

I will honour love and respect
in my heart and try to keep
it all the year.

2018

Toni Inglis, after wedding, April 7, 2018

AS WE HONOUR
CHRISTMAS 2018

IN OUR HEARTS, WE THINK FONDLY
OF FRIENDS LIKE YOU AND THE PERSONALITY
TRAITS YOU POSSESS THAT QUALIFY YOU TO
RECEIVE THE 26TH ANNUAL ALTERNATIVE INGLIS
NEWSLETTER. BUT ENOUGH ABOUT YOU.

The Obligatory
Update

Ian's still on a full-time reggae trip. For the fifth year in a row, he went to the Sierra Nevada World Music Festival for three days of dancing to good reggae and meeting up with sundry strangers from previous years. It took place in California, which happened not to be engulfed in flames at the time.

He's just about retired from law. But he still manages his office building, which offices 10 attorneys and seven "virtuals." Except for Walter interrupting him, Ian can now drink his coffee and leisurely read the news in the morning. A great pleasure.

After a good 10-year run, I retired from writing monthly commentary for the *Austin American-Statesman* this year. I may write one occasionally, but no deadline now. That's a great pleasure, too. (There's a reason it's called *deadline*.)

Our 'hood: When we moved downtown 14 years ago, ours was the ONLY building in the area. But for 10 years now, our neighborhood has been a loud, dusty construction zone.

In this video, you can see our beautiful copper and limestone building. All the other buildings are new!

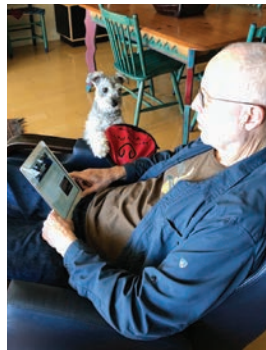
Luckily, all but one are beautiful. Despite the construction and living across the street from the drunkest zip code in Texas, we still love living here.

But there's a new problem as of this year: The streets and trails are *littered* with thousands of e-scooters, e-skate boards and e-bicycles. You now have to look both ways on *sidewalks and trails* as well as streets, and it's [f-wording] infuriating. Ian's thinking about producing e-scooter labels reading "2-Lazy-2-Walk" and applying them liberally to the little darlings.

Last year I broke with tradition and mentioned politics. I won't do that again this year despite *enormous* temptation ... *except* to mention the best things to come out of the midterms: 1) we took back the House by a margin not seen since Watergate (!!) and 2) this [Esther's Follies skit promoting Beto O'Rourke](#) (a god.) You've GOT to watch it! It was filmed in the Mueller [not *the* Mueller] neighborhood where AJ's parents are building their home.



Life is good here on the eighth floor. I like to look outside.



THE
Wedding!

John and AJ
(Angelica) Ragosa
got married!!

Yes, on April 7 ...
on an urban farm.

CONTINUED...





No dry eyes hearing the vows



Hilarious best man Chris King clowning around

Those weather gods, what a bunch of clowns they are! April 6 and 8 were gorgeous — sunny, cool and pleasant. April 7? ... cloudy, windy and 45 degrees. No tents, only a tiny farmhouse not big enough to take refuge.

During the wedding, several small children and the elderly were carried out in caskets, frozen. The Statesman's April 8 front-page, above-the-fold headline would read, "Wedding tragedy: 300 people found frozen to death early this morning on Springdale Farm." Despite the deaths, a grand time was had by the survivors.

For those whose ears had not frozen off and could hear through the wind, AJ's vows, delivered bare-shouldered and without shivering, sounded like musings from an angel. The only person left with a dry eye was Scrooge himself (who invited him?). John's vows, proclaimed with his characteristic simplicity, authenticity and sweetness, even elicited a tear from the minister! You could viscerally feel the intense love and respect spoken in their vows, and you felt so much joy and love that you forgot the cold.



AJ's mom Angela with her brother Max



Mr & Ms
John & AJ Inglis



Windy! The families (Burton on end!)



People hovering around the fire to stay alive

End of First Wedding Dance

Sundry Boston Ragosas



Ian dances reggae to the Pointer Sisters??

Bill, AJ's dad

AJ's uncle Max dances as well as he is sweet.

AJ and bridesmaids found coats to wear after the ceremony — AJ, a black pleather jacket. She looked fabulous! Like she was ready to hop on a motorcycle with Marlon Brando. John and AJ's first dance was (appropriately) to the tune of Louis Armstrong's La Vie En Rose. At the end, their hands rising in solidarity said it all.

My dance with John was, shall we say, unrehearsed. You can tell by my feet stumbling all over his. (That's my twin Barbara laughing in the background.) You can tell from AJ's dance with her sister, that Rachel is a judo master.

John married into a wonderful Italian family who dance when they get together. When the Ragosa families (from Texas and Boston) hit the dance floor after the traditional wedding dances, it morphed into the rooftop dance scene from *West Side Story*. In contrast, on that rare occasion when Ian and I dance together, such as at weddings, my face stares awkwardly into his lower chest, kind of like Mini-Me dancing with Dr Evil.

The wedding reminded me to love and respect more than I do, OK, a *lot* more than I do, but ... did I mention that it was cloudy, cold and windy that day?

Walter and Vacation

Mom says now that I'm almost two I'm old enough to write my own section. Life is good here. When I have a lot of energy, Mom or Dad will throw a ball or frisbee from the balcony door to the front door; I run after it, catch it and bring it right back to them. Sometimes when I catch the frisbee, I get so excited that I spin around! And I get to play with John and AJ's dog, my BFF Lily, a lot.

Every morning, Mom and I go down the elevator eight floors to the outside. We walk around Sammie's liquor store, but sometimes we go past Hut's Hamburgers. After my business, I get to see my new friend, Tim, who works at the coffee shop next door. He breaks up a dog biscuit and gives Mom the pieces. I beg and dance on my back legs for each piece. It's great fun, and my construction-worker friends laugh when they see it.

At night, I get to sleep with Mom and Dad! I really hate it when one of them goes away, like when Dad disappeared into Anderson's Coffee one day. But I get so excited when they come back!

BIG NEWS! THEY TOOK ME ON VACATION WITH THEM THIS YEAR!! I helped Ian navigate all the way to Friday Harbor on Washington's San Juan Island. OK, truth is, I mainly slept in the back seat with my toys, on a fluffy bed pillow. Waiting for the ferry, we saw a dog who can catch a frisbee better than I can! We stayed the whole month of September there!

One of the greatest things about the condo where we stayed was that it was ground-level! Instead of taking the elevator down every morning, Mom felt her freedom: She'd throw open the front door, belt out "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" (*Oklahoma*, 1955), and off we'd go for a short walk for me to take care of business — no harness! No leash!

The first morning in Friday Harbor, I was halfway down the street when I stopped in my tracks. There, standing in the neighbor's yard, were three GIANT, hairy monsters!! I was so frightened I spun around and bolted back to the condo faster than a speeding bullet. Mom said my legs were a blur!

She explained that they were an animal family called "deer," that they were eating apples fallen from trees and that they were nice. Before long, I would chase them out of sight at full speed. I think my new deer friends liked the game as much as I did. I miss them.



Walter's home on the road to and from Washington

Mom's best friend Claudia, the one who inspired her to go into nursing with her great work stories, *lives* in Friday Harbor! She has two dogs — Roxey (husky) and Vito (Italian greyhound), and we all went on hikes pretty much every day. Roxey and I had a blast running around like maniacs together, but Vito was more distinguished and stayed by Claudia. I miss them.

I made another friend, too! One of Dad's best friends from high school, Jim, lives in Seattle. He and his dog Raven (lab mix) hopped on the ferry to visit us *twice!* Raven and I ran around like maniacs, too.

One of her favorite games is to run into people at full speed. One time when Dad wasn't looking, she ran full speed into him and took him down! I was scared, but he didn't get hurt. That's a good thing because I love to hike with him, and he finds the best trails. I asked Raven why she did that, and she told me she was practicing, that she had a dream of one day becoming a linebacker in the NCFL (National Canine Football League.) I told her that with that tackle she had a promising career ahead of her. I miss her, too.

One day, Mom and Dad played a good, lucky trick on me. They told me they were taking me to the Friday Harbor airfield to watch the small planes come in. One of the people getting off one of the planes started walking toward me, and I got scared. But then I realized it was my Aunt Barbara!! I was so surprised and happy! We went to Roche Harbor, and I liked the smells of the gardens as much as they did!

Another day, Claudia and Roxey went with us on the ferry to Orcas Island where we visited a near century-old pottery co-op. Claudia is an artist, so she loves that place. There were lots of wonderful smells there, too.



Walter growled when the boats moved in the water.



From the top of Mt Grant

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We all loved our month on the island. Mom especially liked the short walk to the marina to buy fresh-caught seafood (her favorite,) the hikes, having water all around surrounded by forested hills and the occasional mountain like Mt Grant or Mt Finlayson, and best of all ... seeing her friend. Dad especially liked seeing his friend; the crows, ravens and eagles; the walkable town; the craft beer; and the hikes.

On the way home, we saw Yellowstone's Old Faithful, and of all the crazy things, a cattle drive on a highway in Wyoming!

On a sad note, when I first arrived here as a baby in the summer of 2017, the cat in the house, Tina, would have nothing to do with me. For the past 18 months, I keep trying to get her to play with me in the most polite way, but all she'll do is hiss. I keep thinking she'll come around. Do you think she ever will?



Tina

Toni said since I'm eight years old I should write my own part. OK. First, I can't be bothered. Second, Christmas is stupid. Third, that damn dog.

Here's what I look like when Walter approaches me.



Burton's daughter Talula, 16



Ian's Fabulous Mom Roberta, 96



Daily yoga with Walter & Tina



Me, when Ian uses words I don't know in conversation such as interlocutors, interecine, penurious or cat-o'-nine tails



Ian posing for a Hanes underwear commercial



Beto took time out to give Walter a ride.



Me, after walking outside on April 7



Here's wishing you a **2019**
 Full of love and respect, **adventure,**
good times with friends, great trails
 and lots of **APPLAUSE.**

love,
 the Inglises

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