

AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, SIR*!

FROM THE STORM DAMAGED WEYERS BEACH SHACK!

*“Uh sir, I just want to say, uh, that we're both--on a personal level, really enormous fans.”

A NEW YEAR IS UPON US! Okay, it is HERE. That means more adventures! More drama! More grievances! But before we say goodbye to 2014, in an abstract sense, of course, as this letter is coming to you from 2015, we would like to recap and share some of the Escapades we survived, and the Spectacles we had / made this year. It's been one heck of a ride.

Let's start with the big stuff. We have a new family member! The most amazing, adorable, and simply awesome 50 pound boxer came to live with us at the end of April. Her name is Bunny Lake Weyers and she is a rock star. Bunny had TWO homes during her first seven months on this planet, but we are happy to be her forever home. She's named after a movie I love from the 60s called, “Bunny Lake is Missing,” Bunny Lebowski, but not Bunny Adams! We are over the moon!

You know how some people say they had a wrench thrown into the works? Well, we had a plunger tossed into our proverbial works. The plunger presented itself in the form of a job offer; just a few weeks into my program at Pepperdine. Oh, and the job? It had been created for me and I was faced with a tough choice. To make a long story longer, after some intense negotiations, and an offer I truly couldn't refuse, I put my Masters on hold and went back to work. It looks like my days of emulating Mr. Hand will have to wait.

The year continued with Joe breaking both gym and personal records, as it relates to his weightlifting. At the last competition, he deadlifted 535 pounds, performed a back squat with 520 pounds on his shoulders, and executed a bench press of 245 pounds. He blows my mind. (Just like Mickey does for Toni Basil, but I digress). I am so incredibly proud of him.

And then, AND THEN, Joe made me try Crossfit. Yes, please stifle your laughter. I know I'm not an athlete. I had never lifted weights. I got a Varsity letter in **ACADEMICS** in High School. Do you see where this is going? Crossfit? Me? HA! Well, after dragging me down to the box, kicking and screaming, I started with the most amazing trainer and am still working out with Martha three times a week. I have muscles I didn't know existed, am stronger than ever, and have these weird things on my hands called calluses.

And now, let's talk about the travel. There is no sense of community in coach. Southwest Airlines may be the death of me and seriously, there is a woman on the wing, dressed in Colonial garb, who is absolutely churning butter. Am I the only one that sees her? Of course, I digress and really, in all seriousness, my adventures took me to places as far as Saskatoon and as close as San Bernardino. Traveling allows me opportunities of a lifetime; like this summer when I sat next to **JOHN DEAN** on a flight from Dallas to Los Angeles. Mr. Dean and I had our own little row, and while I don't make a habit of bothering historical figures, (okay, there was that one time in the bathroom of Terminal D's Admirals club with the Honorable Sandra Day O'Connor, but that was just one time,) Mr. Dean was very talkative, about life and whatnot, and when I divulged what a huge Nixon nerd I am ... it was on. Mr. Dean was on tour, promoting his latest Watergate book, and was more than happy to talk about the scandal with me. And, the conversation wasn't all one sided. Mr. Dean was not aware of the fact that the anniversary of the Tate/LaBianca murders coincides with that of Nixon's resignation. He took a couple of notes on his iPhone and told me that he could use that little tidbit in future speaking engagements. (I have photo documentation). Best Plane Ride EVER.

2015 promises to be full of excitement and more PRs. Joe continues to love his job at Guitar Center and has just started learning how to play the bass and some other kind of guitar. All I know is that there are amps and guitar stands in the living room where there once stood only tin statues of flamingos.

- If we are not already friends on The Book ... friend us if you dare! I use my maiden name; it's a condition of, well, if I told you, I'd have to have you rubbed out. So, just go with it.
- Or tweet with us ... Julie @iamthewalrus73 and Joe @bigjoedan
- And, of course we have Instagram accounts ... Julie → paintitblack73 and Joe → bigjoedan
- My blog, with its posts as predictable, consistent, and sometimes damaging as the rain in Southern California, may be found at www.wherethetiarahitstheroad.com
- And of course ... we have Gmail. We drank the punch. There, I said it. And, this just makes it easier for the government to find us ... as if they couldn't already from my incessant social media posts. julie.scorsatto@gmail.com and joe.weyers@gmail.com. #ownyourdrama