

Well hello there family and friends,

By now most of you have met me. I'm the youngest member of the Gerken family, Amelia. Have you ever heard "The True Story of the Three Little Pigs." You know the one from the wolf's perspective? Well I have confiscated this Christmas letter to tell you "The True Story of the Gerkens." Forget that nonsense that mom concocts every year that bores you to tears, now that I'm getting old enough to "talk" it's about time I set the record straight. Besides Mom is too busy cleaning, organizing, counting money and telling us how much we can spend on things. Well at least that's what Cassidy says.

So I guarantee that many of you have heard this absolute nonsense that Mom and Dad were spreading around about my "screaming." They claim that for nearly 6 months I would not communicate unless I was high-pitched squealing. Well, this is just rubbish. What in fact was happening is that I am quite musically inclined and was working on my vocals. How in the world will I ever become a star on stage if I don't start my vocal practice early? It is really sad that Mom, Dad and Cassidy could not embrace my music and just be supportive of my future dreams.

Speaking of supportive I am getting a little sick and tired of how overly supportive we are of Cassidy. I mean seriously at dinner it's all about Cassidy. They ask how her day was, they praise her for her math test, they talk about how great she is doing at reading....blah, blah, blah. What about me, does anyone care that I had a good day. I climbed into my high chair all by myself, I managed to empty an entire drawer of Tupperware and I can say hi and bye. Do those things not matter in this family? My entire life revolves around Cassidy. I have to go to her swim lessons, her soccer practice, wake up from my nap early to pick her up from school. Oh wait, she wants to try cheerleading, yep I guess I'll go to that too. When do I get to try something? Have you seen me with a basketball or soccer ball, I'm getting pretty good.

So you all know my Dad and you think he's a cop, right? Well, I'm not so sure anymore. I mean seriously he eats dinner with us then leaves the house in this ridiculous uniform that really just makes it difficult to give him hugs. In the morning I see him in his pajamas, but Cassidy and I tuck him into bed before we leave the house with mom. Wait, what? We just got up and he's going to bed. I really think he might just sleep all the time. Then on days that I get to be home with him we play video games and he edits this book he is writing. Maybe, someday it will be a bestseller.

Now Cassidy swears Mom is Cinderella because all she does is clean, organize and count money, but I'm not so sure about that. I don't ever see her in any fancy dresses and I'm pretty sure Cinderella didn't sit around managing the family budget like mom does. Plus mom is always telling crazy stories about college students she works with. Frankly her stories are boring, but again nobody asked me. By the way that story about me dumping blueberry yogurt all over me and Cookie inside her kennel that was completely fabricated. What really happened is I caught Cookie with the yogurt and was trying to throw it away because I knew it belonged in the garbage. Speaking of food have you heard that sometimes they call me "Meals." They claim I eat a lot, but seriously don't believe them. How could I keep this girlish figure if I ate as much as they say? Now, I confess once it appeared that I was searching in the garbage for the mandarin oranges (my favorite), but what was really happening is I was making sure that Dad recycled the can instead of throwing it away. I am very environmentally conscience.

I hope you are now starting to see the real story of the Gerkens. Remember there is always another side to the story mom and dad tell you and I am honestly a perfect little angel.

I hope you have a great Christmas. I know I'm looking forward to seeing all my family. Mom and Dad get some extra days off work to spend with Cassidy and me. I see several pajama days in our future.

Love,

Amelia Jean (I hear my full name a lot...I wonder why that is?!?)