

This is the 2007 Christmas Newsletter -- printed on a paper with a green background design.

# THE Langborgh TIMES

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*Anecdotes from the year's more humorous times and blessings*

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Hi, guys! I hope you had a Merry Christmas and a great 2007. We sure did! You know it's a great year when you travel to the center of the Earth, get eaten by a shark, bounce 12 feet in the air, and journey back in time to the land of dinosaurs. Serious! If you don't believe me, just read on.

The year began with snow in January and we got to build a Snow Family, but as soon as things warmed up in March, Maggie and I raced to get outside in the sun. We hit the backyard running... and screaming... and running... and screaming. It was grrreat! Poor Mommy, she had to stay *inside* working on details for the Media Research Center's 20th Anniversary Gala.

In April, we pulled out the swimming pool and propped open the sandbox. Daddy began letting us ride our bikes on evening walks. We started out pretty shaky and there was lots of yelling going on, but we soon rode so well the folks had to jog to keep up with us. Rachel always enjoyed it, especially since she was in the stroller. Daddy bought handle-bar headlights so we could ride our bikes in the dark. Maggie and I loved driving down the sidewalk with our little lights shining the way. It was awesome!

In May, the folks devised a plan to get us out of town for the weekend; not only out of town...but underground! We traveled about two hours west and then (literally) several hundred feet down to Luray Caverns, Virginia. We didn't see any bats, but there were lots of ice cream cone things hanging from the ceiling. Maggie and I especially loved the money-filled "Wishing Pool." Our eyes were as big as the quarters we longed to grab.

Upon surfacing, we bee-lined to the Luray Zoo, a rescue home for exotic animals. During the alligator feeding show, the trainer tossed some chicken meat right in front of me. The alligators pounced on it and I felt like Crocodile Steve Irwin himself. Rachel preferred the large tiger "kitty;" and Maggie favored the monkeys, of course, because they chattered nonstop and danced all over.

As if that wasn't enough excitement for one weekend, the folks could hardly contain their next secret stop — the world famous "Di-

nosaur Land on Route 66." It was soooo cool. Every boy's dream! Giant life-sized dinosaurs of all kinds stood or fought along a little trail. We crawled in the mouth of a giant shark and sat in King Kong's hand! Totally exhausted by the time we returned to the car, we promptly passed out on the way home. What a weekend.

In July, we thought the excitement would die down...but it didn't. We had to stay on our toes because Miss Rachel was on *her* toes — walking! No longer restricted to where only her knees could take her, that little girl was all over the place.

We jumped for joy at Aunt Karen and Uncle Joe's neighborhood Independence Day parade. People actually threw candy at us



— and we didn't even have to ask. Later that day we took a picnic dinner and headed to the Iwo Jima Memorial to watch the fireworks shoot off from across the Potomac. Since we had to arrive an hour beforehand, Mommy brought stuff to keep us "busy." We were the hit of our grassy hill! Maggie and I had little motorized bubble blowers, and as we filled the air with hundreds of bubbles, a swarm of jumping, running and screaming kids flocked to our picnic blanket. They were like flies on jelly!! We also thrilled them with a parachuting guy and a few of my super heros. Then luckily the sun went down and the fireworks

began. It was beautiful with the monuments in the background, and a great way to celebrate Rachel's first birthday. She loved watching the fireworks, but near the end she buried her face in Mommy and said, "Awe dun. Awe dun."

August meant "time to party" — I turned five! If you thought I knew a lot before, you should see and hear me now. I'm starting to spell, read and count. The other day I counted to "negative 100" — that's counting backwards! I always quiz the folks with questions like, "What's 10+8+7+5 plus one million?!!" (Maggie and I come up with some doozies.) But they always get the answer. Or, so they say.

I am full of "smartutations." That's a word I made up to describe my inventions. So far this year I've invented two new food products, and discussed with Mom how best to market them. One is called



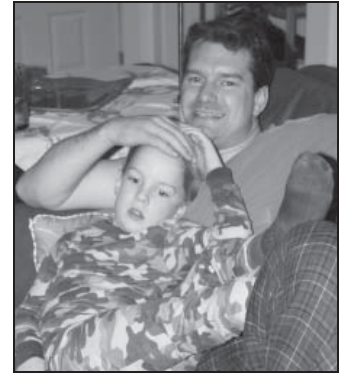
First day of school.



Always trying to spell something...



Better than bubbles... try corn.



Time to veg with Daddy.



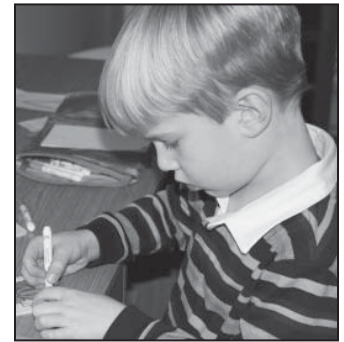
And he scores!!!



Awesome! My very own "Easy" Button.



Then that must be Mars.



I think the neutron is blue.



No, I'm driving, cuz you guys are too wild.



What's up with Cat Fish, Turtle Doves and Bull Frogs?



Little worms underground.



Rachel gives "Guys" a smooch!



Beans from my seeds.



I am Optimus Prime.



Ready for Mt. Everest.



And, now, to dot the "i"



Yahoooo! Cow-a-bungee!



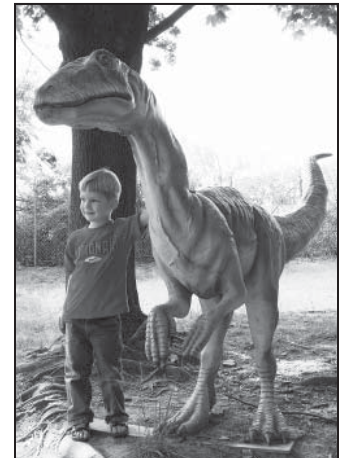
"Old Susannah, don't..."



Trick candles?! Jack, help blow!



Sorry. Mommy said, "No goats at home."



My favorite, the Velociraptor.



My trick worked! Samuel is now a cute little bunny!



Cheeeeeeeese!



First day of school.



Sure, you can call me princess!



I know my own prince will come some day, but for now I have Daddy!



I'm so excited!



Maggie, you're a great little sister.



...then you just pat down the seeds and water.



Quit following me! I don't have anymore food!



See my she shell?



Cuz you're my Maggie!



Cow-a-bungee!!!!!!



My favorite Christmas gift!



I love my Mommy!



Kip Sisel! You're squishing me!



Now watch this dance, Rachel.



Free bear hugs!



Why is the...when do...but how?



Want some Skittles Mr. Triceratops?



Dancing w/ Miss Caprice.



Hi! Happy New Year!



Why do they always make me get the water?



Great! I'm in. Now I just need to hack into the television network computers and edit all the stories about Ron Paul.



Look Daddy! No hands!



Ah! He's got my tongue!



Yea! Moe-ee bahdohs!



Oh my gosh...my lucky day! I found a REAL baby!



Is *all* this really mine?



Wait!! There goes my diapers!



What's that weird grunting noise?



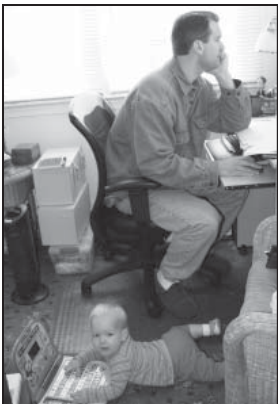
Ya know... it looks like these need more nitrogen.



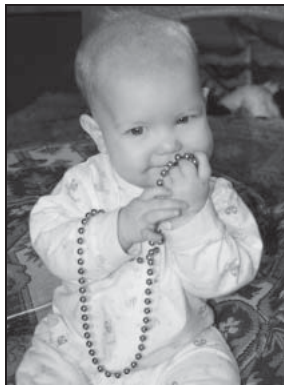
Peek-a-boo!



Stop this guy!!!



Welcome to our office.



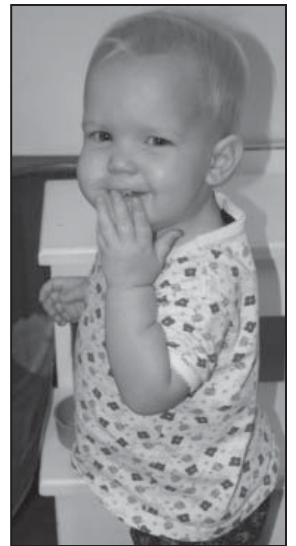
Ummm, I love the smell of nice fresh beads.



"Go get this. Go get that. Do this. Do that...." Humph!



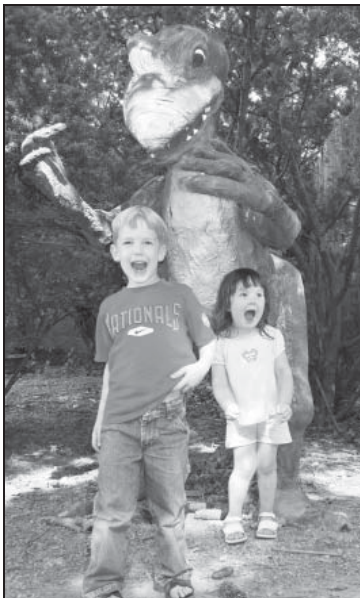
Yeeeee! I did it!



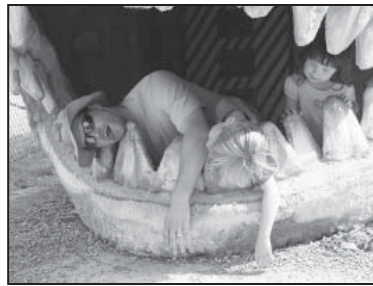
I nove yasins & cheo's..



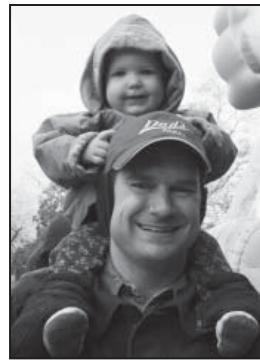
Crown me.



Aaaaaaaah! Run for your life!



Why sharks have bad breath.



Best seat in the house.



Happy Father's Day, Daddy!



Some of the bubble-chaser kids.



Go faster! Faster! Spin us faster!



Thanks for holding that, Rachel.



Our Valentine's Day date rootbeer.



Just follow me.



Ut, oh! Get ready for the jets!



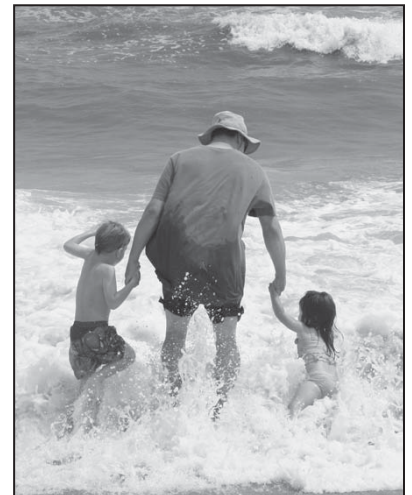
A Friday Night Date Night favorite... pizza and a movie. Here we're watching *E.T.*



I dunno. Last time I saw her, she was by the boa constrictor.



The Langborghs underground.



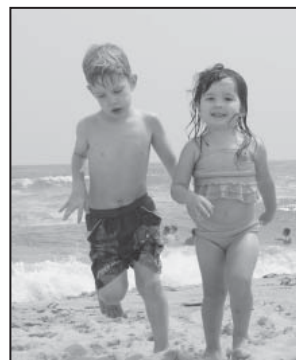
Oh, no! Here comes another one!



Getting married.



And that dinosaur says, "Rrrrrraahh!"



Shark!! Run for your life!



Summer! Time to swim and wash the car.

“Yogurt Toast” and the other is called “Hot Cream” — it’s a type of ice cream, and I don’t know what it’s made out of (yet) but, you can eat it in the winter and it will make you warm. This idea popped into my head one day when the folks said we couldn’t go to BaskinRobbins because it was winter and too cold — which reminds me of another invention. Next time it snows I’m going to have my usual “snow snacks.” Then I’m going to get a cup of snow and take it inside to melt so that I can drink it. I can’t wait to see what it tastes like! I’ve also invented a new superhero (my second) called “Force” — he can make things go up, down, forward or backward. I also invented something that will be invisible... but you can’t see through it. (Now ponder that one!)

I invented numerous other things this year, but I’m being “unrememorative” right now — another one of my words. The folks say I talk nonstop, so it’s no wonder amazing things pop into my brain; it’s working all the time. Sometimes I even talk in my sleep.

This summer, since I’m so old, I got to do something super cool. I spent a few days (all by myself) at Grandma Joanne’s. I was nervous at first, and called home nearly every hour, but then the fun started happening: Uncle Tyler took me out for ice cream every night, I worked at the Country Club with Grandpa Jerry, I took the dogs on lots of walks, and Grandma Joanne and I did construction work on her Mickey Mouse Club House. I had a great time.

Upon my return, the folks said it was time for another roadtrip. We were so excited we talked all the way and asked, “Are we there yet?” about 75 times. The “there” was a beautiful beach, pony and wildlife preserve — Chincoteague and Assateague Islands — the inspiration for the famous “Misty of Chincoteague” book. We stayed in a cottage next to a popular ice cream parlor. We swam in a pool and saved a little frog that had hopped in without his life vest. We cruised around the preserve, hiked down a few trails, played goofy golf, and even went beachcombing for shells in the wee hours of a very misty morning. During the day we built a small castle and then spent most of our time either holding Daddy’s hands on the edge of the wild surf or running and screaming from the water. We had so much fun we didn’t stop for lunch until 2:30! On our last morning of beachcombing, Mommy found a big conch shell in the surf. We couldn’t believe it. We were so sad to leave that place. I can’t wait to go back.

Besides school (where I’m a “Rainbow” and Maggie is a “Butterfly”), September brought an awesome change for our family — Daddy started working from home! He now works for ClearWord Communications Group as an account executive consulting with several leading, conservative non-profit organizations on their high-dollar, direct response fundraising programs and campaigns. Now that doesn’t mean every day is Saturdaddy day. Noooo, sir. We have to (well, try to) leave him alone when he’s in the sunroom working. It’s been so



cool having him home all day. This means he can walk to school with us and give us hugs and kisses whenever we want. It’s great. Mommy never has to guess when to start dinner and he doesn’t have to worry about getting stuck in traffic. Everyone is super happy.

Oh!, about jumping 12 feet in the air — I did, and so did Maggie. We went to the Virginia Wine and Balloon Festival in October and hooked ourselves up to a bungee bouncing contraption that hoisted us into the air and let us bounce/fly like astronauts. It was a dream come true!

On Halloween I was the great Transformer, Optimus Prime, and Maggie was Sleeping Beauty. We went trick-or-treating (our first time ever!) with our friends Lauren and Emma Allen. I still can’t get over how we just walked up to people’s houses and they gave us candy. Well, we did *receive* candy, but then the folks confiscated it and gave it to us in “rations.”

And, guess what? You shouldn’t leave crayons in your pockets. I accidentally did. When Mommy opened the clothes dryer she freaked. All of our light colored clothes had purple, blue and red splotches. She had to throw away most of the clothes. Then she had to stick her head in the hot dryer and use a sock on a butter knife to get crayon out of the cracks. She was so upset I got lectured for a week. (Sorry, Mommy.)

In November we went to Grandpa Borg and Grandma Barb’s. We always have fun with them. Maggie, Rachel and I all took a bath in their jet tub. It was hilarious! One day we went to a museum exhibit of nativity scenes. We also got to see part of a St. Bonaventure basketball game. I liked loudly announcing the numbers every time the scoreboard changed. I liked the game, but my favorite sport is Soccer. I’ve already attended two Baroody Soccer Camps.

Less than a year until the next President is chosen and Daddy is volunteering for the one-and-only Dr. Ron Paul. The campaign called Daddy a “machine” because he single-handedly collected several hundred signatures to help get Ron Paul on the Virginia ballot. Dad also assisted in writing the speech that helped Ron Paul win the Virginia Republican Straw Poll. More than a few folks told Daddy the speech won them over. If you don’t know much about Ron Paul and what he stands for, visit [www.RonPaul2008.com](http://www.RonPaul2008.com). Either that or just read the Constitution. He’s a good man, even delivered 4,000+ babies, and Daddy says he has a consistent track record of actually keeping his oath of office for over 30 years. Strange, huh?!

This month, Maggie and I both sang in our school Christmas Concert. I actually sang and did the motions this time. I was proud to be on stage with my classmates, but I was even more proud to have my little sister up there too! It was like a special “Bonus Feature.”

I better sign off. The girls are yelling for their “turn.” All my love,

*Samuel*

## Musings from Miss Maggie

The middle child “going second”....what a novelty. What’s up with that anyway? Well, I’ll tell ya what. Samuel told me I had marker on my face so when I ran to look in the mirror he jumped on the computer and started typing away. He’s so sneaky!



My family says I spend too much time looking in the mirror. But when you have long brown hair you have to make sure it’s angled just right around your little round cheeks. That’s important. You also have to make sure your clothes match — not all shades of pink go well together, ya know.

My family also says I talk nonstop. I can’t help it. I have a lot of questions to ask and get answered. A girl needs to know

simple facts of life, like: Is an elephant’s nose like a straw? How come it’s so cold in the winter? Why don’t ducks have arms? Why is jelly so sticky? Just little things I wonder.

Samuel told you about the year so I’ll tell you about “us.” He and I are totally best friends. We talk to each other all the time and sometimes at the same time. When we argue, the folks say, “Work it out!” — and we’ve quickly learned what that *really* means. It means, “or else!”

One of our favorite games is pretending to be Joseph and Mary. Mommy builds a shelter for us out of a blanket, the couch, and the ottoman. We get Rachel to play baby Jesus, but sometimes she bolts from the manger. We should just re-assign her as a sheep or something.

That Rachel! She is hilarious, and I must say I’m starting to have more and more fun with her. We love to play restaurant and take Mommy and Daddy’s order while they work in the sunroom. I also love to tickle and chase her around the house. She’s getting really fast, but I have to be careful because her socks slip on our hardwood floors... it’s like living on a big banana peel or something. But, that comes in handy for spinning!



Speaking of spinning... I took a ballet class last spring. It was fun. I’ve always loved to dance and I like taking “classes” of any sort.

This year I am a Butterfly in preschool and I love my teachers, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Olmeda, so much. They are great! I have several great friends too and we often have play dates at each other’s houses. My best friends are Emma, Josephine and Ella...well, and Julia and Grace and Esme and the other Ella and, well, I just love them all! I love school too. We do arts and crafts, read, go to gym class, study religion, have show-and-tell, run on the playground and eat snacks. It’s awesome.



I’m quite the artist too. I’ve recently started drawing pictures of people and houses. On the days when I’m not in school, I spend a great deal of time at the dining table coloring, drawing and painting.

I totally love to swim. In the summer if I’m not riding my bike in circles around the patio I’m in the pool. I like to water the garden too. Samuel and I always snack on basil and chives. Then we go breath on Mommy to make her scream.

My 4th birthday was in November and we had a Little Princess Chef Party. A dozen of my friends came over and Mommy devised all kinds of neat food for us to make and cook (with her assistance). Our floor was a mess and we went through a roll of paper towels, but it was fun.

Samuel’s not the only one counting and spelling! I’m only four, but I can already spell several words — my favorites are: cat, rat, bat, hat, sat, cow, mommy, daddy, Samuel, dog and God. I can’t add as well as Samuel, but I can count to 100. With all the spelling and counting going on, it’s no wonder Rachel is already trying to count and say her ABC’s. She yells, “A-B-C! H ! H! H!” anywhere she sees letters because Samuel and I always fight over the letter “H” with our Alphabet “kids.”

Yes, we have rubbery alphabet kids. We take them “swimming” at our bathtub “beach” and then stick them to the wall to practice our spelling. It’s great fun. The only bummer is Mommy threw away the “I” because she was afraid it would go down the drain. She already had to snake out two baby washclothes this year...but she doesn’t think she could hook an “I.” Oh well...at least we have A, E, O, and U.

I love princesses and dressing up like them. When I do, Samuel dresses up as Spiderman or Optimus Prime and we pretend he has to rescue me from the Decepticons. Rachel just follows us around and tries to get us to play babies. Sometimes she’ll let me put a tutu on her, but not for long. She’ll learn. She’s just a baby. I’m older and I’m the bestest number — *four*. God bless you! Love,

*Maggie*



### WHAT WILL THEY BE WHEN THEY GROW UP?

**Marketer ?** – One morning Mommy told Maggie her shirt had a stain on the front. Quick as a wink Maggie replied with a smirk, “The stain is my logo.”

**Philosopher ?** – One day when Samuel took pride in teaching Maggie how to do a puzzle (without letting her touch the pieces) he said, “Doing nothing is a better way of watching.”

**Entertainer ?** – “I love me, I love me.” Rachel singing her version of Barney’s love song.

## Ruminations from Rachel

Hi! Umm, Hi! Scuse me, jus a min-it. “Gaggie, Guys, what am I supposed to say? Huh?!!!” Oh well, they took off. Looks like it’s just you and me. Well, can you believe last Christmas I could *barely* sit up and now I’m dancing, singing, and running all over the place?! It’s awesome.

Yes, I’m only one (or “un” as I say), but I’m a very smart girl and I talk a lot. I call myself “Baybee” and sometimes “Achel.” I already speak in three- and four-word sentences when I want to. I shocked Mommy the other night when I said, “I we want appo!” Mommy said, “No, sorry, you can’t have an apple right now.” Then, because she must not have understood me, I said, (using my sweetest face) “Baybee fa-ruit?!” It was hard for her to say “no” that time.

I am a *very* convincing baby. When I want to spin in Daddy’s work chair, I joyfully yell, “Seat me! Seat me!” And when I want to go outside to walk or play I yell, “Coat on, coat on! Out-sye, out-sye!” The other night I got tired of driving around looking at Christmas lights, so I told the folks, “Baybee seepy, home!”

If I want to watch Baby Einstein or Barney, I just clap my hands and say, “Me show — see it?! Bahnee! Bahnee!” I’ve learned that around here it’s best to repeat yourself... *over and over*.

When I want more of anything, I say “Mo-ee peas, Mo-ee peas!” I simultaneously do the word “more” in sign language, just to make sure people understand me. And, I always throw in “please” because the folks are really big on manners. Sometimes I get mixed up and say “way-come” instead of “tank ou,” but I do know exactly when to yell a big happy “Moy-ning!!!” — and that’s anytime someone wakes you up or gets you out of your crib.



Mommy says she can tell I’m a good listener and that I have a lot of common sense. I often blow the folks’ minds with the things I understand.

I can’t count to 100 like Gaggie and Guys, but I can count things in twos. I know I have two sockies, two sues, two ee-wuhs, two eyeweews, and two ans. But...I only have one betty buddon.

I’m a naturally good musician. I love instruments — especially the new xylophone I got for Christmas. I also like to look at books. Sometimes I go in our bedroom, push that button on Guys’s CD player (so I can listen to tunes while I relax) then pull down a bunch of books



Feb. 2007 vs. Oct. 2007



from the shelf and thumb through them. Mommy always comes and checks on me because I’m so quiet she worries that I’m up to something — *like climbing the ladder to Guys’s top bunk*. I’ve done that a few times now.

I really like to help around the house whenever I can. My most favorite chore in the whole world is to run and yell, “Da deeee! Dinna! Ray deeee!” — or “unch” or “bayfess” — whatever meal Mommy says is *ready*.

I also like to help change my own diaper. Sometimes when I’m tinky, I tell Mommy and then grab my own diaper and wipes and throw them on the bed. I can’t climb up there myself, but I try. I even try to do my own wipes. Mommy thinks I’ll be easy to potty train. I hope so.

I love to dance and sing. I’ve got quite a little grove. I even like to twirl my hands in the air. I’m like a little cheerleader because I always clap my hands and say “Yeaaa!!!” about things I’m excited for... like “Yeaaa! Out-sye out-sye! Paygown, paygown!”

I sing a lot. My favorite songs to sing are ones that repeat themselves such as, “Holy, Holy,” and “Row, row, row your boat” — which is an important song to know if you’re stuck at the back of a luke warm bathtub. But my most favorite song is Barney’s “Mr. Sun, Sun.”

Yes, I try to say my ABC’s too. I can say, “A-B-C-DE-F-B” and then I mumble and hum and add some letters here and there. The other day I got in trouble for trying to sing them too loud during church.

I am a very independent girl, though I still love to cling to my Mommy. Daddy is my big prince and hero. He likes to rescue me from my crib. Yes, I still sleep in a crib in a room I share with Gaggie and Guys. But Mommy said in January I get a toddler bed. I’m so excited.



Do I go to school like Gaggie and Guys? Well, I think so. Other people call it “the church nursery,” but my folks call it “Rachel’s School” because they say it makes me more excited to go there on Sunday.

What’s my favorite thing to do? Play with my babies, of course. I sure LOVE my babies! I carry them *everywhere*. When they’re seepy I cover them with bainkets and put them on bill-yos, and when they’re hungry I feed them a bahdoh.

Speaking of hungry... I like to eat. And aside from my big round betty, I’m actually quite trim. Ut, oh! My betty is rumb-aling now. I’m gonna go ask for a cup a milkie an some yasins. Cheers to you! Love,



*Rachel*