Dear Family,

I ended up writing last month's letter twice, in part because I am an idiot and in part because Apple products in general and iCloud in particular are worse than useless in terms of real-world business functionality.

I wrote the first version of last month's letter on my iPad while en route to Minneapolis-Saint Paul. I was not able to sync with iCloud, however, until arriving at my hotel room, at which point iCloud decided I did not actually want the version of my document that I had written on the plane and instead reverted me back to the nearly blank version of the document from before the flight. This was in part my fault, but only Apple would make it so easy for me to do something so stupid with no means of rectification. It's a telling commentary on the state of America that our most valuable company in terms of market capitalization makes absolutely nothing that is intrinsically valuable. (This from a household that is home to four iPhones, three iPads, and I've lost track of how many MacBooks. And no, I do not envision myself buying their stupid watch.)

I mention all this now because I now find myself in the back seat of a cab between my house and the airport, where I will shortly board a flight to Detroit and attempt to do the same thing on the same iPad that I did a month ago. We'll see how it goes.

Apple is not the only company I wish would go out of business. Have I told you how I feel about Scotts Lawn Service? Sophie mows our lawn, I rake it, and Scotts and the dog do a good enough job fertilizing it I guess, but their online payment system infuriates me. This month it compelled me to change my password to a "strong" one. Not being a *complete* idiot, I have several "strong" passwords, which I reserve for things that actually matter (my email and bank accounts, for example). For things that don't matter, like, I don't know, *my Scotts Lawn Service account*, I use variants of the same "weak" password, because who gives a dam? But Scotts is now making me change it to something containing two uppercase letters, two lower-case letters, one number and one "special" character. It's almost enough to make me cancel my service. I mean, I can see why internet marauders would line up to hack into my Scotts account to pay my bill for me or order an aeration I don't need, but I really can't justify remembering another "strong" password just for that. And so I'm writing it here for easy access when I forget it. My new Scotts Lawn Service password is jaCKa$$15.

I recently read my father's letter complaining about bugs in the Church's new online patriarchal blessing system. I suppose complaining about technology is just part of the aging process.

My brief trip to Saint Paul was highlighted by dinner with my cousin, Grant Boren, and his new wife, Brittany. I had dined with Grant once before in Minnesota, about a year ago, but I had not met Brittany. It's kind of cheesy to write a bunch of nice things ostensibly behind the backs of people who will most likely read them at some point, but I really enjoyed their company. They are a charming couple. Plus, they schlepped it all the way over from Minneapolis to meet me at Pazzaluna, across the street from my hotel in Saint Paul. We had pizza. It was good.

The following weekend was Easter, General Conference and the 13th birthday of both Sophie and her cousin, Emma Kent. Emma was born a few hours earlier than Sophie, a fact that is regularly recited when the girls are together on their birthday, as they were this year. We had the Kent kids with us for the weekend while Roland and Marci went househunting in and around Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and Spokane, Wash., where Roland will begin post-Navy life this summer as a spine surgeon.

Despite a surprising number of blustery April days, winter seems to be finally losing its grip. They cherry blossoms finally bloomed, at least a couple of weeks later than usual, and Crystal and I are back into our respective bike routines. I enjoy running and swimming in the cold; biking is a different matter. I took up too much space complaining about Apple and Scotts to describe our favorite routes in satisfying detail, but they frequently involve some combination of Rock Creek Park, the Capital Crescent Trail, downtown monuments, and Georgetown Cupcake.

Bike weather has returned just in time for triathlon season. (I enjoy triathlons even though I find triathletes insufferable.) Crystal ran her first one of the year this past weekend in Richmond. (I watched.) It was a short, sprint-distance race (400m swim, 20km bike, 5km run) and the swim was in a pool, but it was such a big pool (true Olympic-size pools like this are both rare and mind-bogglingly huge) that organizers were able to set it up like an open-water swim with turn buoys. I had never seen anything quite like it. This was Crystal's first race of any kind since her foot surgery last year, and she went in with low expectations, but I think she was happy with how she did. My first tri of the year is a week from Saturday.

On the Saturday before the triathlon, Crystal, the girls and I attended the funeral of the four-month-old son of a couple that had moved into the ward so recently that nobody had really even met them yet. Lucy, Sophie, and Grace sang *I Lived in Heaven* and sang it well. I was the organist and made a few concluding remarks, though nothing in comparison to the words offered by our bishop, who, you may recall from last month's letter, is the best. Having gone to see the Olney Theater production of *Carousel* the night before with Mom, Dad, and Pete, it made for a somber weekend. But I did get in a 50-mile bike ride through the sunshine and cherry blossoms Saturday afternoon, and for dinner that night I made shrimp tacos with avocado salsa verde, so it was not all dour and gloom.

Grace announced during breakfast on Wednesday, April 22nd, that it was going to be her "perfect day." Some of the reasons included, in no particular order: 1) P.E. at school, 2) piano lessons after school, 3) seeing her artwork on display at Lakeforest Mall, and 4) seeing Hannah again. We are all giddy to have Hannah at home for the summer. She arrived late Wednesday afternoon, in time to go directly from the airport to Lucy's school for its annual "Spring Fling" dinner and musical presentation. I meant to ask Lucy before I left today if it would be all right for me to write a little about her school, but I forgot and so I won't. She would tell you she does not care much for her school, but it's quite an interesting place.

We're landing. I hope not to have to write this letter a second time.

Love, Tim *et al*

Famley

since 1998

Grace and her artwork at Lakeforest Mall

Hannah and Sophie on Hannah's first night home.