

Watson News & Views

December 2019—Thirteenth Year



Marston's Busy Year

by Marston Watson

Marston's new book on **Governor Edward Winslow** (Vol. 25) was published in November by the General Society of Mayflower Descendants as part of their *Mayflower Families Through Six Generations* series. He has been contracted by the Society to research additional lines from the original five generations of the books assigned to him. The earlier Winslow book was 28 pages, but is now 479 pages, representing hundreds of hours of research for the births, marriages, deaths and some biographical data in each generation. Marston has spent the past several months on the **William White Mayflower** book, which he hopes to complete by mid-2020.

Grandchildren Grow in Great Ways!

by Marston Watson

Michael Amador (25)

Grandson **Michael**, Karen and Al Amador's son, earned his national paramedic license shortly before his 25th birthday in July, culminating four years of study and field work. His experience with a national ambulance company earned him a spot with a fire company in South Lake Tahoe as a medic, near the ski slopes which he enjoys in his free time.



Sophia Amador (22)

Granddaughter **Sophia** graduated in May with honors from the University of Nevada at Reno. Her passion for working with and helping people led her to a position at Renown Regional Medical Center as an Intake Representative in their adult and pediatric trauma centers, as well as other departments. She loves her job and feels like she's able to have a real impact.



Haley Watson (19)

Granddaughter **Haley**, Erik and Jill Watson's daughter, is in her second year at Ohio State Buckeyes, where her synchronized swimming team earned another NCAA national collegiate title. She proudly wears her first (*of four perhaps*) champion-



ship ring. Ohio State has won nearly 35 (of 43) NCAA synchronized swimming championships since 1977.

Alexia (Lexie) Watson (17)



Granddaughter **Alexia** is on her way to high honors as a senior at Northgate High School in Walnut Creek. She is a popular student, who has an earnest desire for excellent grades, but manages to include time for her afterschool work at a Walnut Creek restaurant.

Xander Maniaci (19)

Grandson **Xander**, Dionne & Rob Maniaci's son graduated in June from Analy High School. One of his many opportunities before starting junior college this summer was to help build the new Maniaci home. He has started his exploration of computer gaming by taking classes beginning in August. We got to spend a couple days this summer with him while they were evacuated during one of the huge California fires.



Volunteering is a Work of Heart

by Kathy Watson

When one is an expert with computers and software, there is ALWAYS many ways to contribute. There is a long list of non-profits that benefit from Kathy as a volunteer. While Marston is researching and authoring books, Kathy is building & maintaining websites, managing cloud infrastructures, updating directories and distribution lists, making fillable pdfs, creating online event registration, editing & publishing online newsletters: the list is endless to how Kathy's hours are spent.

Colonial Dames of the XVII Century
Daughters of the American Revolution
Daughters of the American Colonists
Jamestown Society
Mayflower Society
Operation Knight Flight

Sovereign Military Order Temple of
Jerusalem (SMOTJ & OSMTH)
St. David of Wales Priory
Priory of Our Savior
Priory of St. Francis
Breakers Neighbors

Georgia Cousins Lose A Loving Mother

by Kathy Watson

My mothers younger sister, **Carol Feld Theune**, passed away in late November. She was a true Georgia peach even though she was born in Wisconsin and traveled the world with her late husband **Stan** until they decided to call Georgia their home. My aunt **Carol** was the youngest of six children of **Paul & Anna (Manthey) Feld**. Now the next generation is working to preserve the **Feld** genealogy for generations to come.



The Twelve Thank You Notes of Christmas from Emily to Edward

Loosely Based On The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas

My dearest darling Edward,
What a wonderful surprise has just greeted me! That sweet partridge, in that lovely little pear-tree; what an enchanting, romantic, poetic present! Bless you, and thank you.
Your deeply loving Emily.

On the second day of Christmas

Beloved Edward,
The two turtle-doves arrived this morning, and are cooing away in the pear-tree as I write. I'm so touched and grateful! With undying love, as always, Emily.

On the third day of Christmas

My darling Edward,
You do think of the most original presents! Who ever thought of sending anybody three French hens? Do they really come all the way from France? It's a pity we have no chicken coops, but I expect we'll find some. Anyway, thank you so much; they're lovely. Your devoted Emily.

On the fourth day of Christmas

Dearest Edward,
What a surprise! Four calling birds arrived this morning. They are very sweet, even if they do call rather loudly - they make telephoning almost impossible - but I expect they'll calm down when they get used to their new home. Anyway, I'm very grateful, of course I am. Love from Emily.

On the fifth day of Christmas

Dearest Edward,
The mailman has just delivered five most beautiful gold rings, one for each finger, and all fitting perfectly! A really lovely present! Lovelier, in a way, than birds, which do take rather a lot of looking after. The four that arrived yesterday are still making a terrible row, and I'm afraid none of us got much sleep last night. Mother says she wants to use the rings to "wring" their necks. Mother has such a sense of humor. This time she's only joking, I think, but I do know what she means. Still, I love the rings. Bless you, Emily.

On the sixth day of Christmas

Dear Edward,
Whatever I expected to find when I opened the front door

this morning, it certainly wasn't six socking great geese laying eggs all over the porch. Frankly, I rather hoped that you had stopped sending me birds. We have no room for them, and they've already ruined the croquet lawn. I know you meant well, but let's call a halt, shall we? Love, Emily.

On the seventh day of Christmas

Edward,
I thought I said NO MORE BIRDS. This morning I woke up to find no more than seven swans, all trying to get into our tiny goldfish pond. I'd rather not think what's happened to the goldfish. The whole house seems to be full of birds, to say nothing of what they leave behind them, so please, please, stop! Your Emily.

On the eighth day of Christmas

Frankly, I prefer the birds. What am I to do with eight milkmaids? And their cows! Is this some kind of a joke? If so, I'm afraid I don't find it very amusing. Emily.

On the ninth day of Christmas

Look here, Edward,
This has gone far enough. You say you're sending me nine ladies dancing. All I can say is, judging from the way they dance, they're certainly not ladies. The village just isn't accustomed to seeing a regiment of shameless viragos, with nothing on but their lipstick, cavorting round the green, and it's Mother and I who get the blame. If you value our friends, which I do (less and less), kindly stop this ridiculous behavior at once! Emily.

On the tenth day of Christmas

As I write this letter, ten disgusting old men are prancing up and down all over what used to be the garden, before the geese and the swans and the cows got at it. And several of them, I have just noticed, are taking inexcusable liberties with the milkmaids. Meanwhile the neighbors are trying to have us evicted. I shall never speak to you again. Emily.

On the eleventh day of Christmas

This is the last straw! You know I detest bagpipes! The place has now become something between a menagerie and a madhouse, and a man from the council has just declared it unfit for habitation. At least Mother has been spared this last outrage; they took her away yesterday afternoon in an ambulance to a home for the bewildered. I hope you're satisfied.

On the twelfth day of Christmas

Sir, Our client, Miss Emily Wilbraham, instructs me to inform you that with the arrival on her premises at 7:30 this morning of the entire percussion section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and several of their friends, she has no course left open to her but to seek an injunction to prevent you importuning her further. I am making arrangements for the return of much assorted livestock.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
G. Creep, Attorney at law.

Happy New Year

