

# the Famlet monthly

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## Dear Family,

I realize I'm probably not yet old enough for this sort of thing to be happening to me, but I'm finding it increasingly difficult to remember things that have happened when I sit down at the end of the month to write this letter. I can usually recall the events of the past week or so, but I worry that this might be creating a bias in my record toward things that happen in the latter parts of months.

I try to jar my memory by looking back through the pictures on my phone. This helps to rectify some of the recency bias but is also an imperfect solution because I'm not an especially prolific picture-taker. It's a place to start, at least.

Incidentally, I realize that a daily journal of some sort would help in this regard. Sadly for me, apart from a 14-month stretch during my mission, that is a habit I have never been able to sustain. There's just too much good stuff on TV.

Speaking of which, to Crystal's, um, delight, July is when I renew my annual love affair with [Phil Liggett](#) [Warning: this links to a post with a couple of bad words (in case that sort of thing bothers you) but it pretty much sums up why a lot of us are in love with Phil] via 20 nights of Tour de France coverage. I'm probably not the only guy who imagines Phil providing commentary of my own bike rides—"And, sadly the American Willis has once again *CRACKED* on Stoneybrook Drive..." (You have to imagine it in Phil's British accent—I love the way he says "cracked.")

Anyway, the Tour ended today—ALL HAIL VINCENZO NIIBALI—and so this is over now.

This month's photos on my phone are from 1) July 4th; 2) summer swim league; and 3) youth conference.

I have exactly one photo from the Fourth of July—a blurry image of fireworks exploding over the Washington Monument. It is not, by any measure, a good picture, and I probably will not attach it to this letter, but it reminds me of blissful Independence Day evening sitting on the grass in front of the Lincoln Memorial eating Oreos and Doritos with Crystal and three of my daughters. (Lucy, who has trouble with big crowds, opted out.) Our plan of parking in Georgetown, walking the mile or so down from there to the Mall, and then escaping via Rock Creek Park, which out-of-towners don't know how to navigate and therefore avoid, worked to perfection for the second year in a row. The weather was unseasonably perfect—cool temperatures and no humidity at all. It was a nearly ideal day—one that started with the annual ward pancake breakfast, included an afternoon BBQ at the bishop's house, and ended with fireworks on the National Mall, that I probably would have remembered without the picture.

The next group of pictures on my phone are from various swim meets throughout the June/July summer league season. Unless Hannah opts to swim again after coming home from BYU next summer, which would be her prerogative as an 18-year-old, this was her last of a dozen years on the team. The team is a friendly, supportive bunch, as evidenced by the outpouring of love and well-wishes showered upon Hannah at her last home

meet. The announcer played the BYU fight song over the P.A. system. I don't know where he got it, and only the handful of people who heard me singing along were able to figure out what it was, but the friendly announcer happily explained the significance.

That same meet began with Hannah and her three sisters singing the national anthem in two-part harmony. It was cute, and many nice people said many nice things about it. Crystal recorded it. Maybe I'll try to figure out how to post it or embed a link or something, but that sounds like work, and there's a lot of good stuff on TV.

Hannah and Sophie both swam at divisionals where both dropped time. In Hannah's last event, the 100-meter breaststroke, she shaved two seconds off her seed time and jumped to third place to claim a small bronze-colored medal. She had won similar medals of all three colors in previous years' divisional championship meets, but I think this one might have meant the most to her.

Finally, youth conference. I probably would have also remembered that without photographic assistance since it ended just yesterday. Hannah, Lucy, and I were part of the two-bus, 110-person journey to Kirtland, Ohio, and environs. We left Thursday morning and rolled into Hiram, Ohio, that afternoon. In Hiram we visited the John Johnson farm, where Joseph and Sidney Rigdon had the vision recounted in the 76th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants. A couple hundred yards from the Johnson farm is the meeting-house of the Hiram Ward, where we had dinner and a private fireside with noted Kirtland historian (and stake patriarch) [Karl Ricks Anderson](#).

We spent the night in non-air-conditioned dorms (which didn't matter, because the weather throughout the trip was perfect) at Hiram College. The next morning we rode the buses 45 minutes northwest to Kirtland, where we visited the Morley Farm and everything at the Church's Historic Kirtland visitors' center (Whitney store, school of the prophets, etc.) and capped off the day with an evening testimony meeting inside the Kirtland Temple. I conducted the service and both Hannah and Lucy were among the youth who shared testimonies. That our small group loosely filled the pew boxes in the center of the room makes me wonder how they ever got a thousand people in there for the 1836 dedication. I think I would have found that annoying. But I find lots of things annoying—including long bus trips with loud teenagers.

But notwithstanding that, and notwithstanding the eight hours during which a 16-year-old autistic boy went missing, the whole experience was very pleasant—made more so by the presence of my girls, and I'm grateful to have been able to go.

And that, according to my photo roll, is everything that happened this month. I just looked at the photo roll on Crystal's phone and found basically the same things. She also had a few pictures of a blueberry-picking excursion that obviously happened one day while I was at work. So, at some point last week the girls went blueberry picking. I suppose that explains the blueberry cobbler a few days ago. They appear to have had a happy time.

We hope this finds you happy, too.

Love, Tim *et al*



This picture is actually from our Memorial Day weekend camping trip to Shenandoah (see last month's letter). I meant to include it then as evidence of the beauty of the view from Skyline Drive.



**Left:** Lucy in Kirtland, Ohio  
**Above:** Hannah and friend in Hiram, Ohio, in the Johnson farm room where [Section 76](#) happened.



Hannah and her dad in Kirtland, Ohio.

I told you it was a lame picture. I took it mainly to document this doofus who stood and video-recorded the entire show.



And here's the video

