



A Kringlie Christmas Letter

Printed edition for friends & family who like paper, punchlines, and a proper rhyme.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,
Were stockings and garlands—and one overachieving... **Susan**-mouse.
She'd toasted the season (then toasted it twice),
With Halloween totes and Thanksgiving packed tight,
Now Christmas totes out—stacked up just right.

She's year two working from home (Northern Plains Lab, **Bismarck**-way),
In slippers and spreadsheets, still crushing the workday.
But when tennis rolls around? She's back on the court,
Coaching **Hi-Liners** with hustle—no “off-season” report.
USTA volunteering? Oh yes, that's her jam:
Northern Section and National—she's got the whole plan.
And while she's decorating like Santa's interior designer,
The boys crack wise... like it's their seasonal assignment.

Then **Hale** burst in next with a “grain” of good cheer,
Arthur Companies' Pillsbury plant keeps him busy all year.
Grain merchandiser life: it's fast, it's intense—
He can talk markets and yields like it's Christmas in French.
But he found time for pheasants out west on the plains,
And came home with stories (and frostcicles on his face).
And plot twist of 2025—hold onto your hat—
He bought a new home! How about that?

Just three blocks from Grandma Kay—what a win—
Close enough for cookies, but still his own den.

Now **Kai**, our Cobber, in Moorhead he stays,
Third year at Concordia—tennis for days.
He traveled to Mexico City (Finance class, Fall break),
Came back with big stories—Aztec on the brain.
And summertime? MudPumpers—Dilworth—no joke,
Leveling concrete so springtime won't turn driveways to wobble and woe.
We chased Cobber tennis to Orlando in March,
USTA National Campus—sunburn and starch.

And **Erik**... well **Erik**... he lives to be eckle,
Still lives and still dies by the **Red Sox**... ha-ha.
Year twenty-eight at VCSU—data centers to tame,
Director of Data Centers: same boss-level game.
He coaches **Hi-Liners** (both girls and boys),
And runs Valley City Tennis—spreading tennis joy.
He even got certified—USTA official on deck,
Calling lines like a pro (with a tasteful eye-check).
Though February brought hip surgery—ouch, not a blast—
He bounced back determined, still moving quite fast. ;)

And meanwhile the pets kept their schedule just right:
Chief (eight) loves walks and pizza—a true holiday knight,
Hot dogs and **Red Sox** with Dad on the couch,
He'll stare at the screen like he's scouting the team.
Tessie (now nine) is a neighborhood queen,
Eating us broke, then prowling unseen.
And **Frank** (five) has a plan that is simple and tight:
Sleep... eat... sleep... and then sleep through the night.

But wait—what's this rumble? A tale to be told—
Our cards went on tour like a legend of old.
We ordered from **Shutterfly**, November as usual,
Then waited... and waited... it got kind of cruel.
“Some town in Arizona,” the tracking would say,
Like the cards took a detour for a spa day.

Then December the sixth—oh the plot took a twist—
Between **Bismarck** and **Jamestown**... the box got dismissed.

Not “delivered,” not “lost,” not “oops, on a truck”—
But empty—and [UPS](#) said, “Welp. Good luck.”
They tossed the sad box like it wasn't a thing—
A cardboard shell of our holiday wing.

We called up [Shutterfly](#): “Can you reprint and send?”
They said, “Sure! After January first, friend.”
So here we are now, with a digital cheer,
A website Christmas card—because delivery's weird.

So from our crew to yours, may your season be bright,
May your packages arrive, and your tracking be right.
May your toasts be delicious (Old Fashions by the fire),
May your Sox win in October ([Erik](#) will pray—then get louder).
And if [UPS](#) calls... tell them this, with a grin:
“Check [Interstate 94](#)—between [Jamestown](#)... and [Bismarck](#) again.”
You might just find a [Kringlie](#) card... all frosted in the ditch—
Still spreading Christmas cheer... because [UPS](#) is eckle like that.

—The Kringlies

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year!