

Christmas, 2011
Saludos de la tierra encantado
(Greetings from the land of enchantment)

I feel that our little town is very much like enchanted Brigadoon, lost to view and memory from the other world that you inhabit, though instead of appearing only once every one hundred years we mistily appear whenever someone from outside visits us or like now when we communicate by mail. This fall we had such a visitor from Berlin, Kristin, a friend from San Francisco days who allowed us to reconnect with the outside world. We even left New Mexico for a few days as we traveled to the San Luis valley just over the border in Colorado for a mesmerizing ride on the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic RR into the San Juan mountains and a visit to the fascinating Great Sand Dunes National Park. Earlier during the summer Peter's brother Tom also visited giving us and sister Sally the incentive to head out to Wagon Mound, a significant land mark on the Santa Fe trail, to partake in the celebrated Bean Days bar-b-que and rodeo, an event that we have been meaning to attend for years.



Plaza Drugs

Christmas, 2010



Willy checks out a Christmas window

Kathryn, as a result of volunteering to co-ordinate volunteers for the Friends of the Las Vegas Nat'l Wildlife Refuge —the birds have not forgotten this place— flew off to New Orleans for a conference on managing volunteers, a trying experience all around, nobody ever told her not to volunteer. The one exception was the Ogden Museum of regional southern art which she loved, thought it was the best show she has seen in a long time.

Mainly we follow our own little lives in our little village abandoned by the Southern Pacific RR, commerce, politics and history. In fact when Las Vegas is mentioned visions of overwhelming heat, gambling, sin and gangsters flash through minds instead of a peaceful bucolic village lost and forgotten on the western edge of the great plains.



Here we all are for mom's 95th

Oct 17, 2011

Kathryn keeps busy working with the Wildlife Refuge and the LV Arts Council as well as her own art, she will take a class in Pueblo ceramics this coming semester. And she has taken up knitting! something that used to drive her batty. Peter, after his long morning walk with his camera and Willy, is currently rebuilding the back porch with up-to-date plumbing—finished just in time for the big February freeze of -20° which broke many pipes here— electrical circuits and insulation which will serve as coat closet, pantry and K's art studio. Evenings here are usually taken up with reading, music on NPR or CD and movies from Netflix.

Sally has found a job with the state in Santa Fe but still spends week ends here, even singing in the Messiah; Brother John is back after a lengthy stint in Milwaukee working on other people's houses; Mom Wait celebrated her 95th birthday quietly at home.

Quiet, peaceful, contemplative. Life here is nice but never boring.

Have a *Joyful Christmas*
and may your *New Year* bring you much satisfaction and reward,
with much *Love*,

Kathryn
Peter