



Merry Christmas
And
Happy New Year
From
The Johnson's
2011



WHAT A YEAR WE HAVE SEEN AT THE JOHNSON'S IN 2011 !!!
FROM GRADUATIONS, TO SURGERIES, TO PRINCESS KATHY'S
MILESTONE BIRTHDAY, TO A NEW RACEHORSE,
.....WELL, HOLD ON AS AWAY WE GO.....

Bryan, 25, still works in downtown Chicago at the Cook County Dept. of Homeland Security. Breaking my heart as he is so young to be on his own, he had moved out on 1-Sept taking a flat in the Bucktown neighborhood of Chicago.

I've named his flat the "**Den of Decadent Debauchery On Dickens**" because of the story below. A little long but dead true.

Just after he moved in to his new flat, I had occasion to drop off 2nd son Ben and girlie friend Sara at Wrigley Field early on a Sunday morning. After dropping off the lovebirds, I said to myself, "Why don't you surprise Bryan with a quick visit?"

So, knowing the street but not the number, I arrived unannounced on Dickens Avenue and placed a call to Bryan. While waiting for him to answer, I glanced quickly up and down the street to see if perhaps he was walking home from a neighborhood church that I hoped he had already joined. However, I did not see him.



Alas, when Bryan answered his cell phone I cheerily announced to him I was surprising him with a visit and was already on his block. I was a bit dismayed as he did not seem all that excited with my announcement as he blurted out "You're here?"

I responded "Yes Son, but I'm not sure what your street number is. Could you stick your big bear head out your front door so I can see which place is yours?"

Instantly a square head belonging to my first born peered out a residence that coincidentally I was right in front of. Bryan said "Dad, a quick word. We had a party last night but come on in and take a look" Bounding up the stairs I took a single step into a scene that stopped me dead in my tracks.

Bryan was slightly incorrect when he said they "Had" a party. In fact, they appeared to be still "Having" a party. Before my feet was a futon, with a sleeping girl under the covers. Other partygoers, of both genders, milled around. One young woman said "Hi" in a slightly slurred tongue. To my left, was a young man putting on his trousers. There was unmistakable evidence of alcoholic beverages that had been served. All to the beat of satanic Rap music.

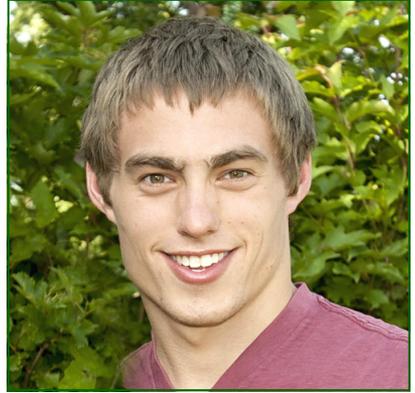
I didn't need my Deacon training to realize I was in a Den of Sin.

My second step was back out the door, wondering what has become of today's youth. So as you can see, I'm going to need some help getting Bryan back on the rails. His e-mail address is Bryan@rickyjohn.com A quick word from any of you might be the catalyst for him to forsake his decadent lifestyle.

Bradley, 19, is a sophomore in college transferring to his mother's alma mater, Northern Illinois University next month. He will be living in Lincoln Dorm on the DeKalb, Illinois campus on the same floor his mother did back when Jimmy Carter was President.

He is quite excited and is studying Health Science with an eye to becoming a Physical Therapist. I have informed him that I plan on driving up to DeKalb every Tuesday evening for dinner with him. Curiously, he doesn't seem excited about that.

He is still dating long-term cutie girlfriend Christina - who is just a peach of a girl. Brad expertly balances college while still drying cars at the Delta Sonic Car Wash - though he recently got stiffed by Bears Wide Receiver Johnny Knox when he bolted without giving Brad a tip.



Nicknamed "Crash", Brad piled Kathy's van into 2 wrecks over the past 14 months - though none of the mishaps were his fault.

As he departs home for college, his Mom and I are worried that he will fall into a deep depression being separated from his father. Please lift his spirits whenever you can by dropping him an e-mail at Brad@rickyjohn.com It is much appreciated.

Ben, 23, is now a proud graduate of Eastern Illinois University, having majored in Elementary Education with multiple subjects he is accredited to teach.

He just concluded a very successful Student Teaching assignment mentored directly by none other than noted educator Ms. Lynn Niemann. He will substitute teach in the Schaumburg school district from January going forward and looking for full time teaching employment in the fall.

Living at home during his Student Teaching assignment, Ben has committed to living with us until at least age 35 before he starts to look for his own place.



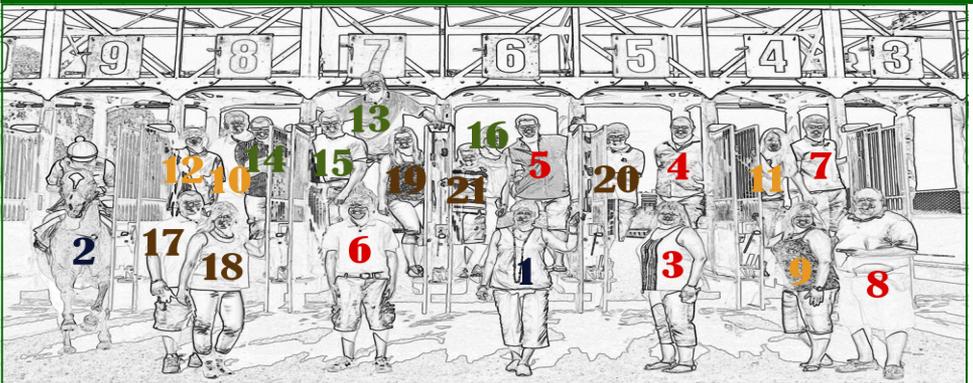
A good son he is, and is dating lovely college co-ed Sara who lives in the Southwestern suburbs of Chicago. She is a very patient girl, putting up with Ben and his strange interests.

They went to a number of Cubs games, obscure concerts, and she puts up with all of this never losing the smile on her pretty face.

Reach our Ben at Ben@rickyjohn.com

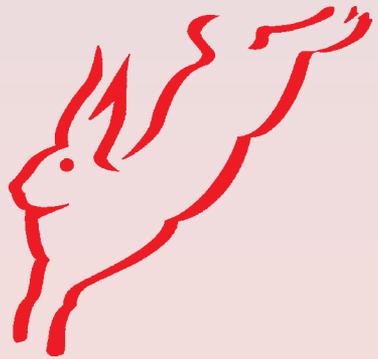


ARLINGTON PARK





1. MARY ANN THRUN
2. GENERAL CHARLEY
3. KATHY JOHNSON
4. BRYAN JOHNSON
5. BEN JOHNSON
6. BRETT JOHNSON
7. BRAD JOHNSON
8. RICK JOHNSON
9. LAURIE GREGORIO
10. MIKE GREGORIO
11. ALLISON GREGORIO
12. JEFF GREGORIO
13. STEVE GALLO
14. JOHN GALLO
15. SCOTT GALLO
16. JEAN GALLO
17. RANDY PERRYMAN
18. NANCY PERRYMAN
19. JACLYN PERRYMAN
20. RYAN PERRYMAN
21. TYLER PERRYMAN



Brett, 21, is now of legal age. Ponder that fact for a few seconds. Doing quite well at Harper College, he has an eye on a Criminal Justice major with plans on transferring this coming fall to Western Illinois University to complete his degree. This past summer he worked again at a local condominium association as a pool attendant.

He needs a haircut, (and a part time job) but reminds me when challenged that his hair is shorter than mine was at the same age. I guess that's true, but he still needs a haircut! Loves his video games as all the boys seem to and has a fantasy football team that does pretty well.

He can be a rascal this one, and can always use any words of wisdom. You can reach Brettie boy at Brett @rickyjohn.com.



Kathy had her 50th birthday this year. Let's pause and reflect on that one.

The young filly of 1985 is now the gray mare of 2011. She's still a babe though and seems to be ever busier. Went to Florida more than a few times this year. She and my sisters come back with stories of all the boyfriends she has in the Sunshine State. From



Featherman on Siesta Beach, to the guy in the Wheelchair on the bridge, to the mannequin at the Mexican Restaurant on Tami-Ami trail, Kathy attracts men as quickly as Bryan has parties.

But I am not jealous, as she professes her undying love to me every day. She tells me that when I married her she won the Lotto without ever buying a ticket.

Though she loves the boys and the cat more than me and even though routinely I am banished from our bedroom for snoring too loudly - it can be said that we have never been happier. Get her at

Kathy@rickyjohn.com

Rick, as for me, I am a youthful, vibrant & energetic 56 years of age. Still happily employed at Hendrickson - running their IT function. Am nearing the end of a 2 year Christian Religious program called Diakonia - that has enriched my spiritual life immensely. This coming June 23rd, I will become a Deacon in the Evangelical Lutheran Church Of America at an Investiture Service held at Grace Lutheran Church.

Still obsessively involved in Red Rabbit Racing and overjoyed that we have a new monster in the stable, purchased this past October at Keeneland Race Course in Lexington, Ky. He is a 5 year old Horse (that means anatomically unaltered and capable of reproducing) named Austons Sure Cure. Physically he is huge and is down at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans and will be running next in January.

Our Champion steed General Charley was retired on Memorial Day due to age and nagging injuries acquired over 7 years of racing. Over his career he earned a bankroll of over \$550,000 and is now happily retired at Aunt Peggys's Horse Heaven on Earth - her own Riverwoods Farm.



As you can see, picture left is of 2 large asses walking contently along an unending pasture.

Leaving the racetrack has been quite a change for Charley, and with much more time on his hands, he is happy to field any of your e-mails which will reach him at GeneralCharley@rickyjohn.com

As you see in this card, we took an extended family picture, featuring my Mom, my sisters with their families, our family and even General Charley busting out of the Starting Gate at Arlington Park.

I look at this picture with thanks for those that are there, a longing for those who are not, and with a knowledge that we have been oh so very blessed.

So as we pause this Christmas, we reflect upon our blessings of our family and friends and are so very grateful.

Let us remember that Christmas is not just a season,

but marks an event - the birth of our Savior Jesus Christ Our Lord.

*From our family to yours,
Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men
Merry Christmas To You All.*

2011 Quotes Of The Year

“NEVER LET THE TRUTH GET IN THE WAY OF A GOOD STORY...”

Rick's response upon viewing Ben's College Resume where it stated that Ben had personally financed 100% of his education. Really now, the next dime he finances will be the first one....

“BUT NONE OF YOU ARE INDEPENDENT”

Kathy's response to Ben's query of when she was the happiest, when the boys were toddlers or when they became independent....

“YAAAY BEN, YAAAY!”

In an attempt to lift Ben's spirits from the crushing depression he felt after moving from the fun of his EIU Frat House back to his old bedroom at home, the family celebrated his every little victory .

“BUY THE CHEAP ONE, CUZ I WON'T CLEAN IT... IT JUST WON'T HAPPEN”

Rick's advice to Kathy as she debated which new grill that she wanted to buy. She opted for the expensive one, of course.

“DO THEY HAVE A WEIGHT LIMIT?”

Kathy's sarcastic query when told that Rick's new insurance policy provided him personal protection against kidnap, even including extraction services from captors holding him hostage in a jungle.

“CLAIM THE 2 — GENERAL CHARLEY”

After running last in our first race of 2011, we were shocked to hear the chilling announcement from the Tampa Bay Downs Track Announcer informing the crowd that General Charley had been sold.



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