



Two big events in the family this year. One is finally getting settled in the house and the other is an almost-but-not-quite-total lack of sleep. For that we get to credit the *real* big event of the year, which was Mason Francis Gargiulo, who showed up on June 6. It seems appropriate that he got off the mother ship on D-Day (albeit 2 weeks late).

It is so cool that seeing family and friends on a regular basis has become a completely normal part of life. We actually have traditions started. We're not used to this stuff, forgive the overreaction. Getting together used to be so rare for us that we'd put every event in these letters. Now we wouldn't fit anything

else into the letter if we tried. We do want to make an exception for Keith's 40th birthday/housewarming/welcome-to-Mason party which was a fantastic time and had many people together for the first time in a long time. That party also forced us to really get finished unpacking. Jo also hit 40, and still looks 20, but hinted hard at jewelry over a party. After 20 years of knowing each other Keith has finally learned to take a hint.

[put family thanksgiving picture above]

Megan turned 6 and is the oldest kid in her kindergarten class. She's done soccer, karate, basketball, and riding lessons, with skiing next up. There were no broken bones (c.f 2009 & 2004 Christmas Letters) or other major trauma. For which there was much rejoicing. Megan wants to learn how to shoot from horseback, like daddy does, but she's going to have to wait a couple more years. She still makes instant lifelong friends out of kids she just met and isn't likely to see again, which causes some drama when it's time to say goodbye. On the plus side Megan has clearly decided she is a Yankees fan. Except in those gut wrenching moments when she says she likes *both* the Red Sox and the Yankees. Keith could almost take her being a Red Sox fan easier than hearing something like that. Almost.



Mason is busy drooling and establishing a personality. Extremely happy go lucky one moment, very cranky the next. Trying to slap the keyboard right now... An average 6 month old. He wants to be held all the time and is a massive productivity killer. Again, pretty normal. He doesn't nap, to any normal way of thinking about baby naps. 10 minutes at a stretch 2 or 3 times a day doesn't get Jo much time to even take a breath. He also wakes up at midnight most nights, then again at 3, 4, 5, and 6. OK, not all nights are that bad, but he's a long, long way from sleeping through. He's had teeth since about 3 months, much to Jo's chagrin. Tall for his age, but skinny. Megan swears he said 'dada', and Keith is sure she's right but the jury is out for everyone else.

We welcomed another cousin for Megan and Mason, as Shelly and Jeff had Connor, their first boy.

[picture with megan or mason?]

Those of you with a sense for fine literature have our Christmas letters in a leather-bound volume close at hand for frequent reference. In last years' note we mentioned that we hadn't sold the clinic property yet. Unfortunately that is still true. Fortunately both the house and the apartment are rented. Unfortunately we don't want to be long-distance landlords. Fortunately at some point the housing market will come back. Unfortunately, no one knows when that is. So we muddle along.

You may also notice we said we sold our house in NY in that letter. As far as sense, reality, and logic are concerned, that was the truth. Unfortunately it seems to be taken care of today is to not pay your bills. Pay the house off and then bad



common the only way things

happen. Unfortunately we've come to learn that the brightest folks at Bank of America's mortgage department aren't fit to wipe spit off a monkey's rear end. If any of you work for BoA, we don't mean you. But we do sincerely mean *all* of your coworkers. BoA lost the payoff checks, admitted it, and as of this writing - 17 months later - still haven't completely fixed it. In the meantime they even tried to foreclose on a house we didn't own any more. Twice. Oh, it has been so much fun.

Unfortunately Jo's grandmother, Fran, died this year after being diagnosed with cancer at age 90. The family took a trip to the National Cemetery in Long Island where she was buried with her husband.

[picture above]

Jo has gotten her vet license in NH but has been focused on Mason and pulling the house together this year, particularly with Keith away a lot and not being much help. It has been monumental work for her. Jo is ready to take on some things that get her out of the house a bit more. So she is investigating options and we're sure we'll have some new surprises in this department by the 2011 letter. Jo's been in the gym a lot since Mason was born and is doing great.

Keith has now been at PTC over 15 years. He was recently promoted to Vice President in the consulting group, and is currently spending all his work time in Peoria, where Caterpillar is headquartered. That looks like it's going to go on for a few years. Yes, he got to drive a D-10. If you don't know what that is, just picture a bulldozer that could drive through your house without even noticing. It lists for about \$1 million. And they make one model that's even bigger.

[family picture above]



This year's international trips (for Keith) included China (3x, went to the World Expo on one trip), Japan, Korea, Portugal, and Germany. Keith also has dropped 50 pounds since January, 2009 (despite airport food), and is in the low 170s now. He idiotically decided to join a 207 mile relay race called Reach the Beach. Keith hates running, but his college friends are doing it and he would hate not being a part of the team even more. Besides, there is beer.

Now that we've really unpacked we have a ton of room for visitors. Plenty of winter and summer fun in tax-free New Hampshire. But of course you would visit just to see us, we know. Just don't trust your GPS when you come.

Love,

Keith, Jo, Megan, Mason

