

## TCLCYC—Going Rogue with Transparency, Hope, and Change

By Michelle Malkin

We all know the two most challenging things to write and write well is a political blog and an annual Christmas letter. Comparatively speaking, political blogs have practically been writing themselves lately. It's been easy pickins' this past year.

That brings us to Christmas letters. I was recently clued into an underground literary dynamo. He is the owner, founder, CEO, board chairman, and...dare I say... creative genius head of a basement empire whose sole purpose is to ensure the world is supplied with an adequate number of annual Christmas letters.

His name is Tim Feld and his company is *Tim's Christmas Letter Consulting for the Yuletide Challenged* (or *TCLCYC* as he has cleverly shortened it to). His company has been creating joy, hope, and (not surprisingly) very little income since way back in 1990. But this blog is not meant to be an historic treatise on this all-American corporation. For that you can simply check out [www.timfeld.com](http://www.timfeld.com). There you will find a complete history of what this fascinating person has created these past 19 years.

Nay, this blog is about the man, the myth, the legend...what makes him tick, why is he ticking, should he be soaked in water to stop that ticking, what goes on behind the scenes, just how does he come up with those letters year after year, what does he sacrifice in order to produce and distribute such a fine award-winning and USDA certified germ-free product.

Loyal readers – I bring you a few days in the life of the world's foremost authority on Christmas letters and the debacle that was Enron.

I arrived at the palatial estates of the *TCLCYC* Empire promptly at 1:00 PM on a Tuesday and was warmly greeted by a locked up palatial estate.

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**Our Mascot**

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I felt more welcome at a Barney Frank public speaking support group. Fortunately, I had the cell phone number for his lovely and tolerant wife Becky. She arrived in a timely manner, unlocked the door, ran back to her car, and sped hastily away.

I wandered around inside for several minutes...it seemed as if no one was home. After checking the upstairs I made my way down into the basement. There I found the much sought after and elusive corporate giant engrossed in what must have been the creation of his upcoming 2009 edition of his Christmas letter.



I gently prodded him from his old-age induced stupor. He was a bit startled but strangely not embarrassed. What followed was a most fascinating conversation depicting the rise of an empire from humble yet sad beginnings.

I quickly learned that despite outward appearances and legendary stories, this man is, in fact, human. In addition to those human qualities he is most certainly



philanthropic. Witness the following. Just last year, the Innovera company was in dire straits.

They were one of the leading producers of compressed air. With the tough economic times, they were finding it more and more difficult to finance the air needed to keep up with demand. Last year's bailout legislation stunningly ignored the entire compressed air industry (there were reports that it was actually included in the bill...but

no one could ever find it). When learning of their plight, Tim immediately stepped in and with little thought to his health, donated his own air. The Innovera company survived. However, three months later they sold out to a company in China and everyone lost their jobs. So it goes.

The story continues...

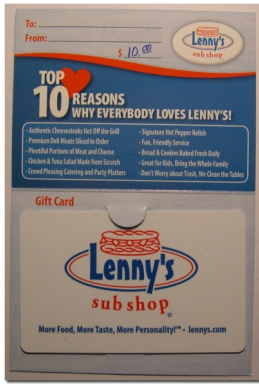
In addition to his generous side, he is one smart cook as well. Witness this story about Lenny's Sub Shop. This past summer a new sub shop opened a few blocks from the building where Tim works. The name – Lenny's Sub Shop. Still possessing carnivorous tendencies, he visited the shop, retrieved one of their free printed menus, and ran out. Waiting until he returned to his utilitarian office, he perused the menu. And there it was...the scourge of Felds the world over...a typo.



Ignoring the pile of work (neatly stacked) on his desk, he did what any Feld is contractually, morally, and philosophically obligated to do under such circumstances...he made a spectacle of it. Yes, he wrote to the CEO of Lenny's Sub Shop and pointed out the error of their ways. As what typically happens when these things are made public, the entire Lenny's Sub Shop company gratefully responded with a most appreciative token of their gratitude...a \$10 gift card.

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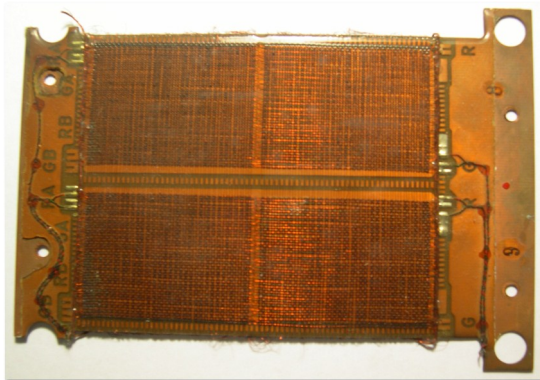
Tim still has the generous gift card...and likely will for some time to come. Apparently, there is a restraining order and he is not allowed within 500 yards of any Lenny's Sub Shop stores.

But back to the original reason for this blog...the founding of *TCLCYC*. But first, a tour of the estate where the

cauldron of creativity simmers.

A quick walk around reveals a treasure trove of fascinating artifacts...his wife lovingly (and accurately) refers to as mostly junk. I didn't see it that way. Why...the tour provided a wonderful insight into the thankfully unique psyche of this corporate sage. Once again, witness the following...

The Intel CPU chip...he has dozens of them just sitting on a shelf.



The core memory board. He bought it on eBay to further enrich his family. It succeeded.



Hammers...this man has two hammers. Now, if I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the...oh wait...then there are...

...pry tools. And no, not just any pry tools...but pry



tools from BoJo. Next is the beloved...

...BlackBerry. Tim claims he can quit anytime...really.



But I digress. Back to the original reason for this blog...the rise of *TCLCYC*. But first, a shameless plug from...

Salvagetti's bike shop. If you ever move to Denver and are looking for a great place to purchase a bike, head on over to Salvagetti's. Having recently moved from their location



on Speer Boulevard to some street near REI, they are just minutes from downtown Denver. Chris and Brit buy

all their bikes there...you should too. For example, just check out this bike and bike rack:

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These actually belong to Tim. No, he did not purchase either one at Salvagetti's. Sal-

vagetti's has way cooler stuff than that.

Back to the original reason for this blog...a preview of the latest project from the creative mind at *TCLCYC*. But first, check this out...



Yes, it's a Roomba from iRobot. It's Becky's and just like the one Rachel has...except this is the more desirable high altitude model.

By now you might be wondering...just who is this Michelle Malkin?

Well, from the "About" page on my blog, you will see that I am "...a mother, wife, blogger, conservative syndicated columnist, author, Fox News Channel contributor, left-handed, and have a shoe size of 6 1/2." Speaking of shoes...



Yes, that is Tim's actual left shoe. Some have said "*There is another.*"

And speaking of bumper stickers...here's one you might want to get:

It's magnetic and he has one. Just in case you know someone who, for some unknown reason, skillfully refuses to cough up

a for real birth certificate or a Punahou school record or an Occidental college record or a Columbia University record or a Harvard Law School record or a passport or medical records or Illinois State Bar Association records or baptism records or adoption records or "what I did over summer vacation" records.

But enough about me. Back to the original reason for this blog...the technology behind *TCLCYC*. But first, ever wonder why some of the Christmas letters produced by *TCLCYC* refer so many times to that once high-flying energy juggernaut Enron? Well, here you go.

Enron books...lots of them. With so many other fine books written every day, Tim has chosen to read five books (so far) on the subject...and he shows no sign of stopping. When asked why, he simply replies "...



because they keep writing 'em...' Here's a bit of advice... don't ask him his opinion on "mark

-to-market" accounting unless you can spare the next 90 minutes.

But now back to the original reason for this blog...the impending release of the 2009 *TCLCYC* Christmas letter. But first, here are some things Tim pointed out on the tour that seemed to evoke some odd emotion...



...his favorite extension cord. It has a Velcro tie wrap. Then there was...

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...his favorite steering wheel.

He was adamant that I also include...

...his footprint in the snow. Apparently that was the last one.

Well...there you have it. My time within the inner sanctum of *TCLCYC* came to an end much too quickly. I hope you enjoyed reading my blog and learning about Tim and his incredible creation.



Do you like reading blogs? I sure do...I like writing them too. I do it a lot. I think they are very educational and serve a most useful purpose. Some people criticize blogs and blog writers. They say blogs provide an undeserved world-wide platform for self-aggrandizing amateur writers. They say blogs just ramble...ramble, ramble...have no point...hardly ever stay focused...never get to the point...just jump around from one unrelated random topic to the next...repeat themselves...and never get to the point. I don't see it.

Oh, I forgot...Tim likes to eat this for lunch...a lot



...and here's his recycle bin...



Anyway...by the time I left to return to Colorado Springs, Tim was nearly finished with his 2009

Christmas letter. I can't wait to get the free copy he sold to me. He said it's his best one in weeks. And he'll get it sent out to you as soon as possible. As soon as he can buy postage stamps. He'll buy the postage stamps as soon as he receives his rightfully deserved federal bailout check. And he'll get that rightfully deserved federal bailout check for sure. I know because he showed me the paragraph from the "*Christmas Letter Consulting Income Security Act of 1974*" legislation where it says so. I forgot the page number...but it's in there.

Did you know he has a wireless router?



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**Our Other Mascot**