

Mom's Newsletter

"The Party Was The Social Event of the Season: And Very High-Toned" July 2004



UNCLE BING and AUNT LORRAINE Celebrate 65 Big Ones!

Faribault (AP) Surrounded by a huge collection of family members and diabetic-safe birthday cake (and ice cream), Uncle Bing and Aunt Lorraine celebrated their sixty-five wedding anniversary between long and occasionally awkward (per Joanie) make-out sessions. Stuffed with large squares of lasagna and serenaded by the family rock band, the intrepid duo took it all in stride. "Other than Little BM's beard (see above) and Jeff singing," said Uncle Bing, "I would declare the whole shebang a success."

After lunch, the activities broke up into four sections: swing assembly, family band practice (see below), NASCAR viewing and full-tilt reminiscing of the courtship. "I liked the part about Mom and Dad meeting the hooker up in Duluth," said Judie wiping her eyes. "It makes these family memories so special...like a Hallmark card."



Lunch was served near the garden while the swing workers concentrated on their task of assembling the official outside "sitting and swinging chair." While the assembly team of John, Jack and Ellen kept their collective noses to the grindstone, Uncle Bing and Aunt Lorraine kept the wisecracks going with wacky stories about their courtship, Australia during World War 2, snow storms, Jerry Dapper, nursing school, Grant Sears and the forgiving nature of the Catholic church. "When Aunt Lorraine said that 'Grant Sears had some redeeming qualities,' I swore I heard a loud spinning sound coming from the southwest corner of the yard," said Liz. "It puzzled me until I realized it was coming straight from Maple Lawn."

Calling All Single Women Between the Age of 16 and 92!

Finally, the family member known as "Little BM" has declared his new bachelor pad "almost open for business." This little love shack, known already as "Party Central" by the in-crowd is tentatively scheduled for late August bash to celebrate the new digs. "I am planning on throwing a party for the family," said the newly bearded one. "Just don't tell Jeff where I live. I told him that I got a place in Morristown and I think he believed me. So ix-nay on the dress-a-day to umbass-day." When asked what the party goers can bring to the party, Billy smiled and said, "Your swimsuit and some shotgun shells."

