

BITTERSWEET

THE ISGETT FAMILY NEWSLETTER

I have wanted to do a family newsletter for a long time. I actually decided on the idea early last year before Will was born. I want this to serve as a sort of family journal: a monthly rag about the goings on in our family. It won't be detailed or funny all the time, but I hope that it will be a general overview of how things are going for us and a reminder to us in years to come of how richly we have been blessed.

It's my birthday in a few days. I'll be 30 (unless you're the Social Security Administration, then you think that my birthday is in '75, and I'll be turning 31 this year). So, it seems fitting that I should finally start to keep something of a family record before my eyesight dims and it becomes impossible.

I graduate from law school on the 14th of next month. Mom and Dad will be coming for the event and Jonathan and Shelley have also decided to make the trek. I am glad that they are coming. It is a strange dichotomy in me that makes me hate the thought of the ceremony and its pomp and circumstance while at the same time looking very forward to the honor of it. We'll see how honorable it is.

Lisa and Will are doing wonderfully well. Will couldn't be any cuter than he is, and Lisa is almost out of the first trimester thicket. She's technically done her time, but the fatigue and nausea is more persistent with this pregnancy. We are so very happy that we are pregnant again—the fatigue and nausea are worth it to me, at the very least. The only worry is that Lisa occasionally experiences kidney stone pains and the medication for the pain is ill advised during pregnancy.

Will is walking very well and talking more and more. His favorite word, I am happy to say, is “Daddy”, though I have a sneaking suspicion that he uses the word interchangeably to mean Mommy or Daddy. Next on his list in order of preference are “no,” “socks” and “hi.” He also has at least one sign language gesture down: more. He thinks it means food. The only problem is, it's a sign, so he yells at us first to get our attention and then makes the sign. Backfire. Otherwise he mostly sounds like a Sioux Indian, stringing together vowel after vowel. “*Oachee-eeeyayelo!*” It means, “I just pooped my pants for the third time today.” We are getting tons of pictures and video. His young life is being adequately preserved for posterity. He's a good boy.

We are mentally preparing for another shift. After graduation we'll be here in Ann Arbor only another two weeks. Thankfully, the firm we have signed with is going to cover our moving expenses and has hired a team to pack and move the apartment. We'll just try to squeeze everything we need for the summer, and ourselves, into our little Accord for the trip to Durham. It will be fun to split our time between the grandparents in NC and SC this summer. The bar preparation shouldn't take that much effort, and the opportunity to be so lightly engaged for the summer won't come again until retirement, if then.

Brian