



Bush Family Christmas Letter

by James Seidler

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Merry Christmas everyone! I just want to start by pointing out that Jesus is the reason for the season. Think about it.

It's been an absolute great year for the Bush family. Sure, we may not all be living on the ranch anymore (two more years!), but my girls (all three of them—Laura, you know you're still my prom queen) and I are just as close as ever.

The twins would probably be embarrassed to hear me say it ("Aw, dad!"), but I think what they're doing right now should be an inspiration for young people everywhere. After a stint curing AIDS in South Africa, Barbara is working at the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum in New York City, while Jenna has moved on from educating the youth of America to educating the youth of Paraguay, who I think we can all agree need the help more.

Laura had the honor of having Laura Welch Bush Elementary School in Austin named in her honor, which puts her one up on of me (but I'm not jealous; I figure I still got plenty of opportunities for things to be named after me and anyway, her name is my name too). I was going to do a book reading to commemorate the school's opening, but we all know what happened the last time I did that, so we decided to pass.

As for me, I can't complain (except about gas prices this past summer—wow, I thought we were going to have to replace the motorcade with a bunch of Priuses [that's a joke]).

All in all it was a pretty good year for me. Sure, there were some setbacks—my Longhorns sent the Trojans packing back to lateland (Hook 'em!), but Jeb's Gators and Heat both won titles of their own, giving him the edge in the battle of the states. I had to wear a "If you think we can't vote, wait until you see us drive" T-shirt the whole time we were in Kennebunkport, which mommy thought was hilarious. I already have a plan to get Jeb back, though—I got him a "Don't Mess with Texas" bumper sticker for Christmas.

Karl and I are still neck-and-neck in our book-reading contest (little secret—Turdblossom has his secretary do his Christmas cards, so he's probably pulling ahead with some Mitch Albom while I'm providing the personal touch. But I'm not too worried because I have a secret weapon in my favorite book, the Bible, which technically counts for sixty-six books. Look it up).

What else? The White House got a new fridge this fall. Laura says it keeps the vegetables crisper, but I'm not sure—they still taste the same to me (bad).

I gotta tell you, I got pretty worried when that whole "no liquid on planes" thing was announced. As you probably know, I have to do a whole lot of traveling, and I thought it was going to get pretty

expensive buying new shampoo and toothpaste at every stop. Dick let me know, though, that Presidents and those traveling with them get special flying privileges, which is a nice perk.

I did do a lot of traveling this year; I got to do some bike riding in Scotland (no, they don't all wear kilts), then later I was able to see all the guys in Russia at the G8 conference, where I kept everything nice and loose with my patented atomic massages. If you've ever been on the receiving end of one, you're probably still feeling the relaxation.

While I think it's been a great year all in all, I think it's only proper to end this letter on a more somber note, in memoriam of those we've lost this year. As you know, Crocodile Hunter Steve Irwin died—too soon—at the hands of a monster stingray, and I would like to take this opportunity to ask all of us to take a moment to say a prayer for Steve's soul (I don't believe he ever accepted Jesus Christ as his personal savior) and his family. It heartens me to know, however, that as long as his re-runs are on the air, he will never truly be forgotten.

God bless you all,

George W. Bush