



The world is thy ship and not thy home. Saint Theresse of Lisieux

We've sailed the winds of 2018 collecting as many adventures as our arms might carry. One last deep and reflective breath and the year is suddenly a sigh and an incredible memory.

The grandkids are growing like weeds. Of the seven, we get to see Aiden (11) and Ariana (6) regularly. It goes so fast.

Much of the year was spent weaving through clouds and across the most beautiful blue skies, all the while gazing down on the splendor of the earth. I can only imagine how God felt when he willed it to be. From the sky the world is peaceful beauty. Oceans and mountains. Polar cap and Serengeti. It's when our feet touch the surface that things seem to get tangled. Oh what beautiful chaos. We are grateful for every moment.

As proof of the length of our journey Michael now sports his United Airlines Silver status. It makes getting around easier as we travel Silver together.

Every trip is an adventure witnessed by two very different souls who give entirely different accounts of every trip.

Together we make a whole story.

In January, we were back to building two businesses and riding life like the only cowboy who could ride the horse named Widowmaker.

As I've told Michael while I scribe this newsletter, I don't even believe it myself as I write. A friend said to me, "a couple years ago Michael grabbed the tail of a comet named Linda and he's been flying

ever since." I smiled and thought, "Michael is a comet catcher. An adventurer's heart and a cowboy's spirit. Michael has no problem keeping up and together here's our story... at least for the last year.

**2018: We, the determined**

When not working, promoting the magazine or visiting clients and prospects for the ad agency—we visited dear friends and fun places and truly enjoyed unpacking every adventure, hand in hand.

In April, we travelled to Portland, Maine, to visit friends Father Goodwin (recovering from a stroke suffered last

year), and met up with Father Lee, who was also in town.

The two priests call Lincoln (Denton), Nebraska, home. It's there they teach at Our Lady of Guadalupe Seminary, a beautiful minor kingdom barricaded by miles of corn field.

They belong to a priestly fraternity of St. Peter (Michael's confirmation name-sake). I enjoy visiting Denton because of the long, flat and desolate road to the seminary with no discernible speed limit. Father Lee has said that their only mountains are the speed bumps in the road, of which there are few.

Father Goodwin was in Maine visiting his mother, Rose, last year when he suffered a stroke. He has been recovering there ever since. Rose visits and reads to him daily.

Father Lee commutes between Denton and Lewiston (Portland), Maine, whenever he can break from teaching. Father Goodwin taught Latin and it took four people to cover his workload.

Between teaching, soccer and visiting Father Goodwin, Father Lee co-produced the album, **Requiem**, which flew to the top of Billboard's classical chart (I kid you not). The Latin chant album was licensed by Sony and sold over 5,000 copies in its first two weeks—a sizable accomplishment for a non-touring group.

We love the album. It's calming in a world of chaos and a reminder of those things eternal.



(L TO R) SISTER-IN-CHARGE, FATHER LEE, MICHAEL AND FATHER GOODWIN'S FEET CAMEO. MICHAEL IS HANGING A FRAMED COLLAGE OF CARDS MADE BY THE CLOISTERED SISTER SERVANTS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT OF PERPETUAL ADORATION IN LINCOLN. THEY PRAY REGULARLY FOR FATHER GOODWIN'S RECOVERY. FATHER GOODWIN SAID MASS FOR THE SISTERS WHO GREW QUITE FOND OF HIM; HE'S JUST THAT KIND OF GUY.



**DON DUERSON AND LINDA IN 2016.**



**APRIL IN FREEPORT, MAINE, HOME OF LL BEAN, ONE OF OUR FAVORITE CONSERVATIVE, FREEDOM-LOVING COMPANIES. WE WEREN'T THERE LONG BEFORE MICHAEL GOT THE BOOT. SIGH.**



**IN MAY, GRANDDAUGHTER ARIANA, 7, WAS A ROCK STAR IN HER FIRST CHEER PERFORMANCE. SHE'S A "BUTTERFLY" LIKE HER GRANDMA AND COULD CERTAINLY FOLLOW GRANDMA'S FOOTSTEPS INTO COLLEGIATE CHEER SOME DAY. GO ARIANA GO.**

Once back in Danville, our dear friend Don Duerson (he walked me down the wedding aisle) went into the hospital and shortly thereafter passed away of congestive heart failure.

We spent the next weeks helping his daughter, Lyn, in from Dallas, settle the estate and try to move through the sad loss. Donnie is greatly missed. May his soul rest in peace, along with his wife, Tillie. Both the greatest of friends.

### **Fill in long work days and many business trips here**

At the beginning of June we headed to Washington, D.C. for yet another conference. It plodded on because the real reason we were there was to catch up with our friend, Father Anthony. We are friends through the Archbishop of San Francisco. Father Anthony has since moved on to his next gig on the other side of the country. Father Anthony is not only a dear friend of ours, but of our circle of family and friends. He's just like that. One of those sticky personalities. We love him.

The year prior Michael and I had been to the Bible Museum in D.C. on its opening day and wanted to come back when we could spend time. (We saw the Duck Dynasty notables there last year.) So we collected Father Anthony and we three spent an awesome day at the museum.

We finished the day at the W for dinner. The view from our table overlooked the White House.

The next day we celebrated Mass with Father Anthony, had a great brunch across the street from his temporary church, and headed out.

Except we didn't. We snuck in a visit to Mount Vernon, Virginia, in pouring rain, to visit another friend, Martha Washington. We chatted for what seemed a lifetime. Obviously classically trained, we were mesmerized. Mrs. Washington was brilliant in the depth and breadth of her knowledge and ability to converse on the events of the day (locked into character) as she often did when entertaining guests and notables at her beautiful Virginia estate.

The weather was a fright. Though it was a warm rain by California standards (our only rain comes with the chill of winter and often seems endless). This particular day it came down in sheets at Mount Vernon.

Drenched to the core with but a sad, leaky tradeshow umbrella, we came call-



**THE OTHER GUY FROM NAZARETH DESCRIBED LIFE WHEN JESUS LIVED. AT THE BIBLE MUSEUM IN D.C., HE WAS IN PERFECT CHARACTER AND MADE US FEEL THAT WE HAD FALLEN BACK IN TIME. HIGHLY RECOMMEND THE BIBLE MUSEUM.**



**IN JUNE, MICHAEL, LINDA AND FATHER ANTHONY IN WASHINGTON DC (THAT'S THE WHITE HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND, TRUMP WAVING FROM THE WINDOW). WHAT A GREAT DINNER AT THE W.**



**LINDA, MICHAEL AND MARTHA WASHINGTON. MRS. WASHINGTON IS A NATIONAL TREASURE. WHILE I MIGHT HAVE OTHERWISE BEEN TAKEN BACK AT HER FLIRTING WITH MY HUSBAND, I UNDERSTAND HER FONDNESS OF RED HEADS AS HER LATE HUSBAND GEORGE, WAS ONE OF THE NATION'S MOST FAMOUS.**

Meet the Experts



**Martie Lafferty**  
Associate Litigator  
Stein & Vargas, LLP



**Greg Proctor**  
Vice President of  
Compliance  
RealPage



**Linda Hoffman**  
Publisher  
Multihousing Pro  
magazine

**APARTMENTALIZE** June 13-16, 2018 San Diego #APARTMENTALIZE **NAA**

**IN JUNE LINDA** SPOKE ON SOCIAL AND OTHER IMPACTS OF COMFORT ANIMALS. I WAS THE OPPOSITION VIEW REPRESENTING THE ALLERGIC FOLKS. STANDING ROOM ONLY, THE SESSION WAS ONE OF THEIR MOST LIVELY.



**MICHAEL AND FRIENDS** ALSO SPOKE AT THE SAME NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE SENIOR TSUNAMI AND TECH. HE WAS FLAWLESS.



**JULY 4TH PARADE IN DANVILLE.** WE LANDED AN ICE CREAM STORE ACCOUNT AND MICHAEL ENGINEERED AND DROVE THE STORE'S FLOAT.



**PHIL, EDIE, LINDA AND MICHAEL** ON A VISIT TO SOUTH CAROLINA. PHIL IS MICHAEL'S FRIEND FROM COLLEGE. WE HEARD SOUTH CAROLINA.

ing on Mrs. Washington looking like drenched rats that had just washed into the harbor in the brief distance.

She was the epitome of grace. What good fortune to share her company. We were enthralled by this exceptional woman who never, not one second, broke character, making all knowledge of the present-day disappear as we sat and chatted. I could have visited a week—though impossible with the White Rabbit at my side, eternally checking his pocket watch, eternally frantic to catch his tea party (or in this case, our plane).

Still, Mrs. Washington was smitten with Michael, which I found... cute. She revealed that Michael was a dead ringer for her late husband whence they courted. Height, weight, coloring. Who would have known?

**San Diego and South Carolina**

At the end of June Michael and I both spoke (different sessions) at a national conference in San Diego with over 10,000 attendees. As an expert on the topic, Michael spoke on the ensuing senior tsunami and its affect on housing. I had no idea what a ham that husband of mine is. He was simply brilliant on stage.

We then headed to South Carolina in July to visit his college friend, Phil and wife, Edie, for Michael's birthday in July. What a spectacular home. Their property, garden, gazebo and overall estate is etched into a hillside overlooking the Catskill Mountains. Michael wants to move there. Sigh.

Earlier in the year we landed an ice cream store account (delicious fun!) and one of the strategies we implemented was participating the Danville July 4th parade. The annual parade has been held since 1958. Danville's population 40,000 doubles in size for just that day, and there's always a surprise bonus.

This year it was a visit by the Blue Angels. One year I showed up to find the Budweiser Clydesdales lined up to march. Of course, being from St. Louis, that brought a tear to my eye and I was dancing around these huge horses like I owned them.

But I digress.

This year, Michael drove the Creamistry mobile (his Benz dressed up specifically for the event). Creamistry is a franchise imported from South Korea, and is based on icecream flash frozen on the spot (once you order), with nitrogen. So. On the back of the vehicle was a



**THE FLYING GRANDPA AND ARIANA**—A MOST PERFECT SUMMER DAY ON LOVE LANE.



**DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME** OR ANYWHERE BUT THE POOL. AIDEN IS FOND OF DIVING OFF GRANDPA'S SHOULDERS. WE MAY BE CLOSE TO THE END OF THIS TRICK AS AIDEN CONTINUES TO GROW. GRANDPA APPEARS UNPHASED.



**WINTER IS COMING**—GAME OF THRONES THEMED—OUR SECOND ANNUAL LABOR DAY PARTY WAS SIMPLY MAGICAL. ABRACADABRA!



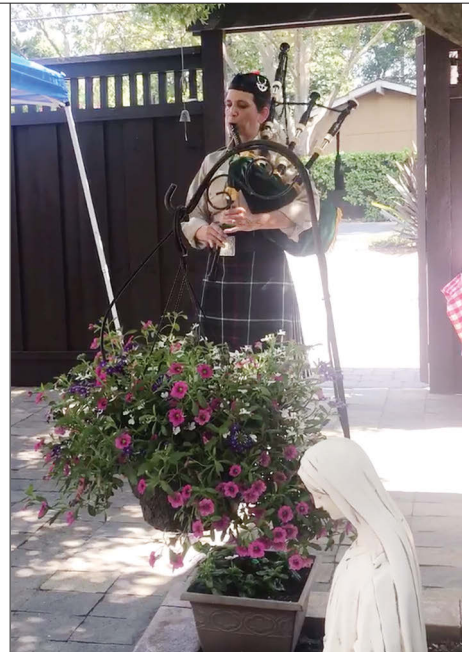
**MELISA'S NUMBER ONE (AND TWO) FAN:** WE COULDN'T STOP SMILING. SHE'S AMAZING. SHE MADE THE PARTY AMAZING. I HEART MELISA.>>>

large replica of an ice cream cup that when Michael pushed a button, emitted fog as is seen in the store when they are making ice cream. Let's just say it was really cool (and funny). Let me also say that Michael can engineer and build anything I concoct. What a team.

The rest of the summer was filled with grandkids, pool shenanigans, mountain and trail hikes near our place in Danville and tending to Michael's amazing orchard and garden.

In addition to artichokes, tomatoes, green beans, onions, carrots, and a chorus of herbs, Michael is curating fruit from well over a dozen trees ranging from plums to apples to Mandarin oranges to figs and more. And what a harvest in this, our second year after planting.

Rudy Appleton Orchards is in full production. Michael has taken on a side business of converting these little jewels into pies. Oh the humanity. More mountain and trail hikes.



**THE ENDLESSLY-TALENTED MELISA SURPRISED THE PARTY.** HOW DID SHE SOUND? CHECK OUT THE EXPRESSION ON MARY'S FACE.



**GAMES OF THRONES BANNERS, DRAGON CENTERPIECES AND LUNCH FIT FOR A KING.** OUR SECOND ANNUAL LABOR DAY PARTY WAS A HIT.

**Second Annual Labor Day party on Love Lane**

If the summer must end, what a great way to bid farewell. My sister, Sandra, and friend, Lyn, flew in for the event (always great to see them). Our beloved family and friends were there to share a meal, splash around in the pool, enjoy great music, food and a magic show.

It's so wonderful to take a day to celebrate Labor Day together. If you didn't make it last year, or if you did, you all have a standing invitation to join us this



**ANDREW IS PUT TO THE TEST BY MAGICIAN JOHN GARDINER.** WILL HE SUDDENLY—POOF—A PILLAR OF SMOKE—TURN INTO A RABBIT?

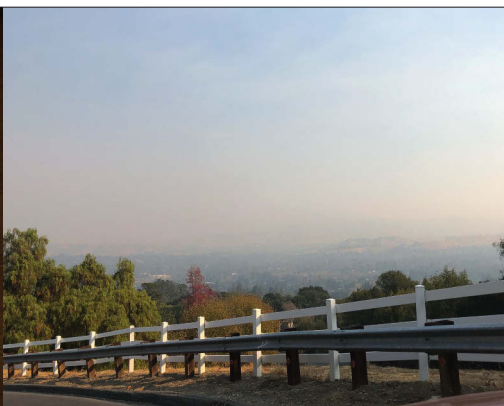




**OCTOBER'S MIRACLE OF THE HEART** WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU WAKE UP AND FIND THIS ON YOUR FLOOR? NEVER BEFORE. NEVER AFTER.



**OCTOBER DEVIL OF A RACE.** LINDA IS BACK IN HER RUNNING SHOES. THE BIB NUMBER WAS APPROPRIATE AS IT WAS HER FIRST RACE IN YEARS.



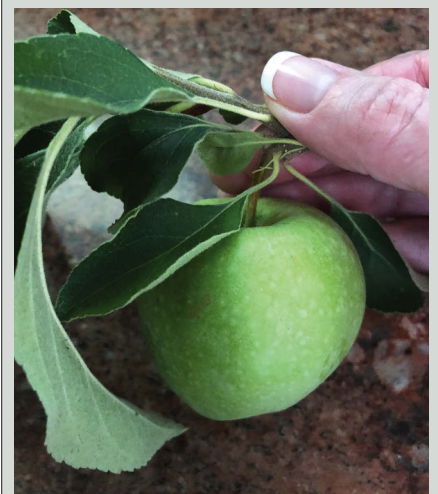
**FIRES RAGED IN NOVEMBER** UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, THIS IS A PANORAMIC VIEW OF MOUNT DIABLO. WE SHELTERED INDOORS, FOR WEEKS UNTIL THE AIR CLEARED.

year at the Third Annual Labor Day party on Love Lane. Make plans now.

**And then the year really took off**

Linda is on the Board of Directors of the Benedict XVI Institute ([benedictinstitute.org](http://benedictinstitute.org)). The RudyRudy Foundation (Michael and me) are underwriting Andrew Klavan to come to Danville to speak at the Village Theatre ([Klavanin-Danville.com](http://Klavanin-Danville.com)). This very special event is May 11 and all proceeds will go to BXVI. Won't you join us? It's a super great cause, and Andrew Klavan is a one-of-a-kind speaker.

Amongst his unbelievable talents, Klavan wrote the screenplay for *Glosnell, The Trial of America's Biggest Serial Killer*. If you haven't already, this movie is a must-see and will stay with you long after you see it.



**A PERFECT GRANNY FRESH OFF THE TREE** THIS LITTLE BEAUTY IS BETTER APPRECIATED IN A PIE, WHICH IT BECAME SOON AFTER.



**ON LOVE LANE** MULTIPLE VARIETIES OF APPLES (3), PLUMS (6), ORANGES (2), LEMONS (1), FIGS (2), PEACHES (1), ALMONDS (4), ARTICHOKE FOR STARTERS



**RUDY APPLETON PIES** YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW AMAZING MICHAEL'S PIES, ORCHARD-FRESH AND PIPING HOT ARE. I DO.



**LINDA AND MICHAEL WITH ARCHBISHOP CORDILEONE** IN DECEMBER. BENEDICT XVI IS AB'S ORGANIZATION, AND AN INVESTMENT IN THE TALENT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.



**OUR NEW PLACE** THE VIEW FROM OUR MOUNTAIN IS SPECTACULAR. IN JANUARY WE GOT OUR FIRST BIG SNOW. SUPPOSEDLY OUR HOUSE IS IN THE "BANANA BELT" MEANING THAT WE WON'T BE AS IMPACTED AS ARE THE SNOW BELTS. HAVING BOTH SHOVELED SNOW AS KIDS (MICHAEL FROM WISCONSIN, LINDA FROM ST. LOUIS), WE FEEL WELL-TRAINED.



**ZEPHYR COVE, NEVADA,** IS ON THE "RIGHT" SIDE OF LAKE TAHOE. ABOVE: TAKEN FROM OUR HOME. IT'S A NEW DAY AND THE FUTURE IS BRIGHT. ZERO INCOME TAX, WE LIVE IN THE RED HALF OF THE STATE, WE GET OUR GROCERIES IN A BAG AND A PLASTIC STRAW WITH OUR DRINK.

Michael and I are daily watchers of Klavan and enjoy his common sense approach to life in a world in chaos.

Tickets are available at [klavanindanville.com](http://klavanindanville.com). We sure hope to see you.

**Time for a change**

As you know, Michael helps me run two businesses: an ad agency that I've owned and operated for three decades, and a publishing enterprise that I've had for two decades. The truth is that entrepreneurs really don't own businesses, it's the other way around.

Everything I know, I learned from watching my grandparents run Hoffman Upholstery for 40+ years in St. Louis until they retired to the Ozarks. That business employed my father, fed my family, and taught me that I never wanted to own a business. So much for that.

All this to say that I've begun the process of putting my publishing business on the market in order to get some balance in my life. After working through the details of such an undertaking, it did not take long to realize that the ridiculous struggle it's been to remain in California: highest tax rate in the nation, insane politics, politicized juris prudence that regularly overturns the will of the people, overwhelming secular fundamentalism. Oh year—and the cut that the state of California would take from the sale and decades of "my building that."

It didn't take much to convince my re-

ally intelligent husband.

In November we purchased a home in beautiful Zephyr Cove, Nevada. We're now official residents of the great state of Nevada. For now, we'll hold on to Love Lane, but who knows what the future holds? For now we have a postcard view of the lake, skiing, hiking, boating, a recreational paradise literally in our backyard. The bears and coyotes have taken a little getting used to, but we'll manage.

**How do you say that in Swahili?**

Our big year-end trip this year was to southern Africa.

The first thing to note about travelling to Africa is that it takes a very long time to get there. A verrrrry long time. The home-to-hotel time is 42 to 45 hours. Since you spend nearly 4 days in transit, budget enough days in-country to make the trip worthwhile.

Our trip started in Cape Town, a modern, multi-ethnic city. It is in a dramatic setting near Cape Horn, but it is not really Africa, IMHO. We spent a day touring the city on our own and a day seeing the

**BELOW** THANKSGIVING ON LOVE LANE COMPLETE WITH COLLECTABLE THANKSGIVING PLATES, SMILE. RIGHT, TOP ROW, A MALE ELEPHANT IN HEAT CHARGES OUR JEEP—ON MICHAEL'S SIDE. WELCOME TO AFRICA. MIDDLE ROW, WE STOP FOR AFTERNOON TEA. BOTTOM: THE VILLAGE THAT MICHAEL DESCRIBES IN HIS AUTHORED PORTION OF THIS NEWSLETTER, **HOW DO YOU SAY THAT IN SWAHILI?**





Horn with our guide.

### Doing the tourist thing

From Cape Town, we flew to Zimbabwe and were shuttled to our hotel in Livingston, Zambia. This town is near Victoria Falls and is the focus for tourism in Zambia. Copper mining is also a big industry in Zambia. We were constantly encountering semi trucks loaded with copper ingots on the road. In spite of the mineral wealth of the country, per capita income there is only about 7 percent of that of the U.S.A.

We signed up for several activities at our hotel including taking a helicopter tour of the falls, having lunch with the elephants and touring a local village. We also took a day trip to Botswana where we toured Chobe park. We went on a boat tour in the morning, which was interesting although our guide was a little too aggressive about interacting with the hippos. Our jeep tour into the park in the afternoon was marred by torrential rain and we cut it short after being chased by an elephant.

### In search of the Big 5

We returned to South Africa to see Kruger Park, a famous preserve. There we saw "the big five" (elephant, rhino, buffalo, lion, leopard), which Michael thinks is a farcical concoction put together for the benefit of tourists. How could a must-see list of large African animals include buffalo, which are also seen in other parts of the world, but not giraffes or hippos? The outrage!

Thanks to our guides, Yusi and Kenny, we did manage to see the Big 5, and a lot of other interesting animals, as well. The animals are used to the jeeps and seemed less unnerved by us than we were occasionally by them

### An eye-opening conversation

One of the most memorable parts of the trip was something unplanned. When we flew from Zambia to the Kruger Park area of South Africa, the nearest international airport (with customs and immigration staff) was about an hour and a half drive from our hotel. On the drive, it was fascinating to hear our driver talk about his life.

He was a middle-aged man whose wife had died a few years before in a traffic accident. He quit his job as a park ranger so that he could be closer to home and look after his two teenaged children. He was in the process of build-

ing himself a house. Individuals in his village could not actually own land so he had to get permission from the tribal chief before he could build. We asked if the tribal chief couldn't take the land away as easily as he had given it. Our driver said that he could, but this almost never happened since it would anger people if the house was seen to be unjustly taken away.

The usual method of construction in his village was to build the house of concrete blocks. He was making the blocks himself from cement and sand. Once he had made enough blocks, he would hire a builder to lay the blocks. His house currently had three rooms, all bedrooms. He planned to add a kitchen and a sitting room. The house would have a corrugated metal roof, which he admitted was hot, but was relatively inexpensive.

Other than getting permission from the tribal chief, there was no red tape. No permits to obtain, no building codes to follow. On the other hand, there was little to his house but walls, windows, doors and a ceiling. No electricity, no gas, no water, no sewer.

He told us how a few people in his village had drilled wells and that the other villagers bought water from them. Those without the money to do this walked to the river and got their water there.

There were no toilets in the village. A few people had outhouses but many of the villagers, like him, just walked out into the bush and found a private spot when nature called. He personally thought that outhouses were dangerous since there were instances of children falling into the pit. He said that there were 50,000 people in his village so how this method of public sanitation works in practice is a mystery to me.

His ambition for his house, the thing that would make it special, would be to get some columns so that he could have a portico.

The thing, that most took us aback during the conversation was when he so casually asked us if we had running water in our house. He guessed that we probably did but we were stunned by the question.

We really did win life's lottery when we were born in the U.S.A.

### Happy New Year

May God bless you with love, peace and opportunity in the year ahead.

XOXO Linda and Michael



**RHINO** WE WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO SEE RHINOS BOTH DAYS OF OUR SAFARI DRIVES. THE FIRST TIME THEY WERE RUNNING BUT THIS GUY WAS JUST STROLLING ALONG.



**THE KING OF THE BEASTS—DETHRONED.** WE ENCOUNTERED THIS LION A COUPLE OF TIMES ON OUR SAFARI DRIVES. HE WAS INJURED (CRUSHED BACK LEG) AND EMACIATED AND WE WONDERED IF HE HAD MUCH TIME LEFT. RANGERS DON'T INTERFERE UNLESS PEOPLE CAUSED THE INJURY SO HE IS ON HIS OWN.



**CHIEF BIG STICK.** THIS IMAGE IS POOR BECAUSE IT WAS SHOT IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT WITH NO LIGHT BUT A LARGE FIRE. THIS IS NEW CHIEF MICHAEL DANCING WITH HIS TRIBE (NOTE THE SLIGHTLY BENDED KNEES. THAT'S HIS DANCE MOVE) SUCH A NATURAL.