



Holiday 2000



pricefamily.tripod.com



rayprice@earthlink.net
trischprice@earthlink.net

Volume 9
Issue 1

Well, we can see by the clock on the wall that another year has passed and we all made it through Y2K (geesh, when's the last time you heard that acronym?). As you can see, we're back with another year of news, so sit back, and enjoy the read. For the first time readers, welcome to the Price Family News, an annual bit of journalism where we rundown the happenings of the year.

Discoveries in the Great Outdoors

No annual letter would be complete without a rundown on the latest construction projects around the homestead, and in reviewing last year's letter it seems we skipped it. So, here is a double helping. The early part of the year was packed full of outside work, starting with Project #1 being the installation of



That's right, we bad!

a stone walkway and edging. From there we moved to Project #2 where we assembled a playstructure in the backyard. During this project we made a number of discoveries as far as the intersection of outdoor projects, one curious 5 year old, and one ice cream eating 2 year old. Discovery #1: Drill bits do not make good candidates for a game of pickup sticks, especially when played in the grass (anyone who would like to drive a pilot hole with a

1/16th piece of dried grass, sing out, my drill bit box has more than it's fair share). Discovery #2: Contrary to popular belief, wood screws covered in melted ice cream do not drive any easier than "uncoated" screws (Tyler wanted to verify that theory and so, stood over the box of

parts with an ice cream cone while I was putting together the new swing set). From here we moved on to installing a DISH system. I installed the system while Trisch and the boys were in St. Louis over a weekend. All in all, it went pretty well, and led to Discovery #3: two hands are better than six.



If I Had a Hammer (or a Power Nailer)...

As the year progressed, we turned our attention inside and decided to finish the basement in order to reclaim our dining room from the toy monster that had taken over. In the May/June timeframe we began drawing up plan upon plan upon plan, and eventually settled on design #22 (or there about). Trisch's parents came out in July and in one long weekend we framed the entire place. Trisch's dad is a madman with the power nailer. After that, Trisch went to town doing just

about all the electrical work. Next came drywall, which we were not about to do ourselves. So, we had a contractor come in and do a great job that left our basement walls looking better than the walls in the rest of the house. The sweetest deal of all was one long weekend in November, when Trisch's parents came out to stay with the boys while Trisch and I fled, I mean vacationed, to Seattle. The night before we

(See "There's Gonna Be a Hangin'" on page 2)

Say Ahh!

Tyler started the year with a bang with 4 root canals and 4 caps on his top front teeth. We had to take him to Children's Mercy for the procedure and he was none too happy when the procedure was done. But, upon returning home, he slept for 4-5 hours and then was up like there was nothing wrong.

He now follows Nicholas around quite regularly and continues to want to do everything Nicholas does. Thankfully, Nicholas doesn't mind, and the two of them continue to get along fabulously. Tyler continues to talk up a storm and has developed a charming pronunciation of "fox", as in "the quick brown" kind, that can't be repeated in mixed company, at least not by us. He on the other hand, has no hesitation about shouting it far and wide, and so we just settle back and are

quick to repeat "fox" every time he says it.



Nicholas — Age 5
Tyler — Age 2 1/2
Kyoto — Age 10!

For casual pursuits, Tyler can spend tremendous amounts of time sitting at the table drawing intricate collections of circles and lines, and occasionally pushing the crayon into your hand and asking for a cow. Additionally, he has finally settled into a routine of accompanying Trisch to the gym where he plays while she works out. He also loves to jump off of stairs and tumble on the couch.

Of Politics and Scissors

Nicholas has had quite the year doing all of the typical 4-5 year old things: playing, school, reading, cutting his own hair, actively campaigning for George Bush, working in Tennessee with his friend Bill, etc. I sense a bit of confusion, is there something you didn't understand? Well, as far as haircuts go, as with most 4-5 year olds, one day this summer Nicholas decided that cutting hair was not necessarily one of the things that had to be relegated to the world of adults, and so he proceeded to get out the scissors and give himself a new "do". Well, needless to say, after our little "Edward



Clear!

(See "Jar Head" on page 2)

Scissorhands" got done, "trip to the barber" rocketed to the top of the To-Do list. So, Trisch took him down to the local Great Clips, where the woman who shaved his head seemed more upset about the whole affair than Trisch was. As you can see from the accompanying picture, Nicholas went through much of the summer looking like he was on leave from Paris Island, but such is life.



On the political front, somehow, Nicholas became quite interested in Indecision 2000, and found numerous opportunities to let us know that George Bush was his man, but then I guess that's to be expected given that ol' George appears to have a lot in common with a 5-year old (at least according to SNL). This preoccupation with politics is not at all surprising given how deeply involved we are in the whole political process at all levels from local, state, through national (oh wait, that's another family!).

Lastly, periodically throughout the year, Nicholas has been telling us that he works in Tennessee with his friend Bill. How he came up with Tennessee we have no idea, but he could of at least picked a place for which there was an outside chance we would want to visit some day.



On a list of "Places the Price's would like to visit", Tennessee probably falls just below the Annual Water Tasting Festival in Mexico. He usually goes on to give us detailed descriptions of the building he works in (they had a fire and had to work somewhere else for a while) and that they work on computers. It so happens that after Nicholas started commuting with his pal Bill, we hired a guy by the name of Bill where I work. So, on a lark, I mentioned to Nicholas that I worked with a guy named Bill to see what he would say. Without missing a beat, Nicholas said that that was Bill's dad, end of discussion. At this point I'm not sure if I should be happy he can think on his feet, or start figuring out how we are going to get through his teenage years!

On the schooling front, Nicholas is greatly enjoying his Montessori schooling, three full days a week. He has been bugging the teacher to start teaching him reading and writing and is now bringing home workbooks full of letters and numbers, as well as reading beginner books.



Soccer Mom Extraordinaire

Trisch has been quite active this year with a number of projects for the kids and projects of her own. Early this year, she became a card carrying, certified "Soccer Mom" when Nicholas took soccer classes with his best friend.

So, we've now seen the tip of the iceberg with Saturday morning trips to the soccer field to watch Nicholas learn the finer points of soccer.

For a sideline, she took up the hobby of Tamari balls. Tamari balls are another use for thread invented by the thread merchants who

felt they were being slighted by the quilting craze because of the disproportionately greater amount of fabric over thread used in any quilt. So, they came up with this new idea patterned after the "big ball of twine", were you could make things of beauty with thread and NO CLOTH! Wow, what a scam, and it cuts those money-

grubbing cloth merchants off at the knees! So now, in addition to collecting piles of cloth, Trisch is also collecting big cones of thread. The results are actually quite stunning, and look something like an elaborate Christmas ornament. I know, I know, you're probably sitting there saying, "Well gee

Ray, if these things are so great, show us the goods, after all, you've got

this fancy-shmancy newsletter in full color!" Well, embedded in the Tamari code of conduct is a clause similar to the quilter's creed, which follows the "cobbler's children have no shoes" policy. Therefore, our Tamari ball collection is prominently displayed along-

side our vast quilt collection at the famed AEHBO (Anybody Else's House But Ours) gallery.

In amongst all the above, Trisch also found time to wire the entire basement (see the construction project article), as well as install ceiling fans and light kits and install all the can lights in the basement. Whew!!



Letter from the Editor

I've been keeping myself busy with work and other projects. The most significant happening on the work front is that as of August 8th, Andersen Consulting was no longer bound (and gagged) to Arthur Andersen. This was the culmination of over two years of work on the part of the partners to have us leave the confines of the Andersen Worldwide organization. We fared very well in the settlement, with the most significant change being that we have to surrender the use of the "Andersen Consulting" name on January 1st, 2001. This of course initiated a

huge branding campaign the likes of which few have ever seen. We now have a new name and it is (drum role please): Accenture. I won't belabor the point with phonetic pronunciations, since judging by the roll-out campaign, you'll be hearing and seeing it enough times starting the first of the year. We've been told that there will even be a spot during the Super Bowl.

Don't be expecting anything as high-brow as the "Bud Bowl", but we'll be there nonetheless. Lastly, my new work email is: Raymond.j.price@accenture.com My other major accomplishment during the year was to finally replace the aging, but still functional, '88 Acura Integra with a shiny, new black VW Passat. The car is a dream to drive and handles very well in the snow (we've had a spate of it here in Kansas this winter). The car also has heated seats, which has resulted in the fact that I almost had to body-block Trisch for the keys, after cold weather, heated seats, and her seat intersected for the first time.



There's Gonna Be a Hangin

(Continued from page 1)

left, Howard and I went to Home Depot and loaded the van with doors and molding. While Trisch and I were gone, Howard somehow managed to hang all the doors and trim all the windows. All through the process we were somewhat undecided on exactly what type of floor to put down. Amazingly enough, the internet came to the rescue, and when it was all over, I ordered 1,000 sqft of Alloc laminated flooring online, eCommerce is a wonderful thing. So, now we've got 50+ boxes of flooring in the basement, just waiting to leap onto the floor.