

Hola! Feliz Seis Meses Depues de Navidad! Here it is for those searching high and low for the Goodrich Holiday Letter this year. Things are always in the last place you look, right? I mean, why didn't you look six months after Christmas??? Duh.

While we'd love to blame the delay on Jill's laziness, 2022 brought BIG (or "GRANDE") changes to the Goodrich (or "La Familia Goodrich") household. If you didn't already know, we moved to Spain! Since many of you probably went to public school in America, Spain is a WHOLE OTHER country (or "pais") that doesn't speak American AT ALL. I KNOW.....weird, huh? Jill kept telling Glenn these places existed, but he was often too busy washing SUVs with his bald eagle, Bird Pitt. Specifically, the Goodrichs are in Barcelona (or "Barcelona"), right on the coast of the Mediterranean. How did this happen (or "wtf")? Like most things in our lives, it was a combination of Jill and booze (or "cerveza").

Jill likes to move because she is very odd (or "extraña"). She's been talking about moving for years, but Bird Pitt and Glenn just ignored it. Last spring, they (Jill and Glenn. The bird was not invited) attended the wedding of a work colleague of Glenn's, and his boss (or "jefe") said the company was maybe, possibly, it could happen but maybe not, or perhaps someone just said "Spain" out loud, looking at Spain. After Glenn finished shining his boss' shoes, he stood up and saw Jill had, in that moment, moved to Spain. So, they spent the next few months (or "meses") figuring out the move (or "volviendo locos").

There are numerous stories (or "cuentos") about the epic saga around the Goodrichs move to Spain. For example, they can't bring all their prized possessions (or "mierda") so they brought 12 suitcases and shipped 12 boxes. Glenn had to release Bird Pitt into the wild (where, consequently, he started an SUV washing business called "Squawky Clean SUVs"). Upon leaving the US, they still had no place to live (or "vivir") because they are spontaneous (or "muy estúpido") HAHA! SO MUCH FUN AND NOT AT ALL STRESSFUL! Jill was never worried because she is optimistic (or "loca"), and Glenn was okay because of his coping skills (or "cerveza"). They ended up finding a flat in three days that has a great view from the terrace but no light fixtures. Cool (or "guay")!

Since Logan and Emma (or "mayores") are in college¹ (or "fiestas"), only the Littles (or "menores") are in Spain. They were so excited about the move, saying things like

- "I had plans. PLANS!!!"
- "WHY DON'T YOU JUST TAKE ME OUTSIDE AND SHOOT ME???"
- "Why can't you be like other parents and just not want to do stuff???"

Ah... what memories. Glenn was worried he wouldn't be able to compare every last thing in Spain to its obviously superior equivalent in America, but it turns out the girls provide that service. Lily, though, has really taken to Spain. She made a group (or "grupo") of friends quickly and immediately broke her curfew (or...um...don't think the Spanish have a word for this). Lily is

¹ As of this distribution, Logan is no longer in college. He graduated! More to learn in the Holiday 2023 letter!

playing soccer (or "futbol") as well, just like in America, except people in Spain understand the rules.

Becca came around to Spain when she realized they have Brandy Melville stores here (whose main draw is their ability to charge much more for clothes than other stores). Becca is now a high schooler (or "dolor") and is playing volleyball (or "vóleibol") because her parents are mean people who make her play sports to drive her slowly mad.

Emma, still majoring in Computer Science (or "unocerounoceronocero"), is thriving at the University of North Carolina (or "los tarheels"). She is the Philanthropy Chair of her sorority (or "fiesta") and works at Hawkers ("Asian Street Fare," so add cheese to lo mein and double the price). In addition, Emma interned at Glenn's company, Method, last summer, garnering the title "The Normal Goodrich."

Logan continues to major in accounting at the University of Asheville. He now has two jobs, the first at Joseph A. Bank, a men's clothing store. It's been neat to watch Logan go from wearing the same Grateful Dead (or "Muerto agradecido") t-shirt until it, gratefully, dies to telling us which type of merino wool is appropriate for a light brunch. Logan started an accounting internship this year, so he is also learning which kind of merino wool is suitable for tedious data entry. [Correction: Logan graduated in May 2023!!!]

Jill left her career in the non-profit management/public garden world (or "no mucho dinero") to concentrate on arguing with Glenn about the move. She spends her days in Barcelona going to the store with her rolly cart and seeing every last site in the city. Glenn, still working at Method/GlobalLogic/Hitachi, spends his time translating his nerdiness into Europe nerdiness with varying results ("WE CALL IT THE INTERNET! WHAT DO YOU CALL IT??").

Travels this year were myriad. In March, Jill, Emma, Becca, and Glenn went skiing (or "esquiando") in Breckenridge, Colorado. For Spring Break, the Goodrichs headed to Florida (or "el estado mas loco") with the Shusters and Hoods. (Incidentally, their names are super fun to combine phonetically: The Shoods or the Hoosters). Shortly after, the family went on an epic cruise to Cozumel, Nassau, and Coco Cay. Coco Cay has the tallest water slide in North America, ending in the most effective enema (or "mucho agua in el culo") in North America. Jill and Glenn saw the first-ever



match for Charlotte FC in Washington DC, a weekend where Glenn (or "bobo") kept asking everyone, "Where is Joe Byron?" Finally, a trip to Traverse City, Michigan, happened in late July to see the Wolffs, who happen to own their own island (or "isla"). (Really, but I've come to understand that they give islands away up there. We picked up three on the trip.) While there were many concerts this year, a highlight was seeing Lake Street Dive (or "Lake Street Drive," if you're Glenn) in Savannah.

Jill and Glenn did take a reconnaissance trip to Spain and Portugal in October so Jill could prove to Glenn that they don't "speak American everywhere." Jill confirmed that she does, indeed, love everything in Europe. Glenn, on the other hand, saw very few SUVs ("What the heck am I gonna wash, JILL?").

On the pet front, Archie (or "gordo") and Josie (or "tonta") made the journey over to Spain. They first traveled from Charlotte to New York City, stopping over for a night to catch a Broadway show ("Cats," they were thrown out after rushing the stage) before heading to Barcelona. The dogs were in crates for over 17 hours, the last 4 of which happened while Glenn played the unpopular Role-playing game of Spanish Bureaucracy. If you've ever played a text-based computer game where you must follow a cryptic trail of clues and complete complicated puzzles to advance, you understand. "The clerk tells you to head to Terminal 1, find the mystical Aduana, and show them your passport. They will give you a scroll, take it to the bearded man in the gray building...etc." The statistics: Four hours, five different buildings, a ream of stamped papers, and two exhausted, but happy dogs (or "perros"). Callie, the cat (or "el gato"), did not make the trip because Emma "OMG WOULD DIE IF CALLIE WAS IN A DIFFERENT COUNTRY OMG. Also, who's up for some philanthropy and Asian Street fare?" Callie is staying at our friends, the Audinos (or "muchas gracias por cuidar nuestro gato") in Charlotte.

Well, there you have it. The Goodrichs are in Spain, so if you fancy a visit, reach out and lock in your rates. There's a discount if you mention any of the following phrases:

- Merino wool
- Hoosters
- Jill es muy loca

Happy very late holidays! Here's hoping *the rest of 2023* es un año fantástico.

Ciao,
The Goodrichs



Christmas Day 2022, Barcelona beach