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THE INGWELL SAGA - CHAPTER 29

Happy Christmas folks and thanks for your cards, letters and good wishes throughout the year. This branch of the Ingwell family is well, from the oldest (Sam 90yrs) to the youngest (Sam 1¾).

Young Sam - Daniel & Jo's little one - is a delight to us all; he's growing fast, stringing words together and charming the pants off everyone he meets. A little brother/sister for him is expected next March. Dan & Jo have moved house in preparation for the event, since their original starter-home had only two bedrooms.

'Great Grandad' Sam will celebrate his 91st next February. He has his up and downs and has recently spent 3 weeks in the local hospice where they have helped sort out new pills for his various ailments. He is determined to make his centenary although the doctors have told him to concentrate on the new millenium in the first instance! He is looking forward to Christmas and will probably let the more nimble fingered Sam open his presents for him.

Charlie is once again living in London having spent time this summer in the USA as a Camp America counsellor in Connecticut. After the 6 weeks of graft (!) she spent a further 6 weeks travelling the US with friends - a visit to Elvis's grotto, followed by the Grand Canyon and a little flutter in Las Vegas! She has now returned to work at the Car Phone Warehouse and has taken a new flat in Wimbledon as a stop-gap measure, but settling down (relationships-wise) is definitely not on her agenda.

Stuart is busy at BAe and survives the pressure by taking plenty of breaks. We visit our little place in France as often as we can, usually 4 times/year. This summer we treated ourselves to a special seafaring holiday with a group of friends from church. We sailed in a 16 berth boat (a Gullet) around the Eastern coast of Turkey and had a great time. The air conditioning didn't work, so we ended up sleeping on deck under the stars, but counting stars is definitely better than counting sheep - or perhaps it was the fresh air, or maybe We saw lots of interesting and exciting places and bought cheap jewellery and even cheaper gold watches, some of which are still going and which leave a peculiar green mark on the wrist after wearing.

Bridget has restricted her teaching work to 3 days/week and the previous career-minded headmistress has moved-on (upwards), giving way to a man who realises that there are only 24 hours in the day. Part time is great - imagine having a 4 day weekend after only 3 days work - don't you just drool with envy! However, as with proper retirement, its amazing how the days get filled up with all sorts of jobs - barely leaving time for extra tennis, and not leaving time for the long-planned golf lessons!

Still 1999 is another year and we are all looking forward to it and wish 'all the best' to you and yours. Have a Happy Christmas.

Lots of Love



Stuart and Bridget