

Dear owners' friends & family,

20 December 2009

It has been quite a memorable year – perhaps even more memorable than 2006, when Dave broke my engine mount in the middle of New Mexico... but I digress... Let's start at the beginning, shall we?



One Saturday afternoon in January after picking up Kristen from the Phoenix airport, the two of them put me up in the air (my how I do enjoy getting the weight off my wheels). While Kristen held my motor in the proper place, Dave slipped in the brand new mount. It was nice to get rid of the “temporary” mount – a piece of strap steel. That same evening, we gave the new mount a test drive up Phoenix's South Mountain to the top, where I dutifully sat in the parking lot while they went off for a “just a short hike”. When they came back, it was dark out, but when my cabin light came on, I saw that they both had shiny rings on their hands. It took a little getting used to that new feeling on my steering wheel.

In the midst of the hot summer months, Dave took me for a nice long drive to La Jolla, CA. I remembered a lot of the roads from the trip almost exactly a year before. This trip seemed like it was extra special important; I could tell something big was happening. In fact, I got so nervous that I threw my clutch out right after getting there – oh my, that was quite embarrassing! Luckily, Dave and Kristen took me to a nice shop where they fixed me right up. That weekend, I saw lots of people from all over the country. Then Dave got all dressed up in a suit and took me to University Lutheran Church, where I saw lots of other people wearing fancy clothes – especially Kristen wearing a white dress – I'd never seen her wear anything like that before! I liked how soft it felt on my seat. A little while later, they took me to another church, where I saw a pizza delivery guy bring more pizzas than I'd ever seen before. Later that evening some strange people tied all sorts of things onto me... cans, ribbons, and other objects I couldn't identify. After fireworks, we made quite a racket driving home!

The next day, the three of us left California and went to Las Vegas – they packed me up to the brim! I'd never seen so many lights, but other than that I wasn't sure what all the fuss about Vegas was... I spent 2 nights in a very warm parking garage. After that we continued the trek to Zion National Park. I sat in the parking lot of the visitor's center another 2 nights. When I retire, I think I'll go back to that parking lot. We then went back to Phoenix. A few weeks later, the three of us all left Phoenix and went to La Mirada, CA, and we haven't been back since.

Dave and Kristen found me a new garage to call my home, and I now spend most of my days staying at home and inside. Kristen put a sticker on my windshield that says “Biola Faculty,” but most days I just hear her walk by on her way to work. Dave seems to be working at home since we arrived in California. It is nice to have the rest (especially considering the condition of the roads here – I do miss the soft smooth roads of Phoenix). Kristen takes me on drives by herself sometimes, and we go places Dave would never take me, like yoga/pilates. Dave does still take me to Costco regularly. Although I have enjoyed the break from daily commuting, I hope he finds a local job soon so I don't get too out of shape.

There's been some rumors about replacing me, or possibly getting me a younger sibling, but for now I'm happy living in the “man cave” (as Kristen calls my home) along with my fellow motored lawn mower, and friends like the table saw and my new buddy, the compound miter saw.



Christmas Greetings to you all,
“Winbrock” Mini Cooper