



ROCKY'S HOLIDAY GAZETTE—1999

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Sorry! I'm late. Finished this the day after Christmas, but then we went to New Mexico and I just didn't get it done. Then Y2K was over and more excuses and more excuses and...

Y2K, or WHY2K, or WOE2K, or...

1999 has been a year of barely controlled chaos. With the pending arrival of Y2K, I have been busier than I ever remember before.

I had plans this year to rebuild the decks on our house—didn't get to it. I wanted to have the roof replaced—didn't get to it. The garage needs cleaning real bad—didn't get to it. Needed to do some painting, some clean-up—didn't get to that either.

We did replace our carpet, though, and that looks wonderful and bright.

I have four primary clients now, along with several smaller ones. Each of these four has undergone major changes to their computer hardware and/or software. Three of these have been in major transition for most of a year, and the fourth is two years into the conversion, hopefully nearing an end.

I expect all four to have a

fairly uneventful move into the next century, with possible little "speed bumps," and I expect the whole world to experience about the same.



Here it comes, ready or not!

Probably by the time you get this, I will have been proven right or wrong. In any case, I'm not taking any drastic

measures to hoard food, gasoline, or cash. I trust our ability as a nation to weather this "crisis" with a minimum of interruption.

Well, okay, Leonor always keeps a nice, full, pantry. I plan to have a few extra dollars stashed away. But no survivalist mentality—just a little common sense.

We aren't fearing air travel—we are going to visit Leonor's brother near Santa Fe, New Mexico, flying not on New Year's Eve or Day, but soon before and after.

He is a marvelous cook and wine connoisseur, and we plan to take full advantage of his talents in those areas. And since we've never been to Santa Fe, we are looking forward to seeing some of the sights I've heard so much about.



Visit me on the Web!

Well, maybe this announcement is just a little premature. I am working on getting myself a presence on the World Wide Web. I have an address, but don't have anything there yet. Maybe by the time you get this, I will. I hope to have family pictures and my Family Tree posted there soon. I'll eventually have other stuff, too, but I thought family photos was a real good place to start.

Point to:

<http://pws.prserv.net/rockyp>
for the latest news and pix, or
Email: rockyp@attglobal.net

Family grows again—Grandpa skills continue to get more finely tuned!

Jennifer and Doug presented us with a sweet little baby Girl (Carly JoAnn) on May 10. She is healthy, happy, and very good (of course!) They are the greatest parents! Carly and big brother Nick get more love and attention than most, and it shows. Nick is quite bright (takes after me, of course!) Just



look at those bright eyes! He is some athlete, too; can throw, catch and bat with the best of them. I can't wait to get a tennis racquet in his little hands!! But Daddy thinks he might be better suited for baseball or football... Jennifer enjoyed an extended maternity leave from Eddie Bauer to stay home with the little ones. She is a phone salesperson, and has been working evenings, so she and Doug can trade off



with the baby care duties—Mommy takes days, Daddy, takes evenings. Grandpa and Nana would like to take a few weekends, but it's tough to work out our schedules.



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The Paris grandchildren Visit the Pacific Northwest Again

We have sort of gotten into a cycle of trading visits with JoAnn (our French connection) every other year. 1999 was the year for the French to invade the U.S. Thank goodness! This has been such a busy year for me (see front page) that I couldn't have given up the 10-15 days required to make the trek to the Continent. They spent July plus a few days in June and August in the States visiting family and friends. I don't know how JoAnn does it, making those long flights with two toddlers.

Zoe continues to amaze me with her bilingualism. (I wanted to use "bilinguality," but my spell checker wouldn't let me!) At 5 years old, she switches so easily from French to English and back, it puts me to

shame. It takes her a few days to become comfortable speaking English since she speaks French at home, but she catches on very quickly once she gets started. I really get a kick out of hearing English with a strong French accent from a little one.

Ian doesn't speak much English, but then, at three, doesn't speak a lot of French either. He has



Zoe, 5, and Ian, 3. Cute, eh?

no trouble being understood, however, in any environment.

JoAnn still does translations, working from home. It is sure a nice way for her to earn an income and still be able to spend time with her little ones.

Jean-Louis continues his drumming nightly on live TV, composing music for his band, and is improving his performance as a race-car driver. His winning record last year was good enough to earn him a sponsorship this year. He races Formula 3 cars—same cars as the Indianapolis cars, but with slightly smaller engines.

Tennis 1999 was kind of a bust!

You may remember from last year's Gazette, that I was suffering from tennis elbow. (What!?!? You don't remember? You mean you don't hang on every word I write? Shame on you!) Well, to refresh your fading memory, I hurt my elbow in the spring of 1998, which essentially took me out of tournament play for the whole year. I finally was able to start playing again this year in mid spring,

"we had tornadoes touch down between the hotel and the tennis center..."

and returned to full form only recently. I didn't play any regular age-based tournaments, but I did play team tennis in the local USTA league.

Our team was quite strong, winning our league (Tacoma/Olympia area) so we earned a trip to Portland to play in the Sectional playoff (Oregon, Washington, Alaska), which we won. That win earned us a trip to Mobile, Alabama (of all places!) to play in the National championships. We

went there in October to vie for the best in the nation title.

We got there on a Wednesday in a driving rainstorm. On Thursday, we managed to get in a little practice between cloudbursts. By the time the tournament started on Friday, I had caught a terrible cold and was sick in bed. The weather had gotten worse, and we had tornadoes touch down between the hotel and the tennis center, so the tournament was canceled. It seems that the tennis gods didn't want me to play in Mobile in 1999. Maybe next year.....

Being a parent again isn't really so bad...



Yup, I thought when I became a grandfather, being a father was something in my past. Think again! We have been taking care of Jesse, Leonor's grandson, off and on for years,

but since April, we have been full-time parents. He's now nine and in the fourth grade. It has been a real mixed experience for us. His home life has been less desirable than we would like. We just can offer him lots of love, stability and patience, and have already seen a dramatic improvement.

We also are very involved in the life of his little brother, Jeremy, who will be four in January (although he



claims he will be five!) He lives with his mom, but visits often. They are both cute little guys, and I find it fun to have little boys around (after raising only girls).

It's a bit of a lifestyle adjustment, but we're doing okay with it.