

the Famlet monthly

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Dear Family,

Long-term planners may wish to take note of Lucy's recent announcement that she intends to be married in a white pantsuit and she would like her wedding colors to be brown and gray.

Lucy probably thought she was being contrarian in making this declaration, but it all sounds good to me. I don't remember whether Crystal and I had "colors" when we got married, but we probably did, and they were probably hideous. You really can't go wrong with two strong, versatile neutrals like brown and gray. They go with everything and they never go out of style. And as for the pantsuit, I'm delighted. Just don't get me started on how I feel about the pointlessness and frivolity of fancy wedding gowns. Such a sensible girl, that Lucy.

Speaking of Lucy, she was elected to the student council this month. I'm not sure what that means exactly, and I'm not sure she does, either. But she seems happy about it, and that makes me happy. Looking every bit the politician, Lucy also has taken to wearing pants to church. (The way I look at it, wearing pants to church is better than wearing no pants to church.) In some places, a woman wearing pants to church might be viewed as an act of defiance, but not here. I like here.

I imagine Hannah is still wearing skirts and dresses to church, but four Sundays have passed since we last saw her, and so I suppose I don't know for sure. Today was her first Sunday teaching gospel doctrine (she and her mother now have the same calling) and I'm looking forward to finding out how that went. She was visited by her home teachers on the 7th of the month, which has to be some kind of record, and initially reported that they were "cute." She subsequently upgraded them to "gorgeous" and describes this whole circumstance as "a win." Perhaps she will accompany one or both of them to Tunnel Singing tonight. [Tunnel Singing](#) is a Sunday night tradition that, according to [this article](#), goes back to 1990, my freshman year. I was by no means a regular, but I went a handful of times as a freshman, and learning that Hannah has started going—sometimes alone, sometimes with boys—makes me happy. It is one of those things that, if you are inclined to like BYU, you would probably find charming and delightful. If you are inclined to dislike BYU, you would probably find it trite, irritating, and "so BYU." It's something about which reasonable people can disagree, but I happen to be in the camp of those who are inclined to like BYU.

To the best of our knowledge, Hannah continues to get along with her friendly roommate, a Chinese national, not a member of the Church, whose father is a diplomat posted here and who (like Hannah) graduated from a Montgomery County high school. Hannah was a good sport about her roommate's eating a sandwich and laughing at her (not in a mean way) on fast Sunday while Hannah was waiting for the Cannon Center cafeteria to open. (Yet another thing that has not changed since my day: The dorm cafeterias don't open until 3:00 p.m. on fast Sunday. I don't remember loving that.)

I promised myself I wouldn't spend this entire letter recounting what Hannah has been up to, and so I'll leave it at that. Except to say that she apparently already learned everything she was

taught about alkali metals in a recent chemistry lecture from watching *MacGyver*, "so bam" (her words) and she was on ESPN for at least five full seconds during BYU's home football game against the University of Virginia. It was a shot of her lying on the lawn reading a book in front of the Jesse Knight Building with the mountains in the background. I have it on DVR if anyone wants to come over and see it.

In domestic news, the relatively new experiment of having each girl cook dinner once a week seems to be working well. They have each settled into a rotation of one or two favorites, all of which I happen to like, so that works for me. Lucy usually makes chicken pot pie or chicken curry, Sophie makes chicken with peanut sauce of chicken in a creamy basil sauce (I guess we eat a lot of chicken), and Grace is more of a wild card. When told she could make whatever she wanted and Mom would buy the ingredients, Grace's first choice was "steamed lobster." We were able to talk her down from that to clam chowder, which is what she usually makes. It the creamiest clam chowder I've ever had, made with half-and-half and probably more flour than is necessary. Grace refers to it as her favorite "liquidy" food. What's not to love?

Early this morning the five of us piled into car for a 90 minute drive to California, Maryland, so we could witness Trey Henrichsen final sacrament meeting talk in advance of his departure to the Bulgaria Sofia Mission. Trey is the son of Richard and Joann Henrichsen. Richard is my cousin—we were roommates at BYU the year after my mission and got married within a month of each other. That we now have children leaving on missions and going to college makes us wonder where the time went. (Their second son, Hart, is a freshman living in Heritage Halls. A friend of Hannah's mentioned to her recently that one of his friends—it might have been his roommate—is a guy from Maryland named Hart. He wondered if Hannah knew him.) Trey did a fine job and we are excited about his forthcoming adventure. His mission includes all of Bulgaria and Turkey. The plan is for him to learn only Bulgarian, and so he likely will not see Turkey. But plans sometimes change, and he'll be great wherever he is. The day, which culminated with a meal at the Henrichsens' house, was great and reminded me that we don't see them often enough.

Speaking of missionaries, Hannah's friend Ben got his mission call this month. Do you remember Ben? Ben is the very nice boy—I write this without any hint of irony—who took her to multiple proms over a two-year period and whom we sometimes described as "Hannah's boyfriend if she were allowed to have a boyfriend, which she wasn't." When he was in high school, Ben lived with his mother in Maryland during the school year and with his father in Idaho during the summer. After graduating this past June, Ben received his patriarchal blessing from Hannah's grandfather and returned to Idaho, where he received his call to—I'm not making this up—the Washington D.C. South Mission (Spanish speaking). For reference, we (and Ben's mother) live in the very nearby Washington D.C. North Mission. Hannah's not sure what to think about this, but Ben seems pretty excited, and so we're happy for him. He really is a nice boy.

Our best to you.

Love, Tim *et al*

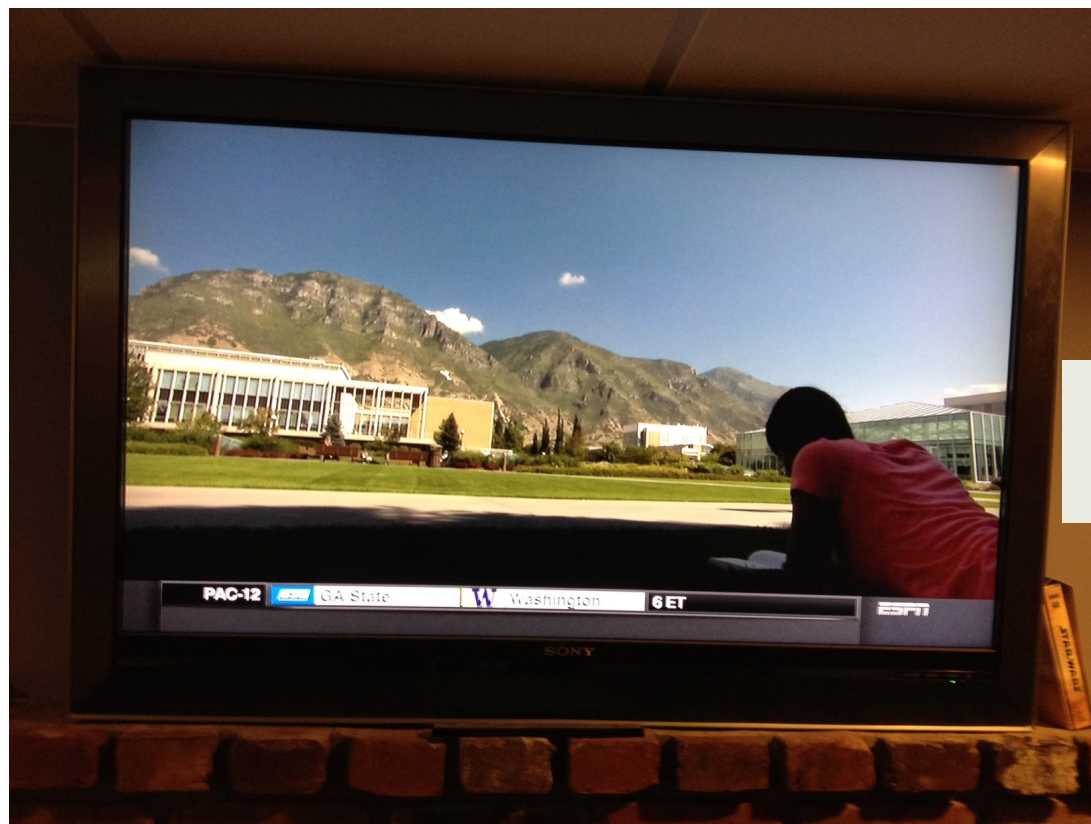


Two missionaries in our front yard between Sophie and Grace.

How can you tell they're missionaries?

By the iPads jammed in the back of their pants. Missionaries here have had iPads for the past year or so, and they all carry them this way.

It cracks me up.



Hannah on ESPN (Trust me, it's her.)



Apple picking on Rosh Hashanah
(Happy New Year!—No school)

One of many annual traditions that
carries on in Hannah's absence.
(Another is our annual Labor Day trip
to Harpers Ferry, for which we have
no pictures. Sorry.)

(The girl at right in the picture below is
Sophie's friend, Adrianna.)

