



AS WE HONOUR CHRISTMAS 2019
IN OUR HEARTS, WE THINK FONDLY
OF FRIENDS LIKE YOU AND THE PERSONALITY
TRAITS YOU POSSESS THAT QUALIFY YOU TO
RECEIVE THE 27TH ANNUAL ALTERNATIVE INGLIS
NEWSLETTER. BUT ENOUGH ABOUT YOU.

2019



**I will honour Christmas
in my heart and try
to keep it all the year.**

Charles Dickens, A Christmas Carol, 1843



Good-bye, 1012 Rio Grande

Think George Bailey running down the main street of Bedford Falls on Christmas morning exuberantly yelling, "Merry Christmas, movie house! Merry Christmas, Emporium! Merry Christmas, you wonderful old Building and Loan!"

This holiday season, think *Ian* (who actually kind of looks a bit like Jimmy Stewart) running down Rio Grande Street exuberantly shouting, "Merry Christmas and good-bye, you wonderful old building! Merry Christmas, everyone!"

In November, after five days on the market, Ian and his two law partners sold the charming, impeccably maintained Victorian home they owned at 1012 Rio Grande St. His home away from home since 1985, he journeyed there by bicycle for

many years, then by bus, then on foot after moving downtown 15 years ago. You'd likely see him with a dog: Sunny, then Snowy and now Walter.

With the building's comfortable feel of camaraderie and goodwill, lawyers and staff would stay for decades. But even after retiring from law in 2018, managing 1012 with its two staff, 10 in-house attorneys and seven virtuals was still a heckuva lot of work. So, despite thinking he would *never* be ready to sell the building, he finally was, and it was bitter-sweet.

Prepping for and managing the sale, helping the lawyers transition out, orienting the new buyer and moving out/distributing 32 years worth of accumulation was a draining ordeal for poor Ian. But through it all, I was there to support him every step of the way with words of encouragement such as, "What's taking so damn long?" "Get all this s___ put up!" and "I'm hungry. What's for dinner, dammit?!"

Now, like me, he's fully retired. But we won't be bored because ...



The Royal Twins: William and Andrew

Recall John's and AJ's beautiful wedding from last year's letter. On July 22, The Royal Twins, weighing six-plus pounds each, exited into the outside world. William's entrance was quite graceful, but Andrew's was so inelegant that it bought him a three-day trip to the NICU for respiratory distress. (He's fine now.)

I'm a twin (identical), and I must say I have a newfound awe of my mom. How did she do it, especially with a sister 11 months older?? My brother, nine years older, was a big help, and my dad was as much help as traveling and 1940s cultural standards allowed. But still.

John and AJ having two babies all at once as first-time parents, man, let me just say the beginning was *ROUGH*. With the help of both sets of grandparents, who both



live here, and the occasional doula visit, they're making it through the baby period.

AJ's sister Rachel and hubby Adam had cousin Noah two months before The Royals emerged. Unfortunately, they live in San Diego. But when those three boys get together ... it's gonna be a *LAUGH RIOT*! Here's how I know: [click here](#) to see Noah on a recent day with his mom.



Professor Smarty-pants



This year, the professor continues to abruptly halt conversations thusly: *[Definitions on back page]*

Toni: Why do you keep putting the eggs in the *middle* of the shelf?

Ian: For better ingress and egress.

Toni (see raccoon): Better *WHAT*?!

Ian (speaking under his breath, but within earshot): Why doesn't the grading system include E?

Toni: What?

Ian: You know, A-B-C-D-F. Why no E?

Toni (confused): Huh?

Toni: Tina has not been eating all of her dry food lately.

Ian: Yes, I've noticed she looks thinner, not as porcine.

Toni (see raccoon): Not as *WHAT*??!!

Ian (coming in after grilling lamb downstairs): I forgot the tongs, but luckily someone down there lent me theirs.

Toni: What happened to the tongs kept at the grill?

Ian: Someone purloined them.

Toni (see raccoon): Someone *WHAT*?!



[Loud, angry, indistinct words bursting from the bedroom where Ian was trying to attach speaker wire to some wretched object.]

Toni (racing to the rescue, secretly enjoying the moment): What's the matter?!

Ian: This [expletive] headlamp is a [expletive] piece of [expletive].

Toni (trying not to sound sarcastic): I wonder if putting in new batteries might help.

Then I left on an errand, only to come home to his still (!) working on the speaker wire.

Toni: How's it going?

Ian: I changed the batteries, and it works fine now. *[Toni grins smugly.]* But it was deucedly difficult.

Toni (see raccoon): It was *WHAT*?!

Ian: I just talked to Jim about retirement. *[Jim, his friend since grade school, is a retired actuary.]*

Toni: Oh, yeah?

Ian: He said it's wise to withdraw 3.5 to 4 percent per year. Turns out the old saw to pull 4 percent is true.

Toni (see raccoon): The old *WHAT*??!!



Walter and Tina



Walter here. Mom asked me to write my part. She asked Tina to write her part, but again this year, Tina told mom no way, that Christmas is stupid and to get a life.

I keep trying to play with Tina, but all she does is glare at me with that “go away, childish pest” look, then slink away. I’ll bet deep down she’s still mad that I dethroned her from sleeping with Mom and Dad every night.

When Mom takes me on a walk first thing every morning, she utters scary words when she sees e-scooters littering our path, and she kicks them out of the way. They’re all over the place, but I don’t mind because to me it’s just extra things to pee on. When I do, Mom says, “Good boy!”

Life is good for me, except for the awful moments when my parents hold those two small creatures at John’s and AJ’s house. That’s time they could be holding me! Dad takes me on a long walk every afternoon, and every day I chase and catch balls and frisbees. So much fun! I also get to play with and chase my aunt Lily.

The big news this year is Mom and Dad took me on three road trips! I love sleeping on my bed pillow in the back seat of the car as we move along. In June I went to the beach for the first time — and South Padre at that!! They decided that “Dogs on Leash!” was a mere suggestion, and they threw my favorite frisbee for me along the water for hours every day.



OH, NO! Dad disappeared into the water!

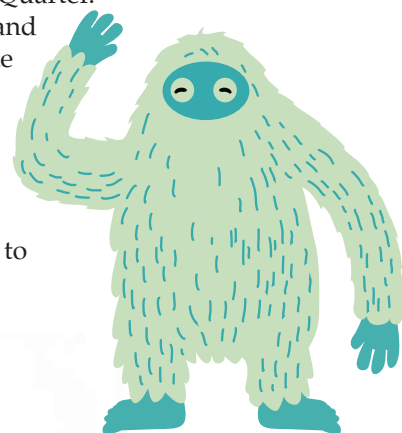
It was June, and tons of people were on the beach; every time I caught the frisbee, they all clapped and cheered — even the beach patrol folks did! But when I missed, there was a collective groan of pity. I didn’t miss often, though. It was SO MUCH FUN that they took me back in October when it wasn’t so hot, but sadly, fewer people on the beach.

Then in December they took me to New Orleans! Mom said it’s the land of gorgeous old homes, yummy beignets, fabulous music, ornate above-ground tombs and one-ply toilet paper. Ian’s friend Jim, who I like a lot, came along, too, and so did Aunt Barbara! I especially loved all the new and exotic smells of the French Quarter.

But 2019 wasn’t all fun and games. One morning I woke up to discover a horrible, frightening monster out on the balcony. Mom said it was just a hat, but I knew better. Click here (and turn your volume up) to see what I mean.



I got to go to New Orleans!



Ian hunting and pecking with help



For Halloween



If only I could reach that chicken



AJ's dad, left, holding William



AJ with Will and Mrs. Owl



Thanksgiving with Will



John and AJ are having ... TWINS!!



With The Marvelous Mrs. Jack Inglis
Gotta love that sign on her fence!



NOLA, breakfast at Brennan's



Talula and Burton!



Show Dog!

Here's hoping we all wake up
ECSTATICALLY HAPPY
the morning of Nov. 4, 2020,
AND THAT WE ALL HAVE PLENTY OF
ADVENTURES, GOOD TIMES
and applause in the coming year.

love,
the Inglises

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Definitions — who
knew any of these??

Ingress and egress:
The liberty of entering
and exiting.

Porcine: Suggesting
swine, piggish

Purloin: To appropriate
wrongly

Deucedly: A modifier
that has little meaning
except to intensify the
meaning it modifies

Saw: maxim, proverb

