

4 December 1994

Dear Family,

I realize that we just did this two weeks ago. But it seemed to be such a hit, we decided to do the Crystal & Tim/Grant combination here's-what's-up-with-us letter. Once again, this is Tim going first due to the fear that allowing anybody else to begin would result in robbery of his stellar ideas. Circumstances now are similar to those when we wrote last week. Church has just concluded. Grant attended our ward...details why later...and so we all arrived home together. Crystal is about to attempt to call Dad (uh, that would be Tim and Grant's paternal unit...not Dad Kent.)--apologies for any ambiguity--to discuss her elementary education future, or lack thereof...details possibly later. We are **not** watching football. In fact the television is off...moment of silence please...thank you. Actually we're listening to a Tabernacle Choir Christmas CD we picked up at Media Play for 4 bucks (dollars, not deer). Media Play, in case you don't know, is a big record/book/computer software/movie/video game superstore. Now you know.

Now that my superior writing technique has wetted your appetite for knowledge, (i.e. why Grant went to our ward today) I will enlighten you. Last night was the Cannon Christmas party in Salt Lake. We'll have to let those of you "in outlying areas"--Term used by members of the First Presidency during General Conference to mean "anywhere in the world east of the Atlantic Ocean"--I use it to refer to anyplace other than Utah. Boy, I lost my train of thought somewhere along that tangent. Anywhere, Grant will have to tell you about the Cannon party because Crystal and I had to skip out after 40 minutes to cruise over to the Doubletree Hotel on South Temple where I had accepted an offer to play the piano for the First American Title Company of Utah's Christmas party. I was compensated for my hour of "work" with a hundred dollars, a big free meal, and a free night in the Doubletree Hotel. (I let Crystal stay with me.) However, the deal didn't involve Grant. We had given him a ride up to the Cannon party, and he didn't have a ride back to Provo that night. So Grandma and Grandpa were kind enough to allow him to stay with them for the night. We picked him up at 9:00 this morning and drove home in time to catch our ward which begins at 10:45, but not early enough for Grant whose ward starts at 9:00. So Grant, spiritually incapable of missing church or any portion thereof, had the opportunity to take in a BYU married ward experience. Now we're all back home again recuperating from our heavy-duty worship.

I'm bored of writing for now, so I'm passing the baton to Grant. Maybe I'll talk to you later. Hey, It's me (Grant). Well the Cannon Christmas party, where to begin. It was pretty cool having about a hundred people from sort of the same family all together in one festive celebration of the holidays. I only wish that I had known more than about, oh say ten of them. But all in all it was a nice time (I just wish I had been able to sit on Santa's lap). I'm at kind of a loss for words so if I start babbling, deal with it. There's only three days of classes left, and if that's not a big enough bonus, there's an Indiana Jones trilogy playing at the Movies 8 on Wednesday night from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. There are free refills on soda and popcorn so needless to say, I'm there dude. Since Wednesday is the last day of classes, that leaves Thursday and Friday for nothing, I mean studying. We were actually considering going to California [we= Me, Becky, and Moe (Melissa)]. But, we decided to wait until April for the big excursion. I've decided to try out for the BYU basketball team. I went in and told coach Reid that I was a short white boy who couldn't jump and that I knew how to lose to second rate schools such as Utah State by twenty-five points and he said he'd take me. I'm pretty excited. For all of you who took me seriously with that last basketball thing, don't. Mom, Tim is on the phone with you as I write, just to give you some idea as to when this letter is being written. A couple of days ago I got reprimanded by Boyd (Boyd is my 25 year-old R.A. who has been living in D.T. his whole life--telling you something about him) for having my window open. It tells you something about BYU when your biggest worry has to do with catching people with their windows open. They're probably worried that we have them open so that they can't smell the marijuana that we're smoking. Oh well, that's what incense is for. Once again I want to encourage all of you to not take me seriously with, well, with anything. Tomorrow

I'm going to attempt to get me a beard card. This I am actually serious about. I am going to try to legally defy one of the most infamous of all honor code violations. Facial hair. Mom, Dad, just don't tell Andrew and Peter how strayed their older brother is becoming out in Provo. I think that I've rambled for my fair share of stationary, so I am going to pass the mike over to either Tim or Crystal. Oh, one more thing, I am home in one week. Bye now.

I've been told it's my turn to write. This is Crystal. I'm still going through turmoil over the whole "to stay in El. Ed. or not to stay in El. Ed." question. Actually, it's really not so tortuous anymore because I am realizing that I have power over the situation. About a week ago I was feeling very trapped. Anyway, by the time you get this letter I will have told you all about it on the phone. I'm very excited that classes are almost over and that I'll have a little bit of time to spend in Provo, finishing the Christmas shopping, before heading home (to both, or should I say all three, of our homes) over the course of vacation.

Last night was really fun. I enjoyed meeting Tim's former companion (affectionately referred to as "Limb"). I also enjoyed seeing Tim earn \$100 in one hour's time. I got to watch a lot of people point to Tim and tell Limb (or whoever) what a great pianist he was. Even the big boss in the black cowboy hat was impressed. I figured that was pretty good because he was the one who gave Limb the \$10,000 budget for this shindig. Most of the women were wearing really expensive-looking dresses with lots of sequins--I felt underdressed in my flowered rayon. I didn't feel bad about taking an outrageous amount of money for one hour's work from a company whose employees can all afford dresses like that. And I always enjoy staying in a free hotel room. We even got some of those great Doubletree cookies. It was kind of nostalgic for us. (Is it possible to be nostalgic about a honeymoon after only six months of marriage? You may not think so but we found a way.)

Thanks for the Christmas tree ornaments. The Lennox one is very pretty and the others--well, they're ours. I'm sure they're very meaningful for Tim and if we ever manage to get a small tree they'll be a very welcome addition. This evening we're going to make gingerbread men. It seems like a very Christmassy thing to do. Tim reminded me to tell you about Thanksgiving. We stayed at my Dad's house. We ate at Karel's parents' house in Elk, Washington, about 20 minutes north of Spokane. We were late and everyone had to wait for us. We were supposed to leave Coeur d' Alene at 11:00 to go to Elk, but at 10:30 Dad was just taking Tim down to the storage unit to retrieve the snowmobiles. Then he decided that we couldn't drive them all the way to elk without covers, so we stopped at Shop-Ko to get some. We got to Elk much later than expected and some of the people waiting seemed to be somewhat annoyed. Two of Karel's sisters were there with their families, so basically we spent Thanksgiving with a bunch of people that we don't really know but are kind of sort of related to in a very strange, step-relation kind of way. Sat. morning my dad bought me two pairs of shoes because my feet were hurting and he felt bad. He figured it was his fault because of genetics. I didn't argue. We spent half of Sat. afternoon sitting around my Mom's house playing games with Carrie and waiting for my Mom to get back from Wenatchee. Then we had dinner (Thanksgiving leftovers) with her and Pat and hung out with them for the rest of the evening. That's about all I have to tell except that I don't think we had problems with either of our flights and, for once, Tim had no reason to bad mouth the airlines. I think he managed to get through the whole travel experience without any loud, obnoxious comments in the airport (these are usually a specialty of his).

This is Tim again. The Prophet opens and closes General Conference, so I can start and finish this letter. In keeping with the this-is-just-like-last-week's-letter theme, it is interesting to note that Crystal was kind enough to wind up her part with a comment about my obnoxiousness. Hmm, maybe that says something about me. Will somebody please tell me how "Moe" can be derived from Melissa? See you soon.

Love,  
Crystal, Tim & Grant