



Nineteen ninety-seven was a pretty good year for the Manick clan. Adam learned to crawl (like a spider), walk (like a Weeble), backpack (he *was* the pack), speak (so he said), dismantle (everything), discover (how to get his way) and bungee jump (just kidding). At 14 months he would remove the child-proof locks from our cabinets and throw them in the trash (where we seem to find most missing objects). He is charming and fun, and is learning at an incredible rate. How was it that we got this blue-eyed blonde kid anyway?



Although we did spend several weekends in Palm Springs with child, Darlene and I took a restful trip to Big Sur and the central valley wine country in March and treated ourselves to a wine tasting trip to the Napa and Sonoma Valleys in October. The best



parts of those trips were seeing Adam's smiling face when we returned. I managed to get away for a couple of camping trips, including one at an ideal campsite along the King's River in King's Canyon. Weekends and evenings in May and June were spent painting the exterior of the house— finishing in time to celebrate my first Father's Day. The highlight of the year was Adam's first birthday in July. Most of Adam's neighborhood friends were at his party and I think he really enjoyed it.

Darlene became the Clinical Director at Kaiser's weight loss clinic in Culver City in July (trying to reduce the clientele) and attends to her private practice in the evenings (trying to expand the clientele). I'm still working at LAX, even though I've resisted the pressure to get the lobotomy and castration (as recommended by the civil service exam). It would be nice to move on, but I don't know what I want to do. My parents are doing well, spoiling Adam several times each week, and in September I was best man at my brother Jeff's wedding (pretty gutsy, Jenifer). Adam started walking in late September and can now redecorate (a la earthquake) a room in under 30 seconds. Videotapes, CD's, plants, stereo equipment, computers— they all feel the effects of Hurricane Adam. And yet, it seems that nobody can get



enough time with him, least of all myself. Unfortunately, my 12 hours away from home means that I am missing out on half of his life, including most of his non-sleeping hours. Dad? Dad who? In his current phase of development, Adam kisses all the little girls he comes in contact with (must get that from dad) and kisses his image in the mirror (must get that from mom). He is almost always happy, active and smiling, but does seem to have a stubborn streak (from whom did he get *that*?). He is obsessed by the Moon, enchanted by music, and fulfilled by pushing every button in the house (I found about 20 files on my computer renamed to something like “[f;kv;;mj8df”). Hey, we're parents— we talk about our kid. Do you want to see some video? Of course, as parents we're licensed to talk about things like “oh, you should

have seen when Adam discovered his penis...” and “you know, it's been two days since he had a good bowel movement.” Stay tuned for next year's issue, when we experience the *Terrible Two's*. Until then, we wish you peace, happiness, love and friendship in 1998 (so there).

HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM STEVE DARLENE AND ADAM

