

**THE PRUITT FAMILY CHRISTMAS LETTER DONE ONE BETTER...OR  
THIS YEAR'S EVENTS ARE NO WORSE WRITTEN OUT IN DOGGERAL VERSE**

This year again came and went  
So fast, it's hard to tell how it was spent.  
Don't get it wrong, much occurred,  
But with the speed of time, things got blurred.  
The big news, at last at last:  
Mother went to Paris and passed.  
Second in rank is Father's book.  
The printing's done, you'll all get a look.  
Of the rest, details are within.  
Note it will be boring if you're not kin.

**Winter**

We find there is so little snow  
In Washington compared to Buffalo.  
With just a little ice  
They close the schools and throw down rice.  
Sorry, I meant to say salt,  
But take my word all comes to halt.  
Says Andre' up in cold Syracuse,  
"For these antics there's no excuse.  
In this city it's nothing new  
To have it snow a foot or two."

**Anyway let me go on:**

From the early crack of dawn  
The Pruitt family worked away,  
Away, away, and through the day  
Into the night  
With artificial light.  
Workaholics all five are we,  
To some at least we seem to be.  
The author though is a lazy one:  
He took a year off from college fun  
(textbooks, term papers, and finals)

**Mother**

At her new job she's of good repute  
Especially for starting the English Institute.  
The 'Tute's for reducing foreign student anguish  
By teaching English as a second language.  
They were so happy with the new programs she started,  
There was a 20% raise with which the state parted.  
At this time, I should mention,  
Her job only took up half her attention.  
There was the always present thesis  
That almost drove us all to pieces.  
(Or so she believed in all her guilt.  
But really! No one was kilt.)  
Now that it's over we can look back,  
Wonder a little and a few jokes crack.  
Sometimes she would say "I'll fail"  
With sad mouth and visage pale.  
We encouraged her, because we knew

She'd pass, and with distinction too.  
Highest honors was the sound  
When the judges came around.  
Now we're happy with Mrs. P,  
Except for a little problem, you see.  
On telephone calls us kids get daunted  
To delve which "Dr. Pruitt" is wanted.

#### Spring

Spring in Washington is cherry trees  
Bursting with flowers and honey bees.  
Congress now is back to work.  
Not noticing this is a common quirk.

#### Father

The book's first copies will soon be out,  
But to avoid appearing the lout,  
Dad has started another opus  
Around a slightly different focus.  
To help him out he determined to purchase  
A computer to record his researches.  
A Word Processor the thing is called.  
When you hear the price you'll be appalled.

For him this is a sabbatical year.  
He is home all day, what a pain in the rear,  
To sit all day and write another book.  
At least he had us kids to cook.  
This won't be for long, as I've stated before,  
For Charles and I soon'll be out the door.

#### Summer

The summer's here are humid and hot  
Causing fresh people to ripen and rot.  
E.g., the author's remarks are not much appreciated  
Until the air's temperature has significantly vitiated.  
But July 4th was a time of bursting content,  
Celebrating our land's 205 years spent.  
The Capitol fireworks are always a treat  
Except when they light near to your seat.

#### Andre'

Computers as a career, he is still pursuing.  
Don't blame him, with the money there wooing.  
Andre' and Kim were down for the summer,  
For the job situation in Syracuse's a bummer.  
Andre's Kim's boyfriend if you had question.  
The word order above was a feminist's suggestion.  
Kim worked with my mother for the summer school term.  
Andre' of course worked for a computer firm.  
It is owned by the French Nuclear Regulatory Commission  
Who might send him to Paris next year on a mission.  
He's happily hoping that this will occur.  
His studies, he is quite willing to defer.

### Fall

The time of year for the elections  
When people make their bad selections.  
If candidates showed their true colors,  
We would all elect our mothers.

### Charles

Charles is now in those years  
Of college entrance examination fears.  
His first choice is Haverford now;  
It's rather fine and distinctly high brow.  
Just in case there are ten more,  
Though applying to them is a rather a bore.  
A couple of other things, we should mention,  
Took up Charles P's attention.  
The first was a trip to Italy and Greece.  
With so many cities there was no peace.  
The trip he assured us he had enjoyed  
Plus the girls and the belly dancer they had employed.  
An additional achievement was a street hockey tournament  
Which he designed and had others implement.  
This sort of thing had never been done in the past,  
But 90 came out and played hard and fast.

### Winter

I tell you, people get really sensitive here when it freezes.  
They think there is a wind when somebody sneezes.  
The winters here, though, are really nice,  
With little snow and little ice.  
The morning air here is crisp and refreshing  
Except in a draft in the midst of undressing.

### Paul

For the author this year was an easy life,  
No college, no kids, no nagging wife.  
Getting his mind together, as they say,  
Looking for motivation to study and working for pay.  
He was grateful for this because he was able to do  
A lot of reading that he had never bothered to.  
Barring insanity, he shall return  
Back to Swarthmore for the next term.

This epic poetry we hope you've enjoyed,  
But I swear this task next year I'll avoid.  
This time, though, it's really meant;  
My wit and patience are fully spent.

Seasons Greetings, 1981

Dean, France, Andre', Paul & Charles Pruitt  
9006 Friars Road  
Bethesda, Maryland 20817  
(Note new zip code)