

Merry Christmas from the Hesterbergs -- 2005

Adam is a 6'3" junior at Garfield High. In addition to raking in the math trophies, he's been immersing himself in Latin. A group of second year Latin students skipped third year Latin, and went straight to AP Latin, which means he's studying the poetry of Catullus. Although 16, he has no interest in driving. He's convinced that private vehicles are evil and that he'll be using public transportation. Oddly enough, he has no trouble asking me to chauffeur him around. With college looming in the near future, he's dragging Tim along this winter and spring for college visits to California and Massachusetts. What are the prospects of attending mom and dad's old school, Stanford? He says he'll apply there "as a safety school" ;-)

Nathan is 5'11", in 8th grade at McClure Middle School, enjoying being the big man at school, and looking forward to high school next year. He prefers his bike to the bus; right now he's off at a friend's house, a 25 minute ride this cold winter's day. This past April he traveled with 30 students from his school to tour Washington DC, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. Over the course of 5 days, they toured Williamsburg, Jamestown, Gettysburg, every blessed monument and museum on the Mall, and attended a performance at the Kennedy Center. I declined the opportunity to chaperone, knowing I'd still be recovering from that itinerary 8 months later. He's still fencing and playing chess.

While Adam attended his various and sundry math camps Tim, Nathan and I did our own traveling. In July, we did a tour of Oregon, first heading down to Crater Lake National Park. The lake truly is spectacular, but we all came to the realization that we are "wet-siders" through and through. We'd planned to spend a few days hiking in the area, but when we realized "Oh my gosh, this is a desert!" we hightailed it back to Eugene, where the world was once again green, and we could bike in comfort and poke around in used bookstores. From there we headed to the Oregon Coast, staying at a delightful, rustic resort on a bluff above the crashing surf.

We spent our traditional week at the Eliot Institute, a Unitarian Universalist family camp on the Hood Canal, and we're headed back there over New Year's. I'll be spending even more time there; a friend and I have formed a partnership to provide administrative services to Eliot.

Tim's turn: Check out the water bottle rocket pictures on my home page at home.comcast.net/~timhesterberg; I have great fun doing this with kids at Eliot and other camps. I did a lot of travel this year, much of it to proselytize for the use of certain simulation-based methods in statistics teaching, and statistics in general. These methods include the bootstrap, jackknife, bootknife, and butcher knife. And you thought statistics wasn't violent! I just came back from a two week trip, teaching in the UK, Montpellier France, and Washington D.C. Earlier trips took me to Clintonville (Little Rock, AK), Albuquerque, Pomona, Basel Switzerland, Rochester MN, Chicago, Minneapolis, and New York. I missed a trip to St. Louis, due to a broken toe suffered at a math contest (and you thought math contests weren't violent!). I did take that toe, sans toenail (I now have a better understanding of torture) to Zurich for three weeks, helping with a consulting project, converting Excel spreadsheets into something better (our software, of course!). Zurich is a great place to visit, when someone else is paying. Took a great side trip, to meet brother John in Konstanz Germany, where I once studied. We stayed in a medieval half-timbered knight's manse in the middle of nowhere (3 km walk through the forest), with wild boar pelts on the floors.

With all our love, and a little laughter,