



We've made it halfway through the *Terrible Twos*: that test of wills where you're put head-to-head with a two-year old. We're survivors. At his 2-year checkup in July Adam measured 36 inches and 34 pounds- about the size of a 3-year old. At his current rate of growth, he'll measure 12.5 feet and 220 pounds at 15 years of age. At two he could recite the alphabet, tell you his address and prove the origin of matter (okay, it's still only a theory). Then came the non-stop question phase. "What's that called?" "What's a grape made of?" "Do I alone rule the world?" Adam has a new obsession that was at first amusing and is now embarrassing: the *penis*. Every little girl he meets is informed "you don't have a penis" just as every boy is told "you have a penis."



Usually it's in front of her/his parent. "My, what an interesting little boy you have there. Let's go dear. NOW!" Another thing that I find quite fascinating about him is that he loves timeouts. When we send him to his room for a "timeout," he runs like he was running for ice cream and sits in his chair singing until we release him from his torture. Sometimes he'll perform one of his well-rehearsed *no-no*'s, say "Adam gets a timeout" and run to his chair. Very strange. Aside from being smart, observant and funny (*almost* proving that I'm his dad), he also has a sweet, sensitive side that can make you melt instantly (case closed!). Adam is easily the best thing that ever happened to us. ♦ What about the adults? Darlene started a new job at Kaiser in Panorama City and continues her thriving private

practice in Encino, sometimes returning home so exhausted that she's forgotten some of her clothing. My year was highlighted by hosting relatives visiting from Israel and Argentina. I'm still at LAX, but recently learned an almost unbelievable lesson *a la Civil Service*. I impulsively submitted a letter of resignation only to have it rejected because it was on an obsolete form. Aarrgh (in triplicate)! Darlene and I made several short wine-related trips to Paso Robles, Santa Ynez and Temecula over the past year. We are planning on taking Adam on his first trip to Yosemite in February and will introduce him to camping this summer. My parents are doing well, recently taking a two-week cruise around the Hawaiian Islands. I'm sure that the stewards loved the 72 pieces of luggage (okay, it was half that) that they brought on board. I'm spending much of my free time maintaining my website, especially the family news and California wine pages, and I've just added a gallery of my photographs. ♦ And



for some late-breaking news: Only days ago we unexpectedly adopted a dog. Yes, d-o-g. A purebred Golden Retriever pup which we named *Sonoma* (she's known for her *whine*). It took only minutes for Adam to learn to eat from her bowl and wade in her water. And what tricks can she do? Chew, jump, chew, pee, chew and bark. Goodbye lawn. Goodbye plants. Goodbye furniture. ♦ After a year of Tripp ups and fallen Starrs, my favorite memory of 1998 was watching Mark McGwire hug his son immediately upon breaking Roger Maris' home run record. We need to remind ourselves of what is *really* important in this world. The ever-expanding Manick clan wishes you a healthy and happy 1999.



**HAPPY NEW YEAR**  
FROM STEVE DARLENE  
ADAM AND SONOMA

