



It's kind of a long story...
(But here's as good a place to begin as any.)





I was born in Spokane, WA, the youngest in my family of four.



My sister was born almost eleven years before me, and my parents were born and brought up decades before all this.

We lived in a house with a dog and a cat and a fish. My parents chatted with the neighbors and we visited my grandparents often.

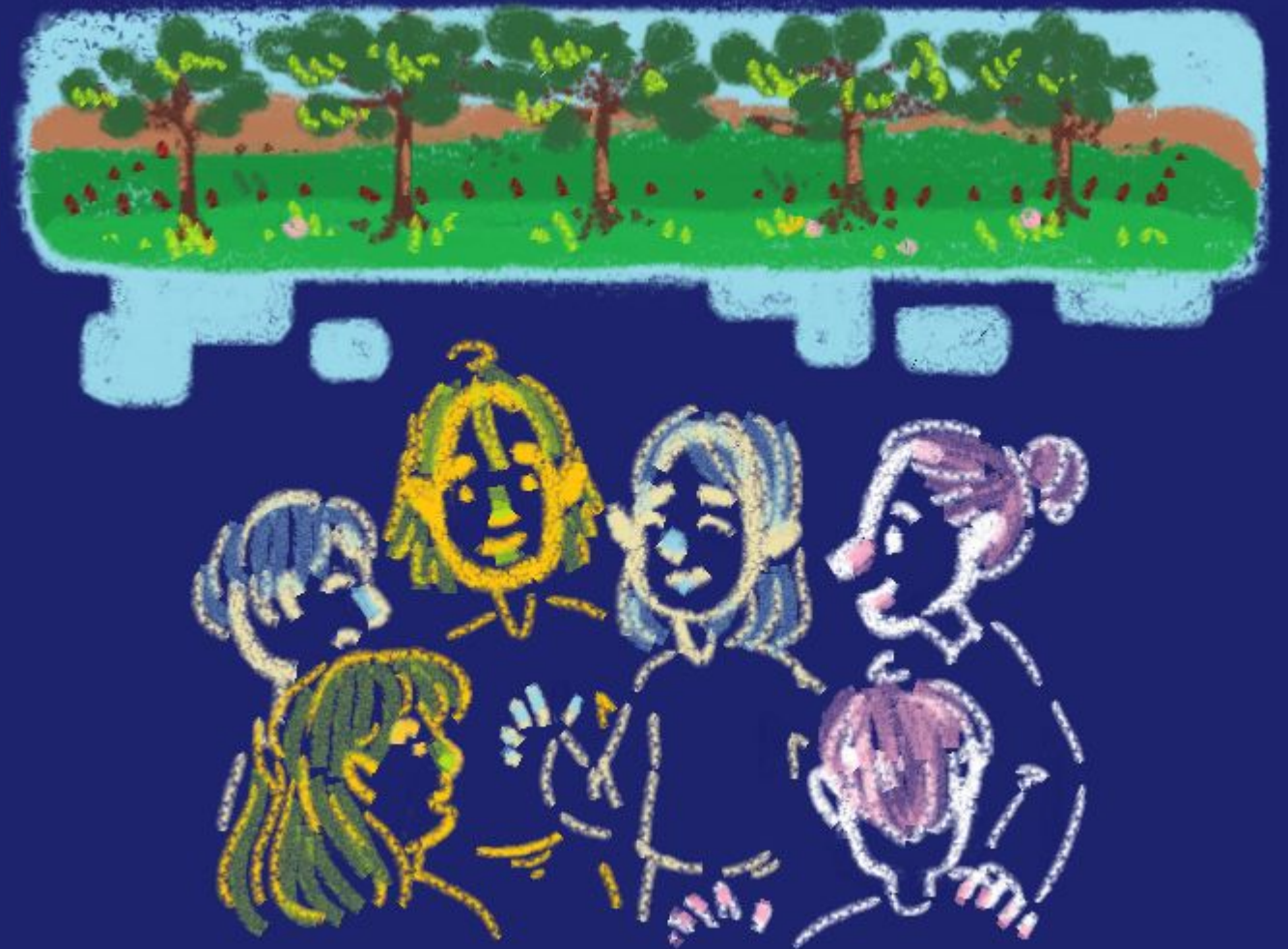
We lived here until my Dad's job took us
out of the country and across the Atlantic.



We settled into a little neighborhood
in Spangdahlem, Germany.

We met new neighbors, who became new friends. On school days we played games in the yard, and during the summer we picked cherries while our parents sat around the patio, trading stories. Sometimes we traveled all together to see the coast.

By the end, we were all like one big family.





And then it came time for us to move again.
One by one my friends left with their families,
and then mine followed suit.

And from then on after, it became something of a pattern:
move out, move in, make new friends...



Every few years, we find ourselves somewhere new.



...And we grow our family tree a little more each time.



(I've found the image of the 'family tree' to be a good illustration, but sometimes I think my family is more like the fireworks (Either way, it's been quite an adventure so far!) we set off each New Year's Eve-- all a mix of starbursts scattered together and swept away into new formations.)

