

# the Famlet monthly

May 28, 2013

Volume 16, Number 5

## Dear Family,

I had never seen any Star Trek movie before this month. I could probably fill the rest of this page speculating as to why, but that would not make for very interesting reading. Instead, I will disclose the one and only thing that lured me into dropping 76 bucks for Crystal, Hannah, Lucy and me to watch *Star Trek Into Darkness*: My newfound man-crush on Benedict Cumberbatch. Cumberbatch is the latest in a long line of such infatuations, dating back to my early teenage years when I had a thing for Michael J. Fox on *Family Ties*. I don't know what it says about me that I've never had analogous fixations on any famous women, but you can draw your own conclusions.

On a completely unrelated note, I really like azaleas, and we made our annual 17-mile pilgrimage up to Brighton Dam one Friday evening earlier this month to take in the blooming azalea garden there. We stopped at the Urban BBQ in Sandy Spring for dinner on the way home and were pleasantly surprised by the friendly service. "Wow, she's really nice!" Sophie observed, referring to the waitress. Sophie then paused for a moment and added, "Are we in Maryland?"

The awesome food and attentive service at Urban BBQ may have caused Sophie to overindulge. "I feel sick," she said from one of the middle seats in the van on the way home.

"You shouldn't," Grace replied from the far-back of the van, "I feel fine!"

Grace is always good for a quote, which is one of the reasons I like taking her out to dinner, just the two of us. A couple of weeks ago Grace and I went to Friendly's, a restaurant-cum-ice-cream-parlor whose name belies its comically poor service. But our children love it, and we love our children (not to mention Friendly's Reese's Pieces Sundaes), and so we go sometimes. Grace ordered her usual, macaroni and cheese, and observed, "I like the macaroni and cheese at Friendly's better than at Fuddrucker's, Panera and Urban BBQ. The macaroni and cheese at those places is too cheesy." I informed Grace that the macaroni and cheese at Friendly's is just Kraft out of the box (it even says so on the menu) the same kind we eat at home. Grace replied, "Oh, so it's homemade. No wonder I like it so much."

Between bites of truly crappy-looking macaroni and cheese, Grace informed me that she had finally figured out the difference between a *shop* and a *store*. "A *shop* is where they only sell one thing or one kind of thing. A *store* is a store, like Home Depot. Who knows how many things they sell in there?"

Nothing moves the time along quite like dinner with Grace.

Grace and Sophie almost met Al Roker earlier this month when he visited their elementary school as part of the [Today show's "Wake Up With Al"](#) tour of various places in America of no particular consequence. (His visit to Forest Knolls Elementary School followed stops at a dairy farm in Tennessee and a firehouse in Louisiana.) Sophie, along with other members of the school's "Kids News Network" (KNN) was to have interviewed Al in connection with a TV show that KNN periodically produces for the school. But, to Sophie's (and others') disappointment, that part of Al's visit was cut. I don't know who was more upset, Sophie or Ms. Michael, the media teacher. Ms. Michael, who is

one of those teachers that everybody both loves and is a little afraid of, made a point of calling Sophie the night of Al's visit to tell her how proud she was of all the work Sophie had done in preparation for the event and how sorry she was that things hadn't gone exactly as planned. I thought that was very nice of her. I've been meaning to look for the fancy Yves Saint Laurent bed sheets Mom bought for Spencer W. Kimball to sleep in (but ultimately didn't). Somehow I think Sophie would appreciate that story.

Lucy is finishing up her middle school career by making preparations for a mega "Final Conference" presentation at the AFI Silver Theater on Friday. This is a developing story, and I'll have to remember to fill you in next month on how it went.

Crystal has been trying to figure out how to tastefully boast on Facebook about Hannah's performance on both the ACT (where her 32 appears to put her in the 98th percentile) and the SAT (where her 2220 appears to put her within a fraction of the 99th). Crystal hasn't figured out how to announce this without sounding like a braggart, and so I guess she isn't going to do it. And neither will I. At least not on Facebook. We attribute Hannah's success in part to her native brilliance and in part to Emily Eskelsen, a friend of ours and former White Oak Ward member before she and her family defected across University Blvd. to the Kensington Ward several years ago. Emily is a stay-at-home mom for the most part but is also a lawyer by training who contributes to the family fisc by preparing rich kids to take standardized tests. Being a friend of the family (and decidedly not a rich kid) Hannah received Emily's services gratis, for which we are grateful.

Hannah also went to "Mormon Prom" this month—a many-stake affair in Fredericksburg, Va. She describes the experience thus:

*It was quite possibly the most intense prom I have ever even heard of. The planning that went into it is absolutely inconceivable to me and it was spectacular—the decorations were amazing and anything you can think of to make it look awesome, they did. There was good music, even better food (chocolate mousse anyone?) and I loved going with the people I went with! Best prom experience ever.*

I don't think I can add anything to that.

I (purposely) did not leave much space to report on my first go at the half-iron triathlon distance earlier this month. Our dutiful children will now tell any passer-by who cares to ask that the new "70.3" decal on the back of our aging 2004 Toyota Sienna denotes the sum total of a 1.2-mile swim, a 56-mile bike ride, and a 13.1-mile run. I did the swim through Lake Anna in around 45 minutes (a little slower than I was going for, but fine, and at that pace it didn't really take anything out of me) and the bike in a fraction under 3 hours (not blazing, but faster than I had planned, and, in retrospect, it obviously *did* take something out of me). Adding in transition times, that meant that I could have completed the run 11 minutes slower than my previous worst-ever half-marathon and still achieved my overall goal of 6 hours. Well, I didn't. If you want to see how badly I missed, the results are posted [here](#). You can save yourself some time looking for my name by starting at the bottom (last place) and scrolling up. I'm happy to have finished, but I'm definitely going to have to do it again to get it right.

Hoping things are right with you. Love, Tim *et al*





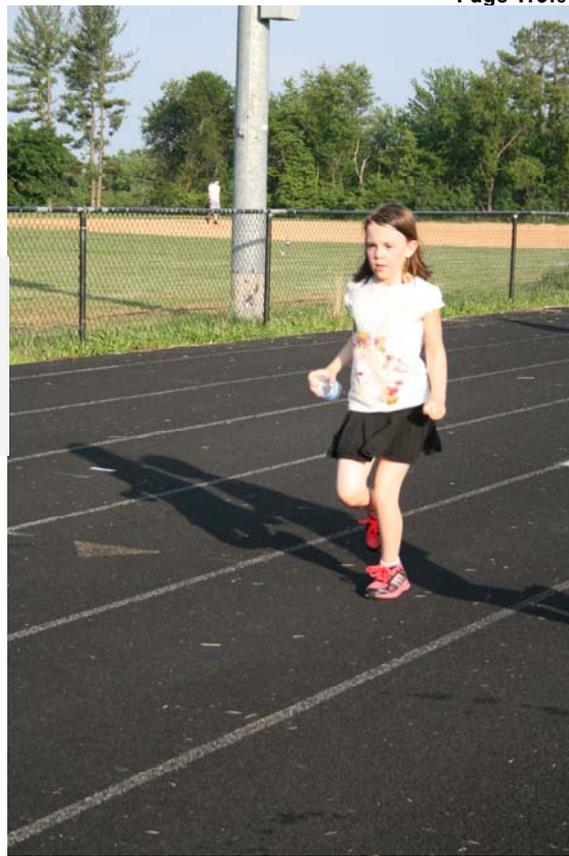
Hannah and friends at our house for dinner prior to driving to Fredericksburg, Va., for "Mormon Prom."



Lucy and the Brighton Dam azaleas



Sophie and Grace  
log some laps on the  
track at  
Forest Knolls E.S.  
"Running Club"



Kinetic Half Triathlon — Lake Anna, Virginia — May 11, 2013



Swim 1.2 mi. — No Problem



Bike 56 mi. — No Problem



Run 13.1 mi. — **PROBLEM**