

Ye Pruetts 1991 Christmas
Letter

Children lissen while I tel a stori about yur ancestors:

In ye days of olde when spelling was primitiv, way bak in 1991, during ye age of ye ergonomic chair, ye sun roofed chariot, and ye rane of George II, lived ye Pruettt famili.

That yer was a gud one fur them. Dene, ye fadder of ye clan, finished ritin a buk of wisdom to spred to his nabors in his field. It was on negotiation cowritten with a former student, Peter Carnevale. Dene also helped organize a conferense in ye far off land of Holland. This conferense was presented by ye International Association fur Conflict Management, of which Dene was president. He and ye mudder (Franse, just like ye countri, onli thinner) spent four days in that yer in St. Petersburg, Russia, after attendin another conferense. They wur amazed by ye contrasts of buti and bad hotels.



Ye fadder was in gud shape that yer, by followin ye fad that had spred to everi corner of ye fair land. He watched his wate, jogged, watched his colestorol (children, this is an oil substance which is in our blud), and watched his hair turn gray so slowli. Yes, it was a gud yer.

Dene and ye rest of ye famili wur unhappi, however, becus Dene's mudder passed away. It was a short ilnes, and she lived to be almost 90. Her life was devoted to improvin ye lives of others, and ye famili was proud of this.

Ye mudder, Franse, spent time in Japan (an even farther away land) where she desined and ran an orientation to help Japanese students prepear to cum to this cuntri. Franse was also important enuf in her own rite to be on some panels of her peers at ATO, a government organization. She helped fund programs fur universities and hospitals in lands near and far. Also in that yer, she set up links between a Japanese biznes and six universities near her town. She

also continued as an activ volunteer fur ye Rotari Club (a group much like ye druids that set up Stonhenj), Swarthmoor Collej (her alma mater) and ye Washington Quaker Meetin.

Andrey, ye first born son, also had a gud yer. He learned he wus to be a fadder fur ye first time. He heard that ye childe wud be delivered in May 1992, when a medicin man, dressed in a white smock, profeseed that Kimm wud bear a childe.

1991 wus ye yer ye Soviet Union cracked, yet Andrey still wurked fur General Electric, bilding computers fur under-water battleships. Andrey continewed to brew beer fur himself and his buddies. He had no trouble with ye local sherif, since he paid him off (just kidding), but ye beer wus worth it. Andrey had becum such an expert on beer, wine and licker, that he and his wife relaxsed with ye noledge that they cud open up a tavern if times go realli tuf. Andrey also tuk time to tutor Kimm's sister, Denees,

in statistics. She moved to an apartment that yer and went to SUNY at Cortland.

Kimm wethered ye first stage of pregnanci well and began shoppin fur oddli shaped clothin she wud soon be wearin. Kimm continewed to dew her post-doctoral wurk in genetics, wile bein an accomplished runner. She wus also lookin forword to May 1992, tryin to figyer how to balanse wurk, wife-hud and mudderhud.

Pall, ye second born, continewed to wurk at ye Brock office. He liked his wurk and wus gettin expert at it. Pall also wurked fur his uncel in ye field durin weekends. In ye fall Pall tuk a corse on calligrifi. During ye hole yer he continewed to play tennis and volleeball.

Charls, third in line fur ye thrones at ye Pruett house, became engaged to Jane Severen, a Haverford friend. Jane became an MBA student at ye Universiti of Chicago. She and Charls

tried to see each other over brekfast occasion-
ali, as they both rushed to classes. Charls
spent 3 months in Japan, wurkin as an
intern desinin advertisin fur educational
video materials. He also finished his
first yer at Northwestern Kellog Graduate
Skool of Biznes, where he supervised, and
reorganized ye computer servisses. He
was lookin in that yer fur a perfect job
in Chicago, so he cud stay with Jane
wile she finished up her skoolin.

So, my children, 1991 was a gud yer
fur ye Pruett famili and they wer
sum of yer ancestors. Ye men and women
of ye past did mitee things (and sum
wer not so mitee, but it wus long ago
and so it seems mitee.) Yet at ye
end of ye yer, they always wished their
friends and famili:

"Merry Christmas, and may the
new year bring you much happiness"
(Yew see how primitiv thear spellin
wus).