



'Tis
The Season



December 2009

Merry Christmas Friends and Family!

After taking a year sabbatical from my duties as the Young Family's Official Christmas Letter Writer, I, Samson Dog, am once again getting slobber in the computer keyboard as I update you on our lives and remind you that if you have Christmas shopping to do, I still love to get bones for Christmas.

Our lives have drastically changed since my last letter. As I'm sure most of you know, Daddy passed away of a sudden heart attack in February of 2008. After spending the rest of 2008 in Tennessee finishing up our house remodel and helping Confrontation Point Ministries transition to new leadership, Mom decided that we needed a change of pace, so this past January we packed up all of our stuff and moved halfway across the country to Durango, Colorado.

Mom took a job as the Office Administrator of a small Christian Camp for low-income urban and rural youth called Cross Bar X Youth Ranch. I love our new home at the camp! I get to romp around 150 acres, make trails in the snow, swim in the lake every day all summer and play with the two other camp dogs. I'm thrilled to have doggie friends, and Mom is thankful that she doesn't have to pay to feed other dogs with appetites like mine. Plus, much to Mom's dismay, I also discovered that there are skunks to play with here too.

The one downside to camp life is that I have pretty much become an outdoor dog, and Mom says because I play outside all of the time I am too dirty to ride along in the car. I mostly stay at home while they go on adventures without me. After summer camp was over, Mom was in need a vacation, so she and Abigail left me to hold down the fort while they took ten days to explore California and visit friends. When they got back Abigail told me that she got to see dried up waterfalls in Yosemite, meet Shamu, play on the beach and go to Disneyland to meet her favorite princesses, Ariel and Belle. I'm not too sad that I missed standing in line to visit princesses, but I think I would have looked really cool riding roller coasters with my ears flapping in the breeze.

Becoming an outdoor mountain dog does have its advantages though. At the end of July, Mom and I helped lead a four-day backpacking trip for high school girls on the Colorado Trail. I felt especially macho because I was the only male allowed on the trip and the girls let me carry my food and all of their trash in my very own backpack during the entire thirty mile trek.

While we had some fun adventures this year, overall it has been tough because we all still miss Daddy. However, two-year-old Abigail is a real joy in our lives and she keeps us constantly laughing with her growing vocabulary and crazy antics. Since she is an only child, she seems to think that it is my job to be her playmate. Unfortunately for me, she is really into princesses and playing dress up lately. In fact the other day, Mom caught her making me wear her princess dresses and trying to put her high heeled shoes on my paws. (Mom is blackmailing me into including a picture of that humiliating day in this letter...Please pretend you never saw it.) On the up side, I have learned that if I follow her around long enough, she usually shares her snacks with me.

As 2009 draws to end, I am once again stuck protecting the house as Mom and Abigail visit family. For Thanksgiving, they flew to North Carolina to visit Nanny (Dad's Mom), and for Christmas they are flying to Iowa to spend Christmas with Grandma and Grandpa on the farm. I really want to go along to chase pigs, but Mom says I'm too heavy to fit in her suitcase, I'm way too big to carry on, and no one on a plane wants to sit next to a stinky 120lb Chocolate Lab who has been chasing pigs. I tried to convince her that at least she should take me along when Mom and Abigail go to South Korea to visit Aunt Dawn in February since no pigs are involved on that trip, but she still said no.

Well, you would think after typing our Christmas letter for five of the last six years that my tongue would have built up a little bit of endurance, but unfortunately I'm exhausted. (Do you have any idea how hard it is to only push one key at a time when your tongue is as large as mine?) If you would like to hear more about our life in Durango or see pictures of our new home, you can check out the camp's website at www.crossbarx.org. I am also a very internet savvy dog, so you can catch up with me (and Mom too) on Facebook. (I have my very own Facebook page thanks to my friends Andy and Jesse.)

In closing, Mom asked me to thank all of you for your love, prayers and support throughout the last two difficult years. Without friends and family like you, we never would have survived. We hope you and your family have a very blessed Christmas season as we celebrate the birth of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ! (Don't forget, Samson Dogs love Christmas bones.)



All Our Love,

Joy, Abigail, and Samson Young