

Steve Manick's  
1993

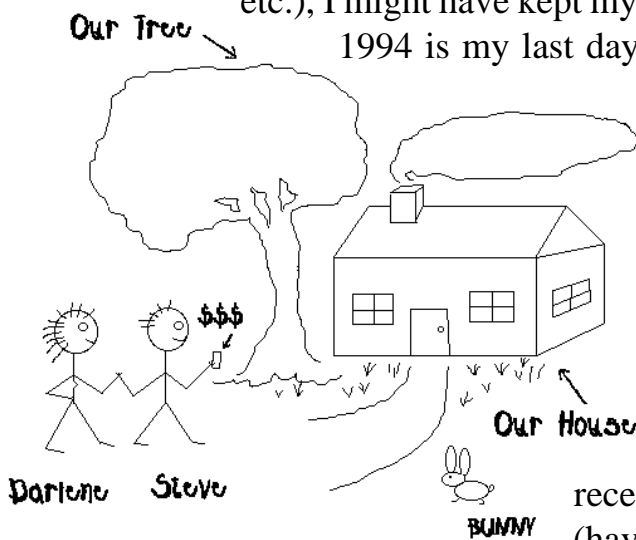
# Times



Volume 3

December 1993

You've been waiting 365 days for another holiday form letter from me so I won't keep you any longer. 1993 has been a very eventful year for me. I started out the year with a permanent position with the Los Angeles Department of Airports (thanks to my background in plane geometry). In March, I took my girlfriend to Yosemite and left her for my fiancée. I proposed to Darlene at 6:30 in the morning, in a rainstorm at Tunnel View, and had to wait ten minutes for an answer while she hyperventilated in the rain. Had I known what was to follow (the ring, the wedding plans, the ring, etc.), I might have kept my mouth shut! (A little engagement humor.) March 6th, 1994 is my last day as a free man (who ever said that dating was *free*?).



Although the engagement did add some stress to my life, it still was not enough for the masochist that I am. Darlene and I bought a house. Did you ever buy a house? Forty-five days of pure frustration followed by a lifetime of complete frustration. I did meet some nice people though (the roofer, the contractors, the movers that walked out because they said I had too much stuff, etc.). We moved in on November 25th and were unpacked by the 27th. We have a cozy, bright, recently remodeled, 2-bedroom, 2-bath 1750 square foot (have you ever seen a square foot?) house, a huge master bath

with whirlpool tub, two fireplaces, hardwood floors, an indoor pool (the garage **floods**), over three square feet of closet space, a large yard, a wild bunny, the largest tree in the valley (see inset), and a larger mortgage. (My new checks are pre-printed to "Home Depot".) Can you believe that I'm living in *the Valley*? Me— a *Val-guy*. The next thing you'll see is me becoming a conservative Republican and going to *the mall* for culture. As long as there's a Trader Joe's nearby... I invested in studio strobes, so next time you make light of my photos— so can I. I made many court appearances, as I resumed my long-lost tennis game (I had been out of the racket for fifteen years), thus increasing my net worth. I was also one of the first in California to receive the new Yosemite license plate ("YSMT SM"). I'm a year older than I was during the last holiday season. I can tell because I get most of my entertainment from the Philharmonic, and don't recognize any of the Top 40 bands (who is this Beavis & Butt-Head?). My dad is now doing well after a recent stay in the hospital for various kidney problems and my mom making sure he stays healthy (I'll tell them that you said "hi"). The outside world appears to be a little safer this year. Now we have to help our homeless, make our streets safe for our children, and care for our environment. I wish everyone who reads this letter a very happy and fulfilling new year. Smile more, dress warm, eat your vegetables, and don't even think about buying a house. — SAM

