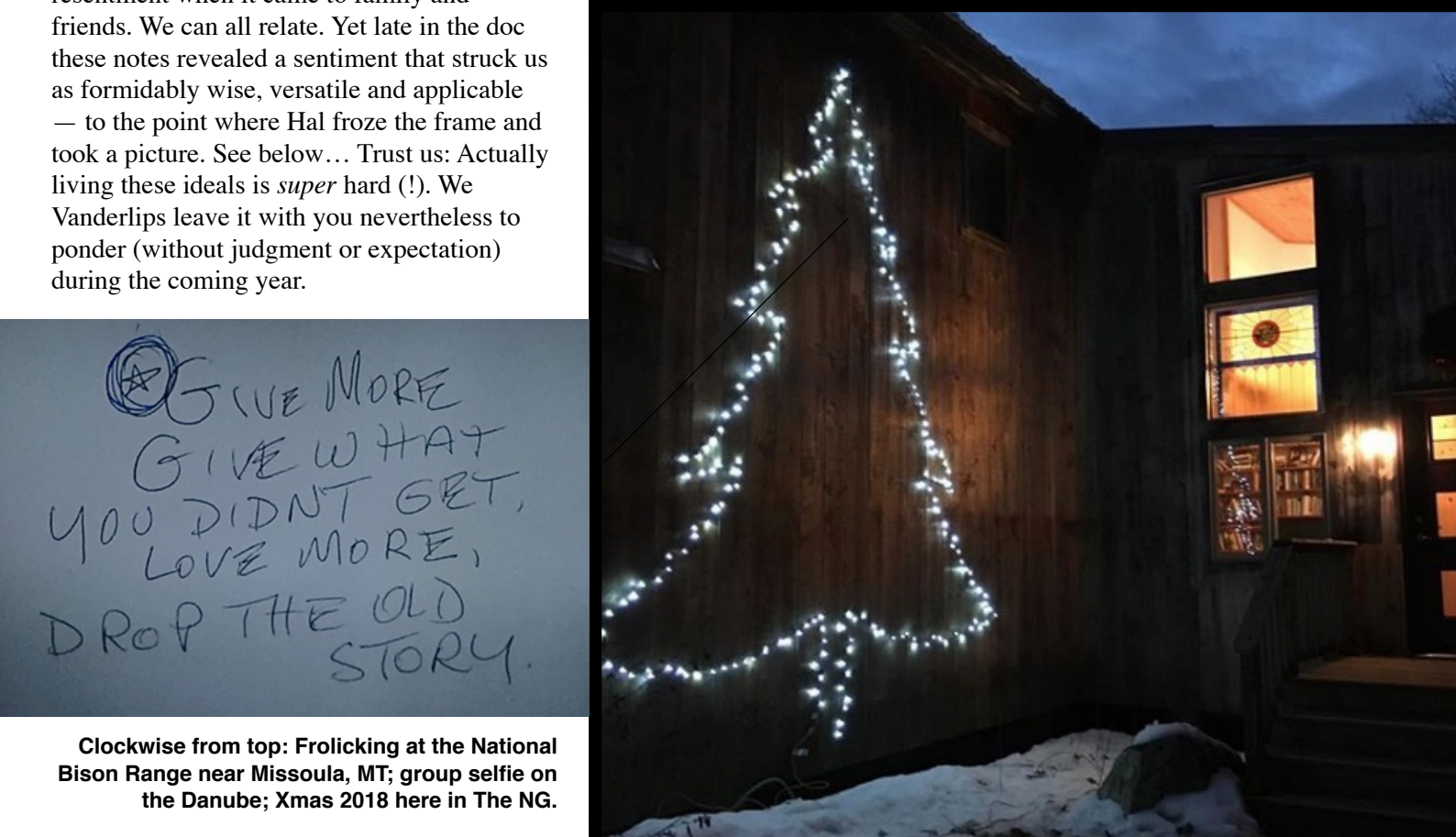


# The Vanderlips wish you a Happy New Year



**Greetings from New Gloucester**, where we cut the cable TV cord in June — an inconsequential thing to concentrate on, you may be thinking, what with page after page of pictures & captions here describing quite momentous 2018 happenings such as college graduations, semesters abroad, backpacking adventures, Segway tours, feline dentistry and pool-fillings. But we did in fact tell our erstwhile friends at Spectrum where they could go. Just beforehand, sometime in the spring, Hal watched HBO's 4-hour Gary Shandling documentary. It concentrated quite a lot both on the comedian's spiritual journey and the notes he wrote himself along the way. Like everyone, Gary dealt with his share of episodic/long-term disappointment and resentment when it came to family and friends. We can all relate. Yet late in the doc these notes revealed a sentiment that struck us as formidably wise, versatile and applicable — to the point where Hal froze the frame and took a picture. See below... Trust us: Actually living these ideals is *super* hard (!). We Vanderlips leave it with you nevertheless to ponder (without judgment or expectation) during the coming year.



☆ GIVE MORE  
GIVE WHAT  
YOU DIDNT GET,  
LOVE MORE,  
DROP THE OLD  
STORY.

Clockwise from top: Frolicking at the National Bison Range near Missoula, MT; group selfie on the Danube; Xmas 2018 here in The NG.





Above: Silas graduated from the University of Montana in May (BA in Environmental Studies, BA in Anthropology), an occasion that drew a big crowd of Vanderlips. We threw he and his friends a pretty kickin' party that night, where music was had. Hal's old Impreza is holding up well in MT, a spring-break, back-windshield mishap notwithstanding. Below: We filled in the pool over the summer. It lives on as a zen garden, pending further landscape/patio planning.







Clara spent fall semester in Budapest, studying, traveling, making new friends (roommate Kate below, with Pringles) and witnessing creeping fascism up close. Silas and girlfriend Rene Sanchez were backpacking all over Western Europe at the same time. We all met up in Central Europe for, among other things, a Segway tour of Bratislava (above). That's Clara & Sharon high above the Danube (left). We did Vienna and Prague, too. The latter truly agreed with Sharon for its sights, charm, jazz, food and art. That's her favorite from a Dali exhibit we stumbled upon in the Old Town.







Silas & Rene worked all summer in Montana before prosecuting their own Euro adventures (left: "Yep, we found Big Ben"). The Boy made a habit of posing with lots of public art, apparently. Home base turned out to be Barcelona, where much biking was had around the region north of the city, Girona to the Costa Brava. What now? Off into the real world, somewhere West/NW...



See here (at left) the first picture of a friend's bedroom ever featured here. Why? Hong Kong-based Rob & Ada Glucksman received a special wedding quilt from Sharon in 2018. Above: A wonderful Bratislava lunch that Hal's dad might have savored: tongue, horseradish, mustard, brown bread & sauerkraut soup (*kapustnica*).





Clockwise from top left:  
The animals — Stripes,  
Snowflake & Brodie — all  
continue to fare well  
(though Snow had some  
teeth pulled, then both  
cats took vacation at  
Xmas; Silas' allergies  
have intensified, appar-  
ently); speaking of hair,  
there was pigment  
experimentation this past  
year in the Authentically  
Bogus category (vs. the  
Bogusly Authentic); S&H  
attended a "Villain" party  
in December, dressing  
as their preferred heels  
— U.S. Senators Mitch  
McConnell and Susan  
Collins; sage advice on  
the streets of Budapest.

