

the Famlet monthly

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Dear Family,

Maryland announced this month that it will join D.C. and Virginia in dropping parallel parking from its driving test. I cannot put into words how much this angers me. If our leftist state were as serious as it claims to be about curbing carbon emissions and reducing the number of cars on our congested roadways, it would make the driving test *harder*, not easier. How about adding a basic intelligence test? Nothing too hard (*I don't want to fail it*) but what if we were to draw the line at an IQ of 80 and distribute free bus passes to all the ~~Hillary-supporters~~ people who can't clear that bar? I feel like this would solve all the world's problems., or at least a few of mine, which is pretty much the same thing.

Notwithstanding its overabundance of traffic and non-thinking people (I saw my first Bernie Sanders for President bumper sticker in the YMCA parking lot two weeks ago) I actually enjoy living in Maryland. But if I could live anywhere it would probably be Seattle. I would never admit this to my in-laws, who I'm reasonably certain will not read this, but I have never gone there and not loved it. My visit to a client there a couple of weeks ago brought perfect weather, a couple of scenic runs, and dinner at Daniel's Broiler in Bellevue where I was seated one table over from [Lenny Wilkens](#). I did not introduce myself, but I gave him the silent head-nod-eyebrow-raise-I-know-who-you-are greeting. I'm pretty sure he saw me.

We hope Hannah, now home for the past six weeks, has not tired of us. We certainly have not tired of her. Earlier this month she was called to teach the older of our ward's two youth Sunday School classes, which includes Lucy and many of her former seminary classmates and other peers who are essentially her age. As you may know, with the advent of the Come Follow Me curriculum, the students teach just about as much as the teacher nowadays, so it really isn't all that different from a year ago when she was a student in that class. But she is the "grownup" in the room now, which is probably a little weird.

The relatively early end to the BYU school year meant that Hannah had some time to visit old friends who were still at school locally. Bianca, Hannah's best friend from high school, just finished her freshman year at Georgetown. During her visits Hannah observed that Bianca's dorm differed from Helaman Halls in a number of ways: 1) Unlike Georgetown, a nominally Jesuit school [that promotes same-sex marriage](#), BYU promotes same-sex dorms, 2) Helaman Halls bathrooms are not regularly coated with vomit after weekend binge drinking, and 3) Helaman residents decorate differently (see Exhibit A). For Sophie's effort at making her bedroom door resemble a Helaman dorm room see Exhibit B.

May was a month of vocal performances for Sophie. She began the month singing "For Good" (the duet near the end of *Wicked*) with a friend at her school's final "coffee house" event of the year. A couple of weeks later was a long day-trip to Kings Dominion for "Music in the Parks" where her chorus and orchestra competed and did well. (I helped chaperone the trip and was the piano accompanist for Sophie's chorus and one other.) The buses left the school at 5:30 a.m. and returned at 11:00 p.m. It made teaching the young men at a ward confer-

ence the following morning that much more enjoyable.

For Mother's Day, I made three quiches, a quinoa salad, and bacon-wrapped asparagus. With Mom, Dad, and Pete joining the six of us, it was the most people I had ever cooked for. Everybody was very proud of me and told me I was a good boy, which is really what Mother's Day is all about. Peter mistakenly believed Grant's family would be joining us and was inconsolable when he learned that he would not be eating the flourless chocolate cake he saw being prepared at their house the day before. He was comforted to some degree by Hannah's not-flourless (flourful?) chocolate cake at our house but was back in the dumps when his stern parents cut him off after just one piece.

On the day before Mother's Day, Hannah arose at 3:30 a.m. to drive with me to Lake Anna for my third consecutive go at the Kinetic Half triathlon. My times have improved over the years— from 6 hours 26 minutes in 2013, to 5 hours 53 minutes last year to 5 hours 38 minutes this year. That improvement notwithstanding, I am no better than the middle of the pack, finishing twenty-fourth out of fifty total 40-to-44-year-old men (or out of 57 if you include guys who started but did not finish). I'm getting faster on the bike and a little less slow on the run but my swim time is still a source of great embarrassment in this family of swimmers. Part of it may stem from an inefficiency in my catch and pull that Hannah has pointed out but that I am too lazy to work on correcting. A lot of it, however, simply appears to be my inability to swim a straight line in open water, as illustrated in Exhibit C.

For the second consecutive year we spent Memorial Day weekend with GrantJen's family and our friends the Jenkinses in Shenandoah National Park. We were joined this year by another family, friends of the Jenkinses, which brought our total group to 8 adults and 12 children spread out across three campsites at Big Meadows Campground. We once again borrowed Mom and Dad's enormous 1970's-era cabin tent that could probably sleep a dozen people, but we did not really need it, as the big kids opted to sleep out with the bears under the stars. I still can't say I love camping, but the company was great, the kids had a ball, and we've already scoped out the sites to reserve for next year.

Shenandoah was Lucy's and Sophie's second camping trip of the month. The first was with a group of our ward's young women to Patapsco State Park, followed by a next-day trip to the ropes courses, zip lines, and giant swings of [Terrapin Adventures](#). The event was planned in response to an emerging desire among our young women to do more things "like the Scouts do." We're not at parity yet, but we seem to be moving in the right direction. Grace, who was disappointed that she was too young to go, joined Crystal and me for dinner at BurgerFi followed by the 1985 film, *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*. I fell asleep five minutes in and woke up five minutes from the end. Loved the movie.

Hannah was not able to join us at Shenandoah as she was busy with opening-weekend work at Forest Knolls Pool, where she is now an "operator" in addition to being a lifeguard. As far as I can tell, her pool operator license enables her to turn the pool filter on and off, add chemicals to the pool, and boss other lifeguards around. She seems to enjoy the job.

We hope you are enjoying what keeps you busy.
Love, Tim et al





Above: Most of our group at Dark Hollow Falls at Shenandoah National Park



Above: Shenandoah—the little kids

Right: Shenandoah—the big kids
(the group that slept with the bears)



Above: Shenandoah—Lucy, Crystal, Grace and Sophie on Skyline Drive

Below: Grace with her Girl Scout troop at College Park Airpark.

