

## Our 2025 Holiday Letter

*Inspired by Ada Limóns poem "Last Thing"*

First there was the peroneal tendon surgery, a necessity of born of long endured pain.

Then, 17 days upstairs cast-bound scooting across the concrete floor from the bed to the bathroom to the table Greg had set up for work and meals.

Then, spring came and Louisville and family. No half marathon this year — even truncated as has been the case the last few years due to pain.

Healing takes the time it takes. I am learning.

Then, our 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual Kentucky Derby party. Mint Juleps and Hats and Burgoo and Hot Brown Dip and Bourbon Balls.

Then, multiple work trips (which had technically started in winter) for Greg as the days grew longer and the National Trust for Local News kept saving local journalism in Georgia, Maine, and Colorado.

Then, missing the magnolias, I took virtual walks in my newsletter — The Wide-Awakeness Project — <https://substack.com/@katiesteadlycurling>.

Then, a joyous 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday party for Greg's Mom on July 4<sup>th</sup> on the Chesapeake Bay.

Then, NYC beckoned for Greg's 60<sup>th</sup> — punctuated by creativity and love in pictures and messages received across years and miles.

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Then, our 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary in Austin — Michelin barbeque, Hill Country wine, music, and football.

These are the last three things that happened:

Not in the universe, but here, on the path.

Fall arrived and I started leading a writing group at our church.

Our monthly Supper Club, which started in March of 2024, continued.

Our 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Friendsgiving kicked off this wonderful Holiday Season. `

Making a list for you, recording the ways in which our lives are touched by the hundred kindnesses we have experienced this year would be impossible.

Walks, laughs, check-ins, visits, parades, protests, porch fests, candy crawls, sporting events, concerts, and meals.

We think of each of you as you mark milestones, experience losses, weave life's fabric one stitch at a time.

Everyday poetry.

In joy and celebration. Through grief and sadness. In the middle of the mundane and magical.

We will never get over making our friendships such a big deal.

Happiest of Holidays,

Katie and Greg