

Dec. 28, 2016

Dearest Family, Friends, and the Shoudy's,

Salutations.

This November, our nation, full of hope for the future, found itself lost in a sea of uncertainty and fear. That's right folks, this November, Matthew Churchill announced that he was too busy to write our family holiday letter. We are sorry to bear the tragic news: This ain't our daddy's Christmas card.

On a glorious morning, three days after Christmas, we were rudely awakened, dragged out of bed, and set down in front of this computer with threats of disownment should this letter not be the best ever. Just another example of how our family is a fount of love, support, and holiday cheer. So, on to the news...



Dad has been very busy doing lawyer things lately, and we figured we could best capture his year with a picture of him in action (shown at left).

As smart and capable as Matticus Churchill is at defending his clients from southern mobs and writing complicated contracts in legal jargon no one can understand, he still struggles to master basic communication tools like FaceTime—as shown in his text to Thomas at right.



Taken aback by the admission that “we don't know how to do it” from his great patriarch, his trusted source of wisdom on all matters—especially the birds and the bees—Thomas could only reply, “I can't help you with that, Dad.”

Like Dad, Mom has been swamped in work life for a large part of the year, but when asked about what she did this year, she responded with, “Nothing.” From our view, this was not the case. For instance, over the summer, she attended the Digital Humanities Institute. We're not really sure what that is, but we like to think of it as a conference of the world's elites to discuss prevention of the robot apocalypse in the digital age, destroying all of humanity. We're pretty sure that's what digital humanities means.

This year we learned that Mom hates it when her students use the word “incredible” or start sentences with “however.” We've become accustomed to her outbursts at students' grammar, her guffaws at their spelling mistakes, and her cries of “how could they be so sloppy?!” However, we assume shes' talkin about her stoudents and its not us.

Now to the boyz. Thomas ate a live, giant maggot. That's pretty much all that happened to him. Other minor updates: He spent this summer frolicking with alpacas and unicorns in Ecuador and then decided to really get down to business studying photography and urban design in Berlin. He has truly suffered. Please put him in your prayers.

Luke, our family's biggest nerd (surpassing our mother for that title) had an even harder year. To start, he moved into an off-campus mansion with his nerd friends, a 15-minute walk away from campus—7 *minutes longer* than the route from his previous dorm. The injustice. Moreover, Luke had to overcome finally getting a girlfriend (also a nerd), winning a scholarship for French nerds, and getting to study abroad in Toulouse, France, for the spring semester. Last summer he even won a research grant to investigate “memory,” but he's forgotten most of what he did. Can't win 'em all, Copernicus.

Zac, the youngest member of our family recently decided that he was going to hit puberty, and has since skyrocketed in height and stench. He's still playing soccer and won the coaches' award—many say the Nobel Peace Prize of soccer—for his high school j. v. team this fall. He's also running winter track, and clocked in at 11:14 for the two mile. Neither of his brothers witnessed this happen, though, so it doesn't count. Of late, all of the neighborhood mailboxes have begun to cower in fear from his mere presence, as he has acquired his learner's permit and has begun terrorizing the streetz.

The highlight of 2016, for the Churchill Family, was our summer vacation. This year, we all ventured to the Wild West. We visited Zion, Bryce, Arches, Yellowstone, and Grand Tetons National Parks.



They say it's travel that makes you learn the most about yourself, and that's certainly the case for us. In two short weeks, Zac almost lost his life in an unfortunate situation involving a hot spring (kidding), Luke tripped and fell twice into streams (truth), Thomas and Dad were bounced out of a whitewater raft into swirling rapids (more truth), and Mom sat and meditated instead of climbing over a boulder on a hike (strange truth). Clearly what separates our family from the rest is our unparalleled athleticism, grace, and courage in the face of danger.

As we draw this—the best Christmas letter ever—to an end, our family would like to thank all of you for being in our lives. As our Dad always says at the end of every Christmas letter (with very little effect it would seem), please come down and visit us in North Carolina. We mean it!

Merry belated Christmas, and have an *incredible* new year!

Love,

Thomas, Luke, and Zac Churchill  
(your indentured correspondents, writing on behalf of Matt and Suzanne)