

10 July 1996

Dear Family,

Today is Wednesday. Saturday morning, we left Provo, drove all day arriving in Colby, Kansas where we stayed the night in a luxurious Ramada--at least it seemed luxurious compared to the Motel 6 (smacking of 1970s nostalgia right down to the fake wood paneling) in Terre Haute, Indiana where we spent our second night. The next night we arrived here. So we made it home in three long days. This is particularly impressive considering our Ryder truck had a regulator that did not allow it to exceed 67 MPH. In most cases we would have chosen not to exceed that speed anyway. In case you've never had the experience, an 11,000 pound loaded truck towing another car on a dolly behind it is not the world's easiest thing to control. Driving down the Rockies (the mountains, not the overrated baseball team that can only hit at Coors field) and through cities such as Kansas City and St. Louis was especially exciting. But in the boring, empty, flat, straight areas of the country (such as the rest of Colorado and all of Kansas--we drove by Bob Dole's home town and I now have a whole new set of theories as to why he's so unexciting) we would have just as soon gone a little faster. But we made it in three long days all the same. We're still in one piece, as is most of our stuff. We're grateful for that, and especially grateful for the help of the missionaries with unloading our things on this end, and that of Matthew, Andra and Richard with loading (by far the harder of the two jobs) in Provo. We're also feeling a little poorer than usual, as the truck rental was a bit steep, as was fuel for this beast which guzzled a gallon of gas every 8 miles. We mention this so that if anyone feels particularly sympathetic, checks can be made out to either Crystal or me and mailed care of my parents to: Future Starving Christian Children's Relief Fund (or FSCCRF); 3 Walnut Ct.; Moorestown, NJ 08057. Of course, your donation is tax-deductible. We returned the truck today to the apparent dismay of Peter who, it would seem, has not yet outgrown his affinity for unfamiliar motor vehicles to which he has access. Happily, he didn't figure out how to use the cab's fire extinguisher. He has now transferred his affection to our Subaru which is now covered with Peter paw prints and other evidences of his interest.

So here we are. The plan is to find a place to live in Washington and a job in a well-paying school district for Crystal. However, since we would prefer to live in the same area code as Crystal's work place, the first chore is somewhat dependant on the second. And as her first interview (for now) isn't until July 24, (a day with no particular significance to folks back here) we're kind of in a bind as far as wanting to tie down anything solid, alas. I presume we will begin searching despite this while continuing to enlist the services of our loving relatives in the Washington area. We especially appreciate Coco's efforts to find that all-elusive inhabitable 3-bedroom apartment for 208 bucks/month. That sounded funny before I wrote it. I realize now that it wasn't really.

Our two weeks in that fair city by the lake, Cœur d'Alêne, Idaho, with Crystal's families were pleasant. We played on Crystal's dad's boat and in North Idaho's scenic lakes. The trip served both as a sort of farewell to Crystal's family before our move to the right coast, as well as a welcome home to Crystal's sister, Carrie who had spent a year in Germany as an exchange student. All of Crystal's brothers and sisters came for the reunion with the exception of Liz who is spending her summer working in Alaska. During the school year, she is a student at that state's university at Fairbanks. While in Cœur d'Alêne, Crystal had an ultrasound which revealed that the fetus seems to be developing normally. A clean view in between the legs showed none of the exterior plumbing usually present in human males--most likely indicating that the fetus is either not male or not human. However since it was still too early in development to discern any female genitalia, the technician was only able to judge with 80 percent certainty that it's a girl. So there you go. Grandma and Grandpa were kind enough to take us to and from the airport and to allow us to leave our car in their driveway--as they do whenever we travel for which we are most grateful.

So that's us. We're happy. The NL shut out the AL in the All-Star game. *Independence Day* is actually a pretty cool flick, and Peter likes me because I brought home some *MacGyver* episodes he's never seen before. Gee, why shouldn't we be happy?