

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The Holcombe's missional dining room table has moved again. It has become a symbol for our family since it is where we gather for Thanksgiving, Christmas and other occasions. We bought it when we returned from Asia in 1980 and has moved numerous times. It was at Sarai's house when we were in Asia in the 90's. Now it rests in our new Georgetown home, and continues to serve as a reminder of so many great memories around the world.

We moved to **Georgetown, Texas** in February, a block away from Sarai and Kevin's house, so she can watch over these oldies which *is located at the corner of 17th & George Streets*. The house was a farm house



built in the '20's, and has had many redo's including our own. It is a comfortable fit for these declining years.

The other piece of family history about our house is this is where George graduated in 1955 from Southwestern University and Wanda attended for a year in 1959 when George was pastoring his first Methodist Church appointment near Llano, an hour+ drive away. We are proud owners of our Alumni Card which provides us the opportunity to enjoy their new Gym facilities, Library, Dining Hall, etc., etc.



The move also put us in closer contact with our grandchildren, which is always exciting. Sarai's oldest son is now a police officer in the Dallas area. Her second son, after working in a political campaign where the candidate was expected to lose, but won; now works for Texas Impact, Texas

Interfaith Center for Public Policy, as a policy analyst. Her daughter is finishing her University degree in Advertising and already working in the field. Chris's eldest son, who lives in Chicago, is finishing his Art degree; while youngest son and wife are in Austin working at the historical Driskill hotel with our 7 yr. old great granddaughter who is both smart and very social. As you can see we are not adverse to bragging. Our cat Marcus made the move much better than we did and has made himself right at home.



It was hard to leave our home for 17years in Wells Branch, so many friends and such a great community, plus we left behind the memorial swing and tree for Chris which continues to grow and provide a nodal point for the community. We are busy getting to know our new neighbors and becoming involved in the local community. *We are very pleased to be in a community that relies solely on renewable energy.*

George had a bit of a set back with Pancreatic Cancer in October of last year, however the surgery was successful and after 6 months of Chemo, no new signs have appeared. Wanda continues to be healthy and a great care giver during George's surgery and recovery while maintaining connections with the Meditation and Women's Groups she helped to start. She has found a way to escape the Texas summer heat by spending August in Portland with her contemplative friends. As we are in our old age, (85 & 78) we are continuing to learn in the depths of our lives of this ever "newing" world. The internet has us in contact with so many of our colleagues around the world. It was amazing the other night when we were awakened by our phone to a video call from the Philippines. A woman we had worked with greeted us. Her daughter who worked in the middle east had returned home and had the technology. I am sure they were surprised that we were in our pajamas.



This year has also saddened us with two family deaths: Wanda's only sister, Patricia Lindsey at age 80 after 2 years of fighting Ovarian Cancer and her husband Jerry Lindsey age 81, only 3 weeks later died due to a very aggressive form of Leukemia diagnosed one week after her death. They had been married for 61 years.



We share with you a brief bit of poetry by Sarah Buss, who also lives in the Austin area and when asked "What Happens to Memories?" she responded with her ever present wisdom:

What Happens to Memories

Every memory is in the mix of eternal life in whatever way that it exists. That is true in the objective, reflective, interpretive and/or in whatever way it manifest. It is in the context of this reality that transformation happens: "all is good", all is made whole, all is oneness, whether it is past, present, or future. Ultimately there is no time or space, only transcendence—sheer presence.

We come to this Christmas with darkness abounding, yet hope fills us and the future beckons as never before as we spin around the Sun in the Milky Way.

Merry Christmas, Feliz Navidad, Maligayang Pasko, 圣诞节快乐, Frohe Weihnachten, Joyeux Noël

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