized king mackerel and several sharks (one good eating). A month later we decided to head out again with Mom on board. Half way into the Galveston ship channel the transmission blew and we drifted into the shipping lanes. As huge cargo ships navigated too close for comfort, we made an urgent call to the U.S. Coast Guard who pulled our boat to safety. We extend a heartfelt thank you for your contribution to the U.S. Government.



See, sawed

Lastly, in another great truth of life, Confucius say "Angry wife should not wield tree saw." The good news is that the tree behind us is now in the living room.



Happy holidays from Julie, Brian, Tony, and Brock!