

Dear Family,

3 June 1999

I've not yet received my father's monthly family update. Consequently, if I can get this out (at least electronically) before he does, his account of Montréal, rather than mine, will be repetitive. Since I'm pretty sure he's currently without his laptop aboard a plane between here and Seattle, I like my chances.

May's highlights include the aforementioned trip. We began the 7 1/2 (or so) hour drive from Moorestown with Mom, Dad and Peter on Monday the 10th. We had enough time after our arrival on Monday for swimming and some limited wandering. We spent Tuesday morning in the old city, where he had lunch in a cool little Inn that looked straight out of the Midi (I've never actually been to the south of France, but this place was how I've always imagined it.) That evening we "climbed" Mont Royal (in a bus). Dad's hopes of hiking back down the mountain were dashed when Peter's alter-ego (MacGyver) manifested itself and tore off after some imaginary "bad guys" in the woods. By the time Mom found him, it had become too late for the hike. Alas, the bad guys remain at large.

The next two days in Montréal included visits to the Botanical Gardens, Biodome, the Latin Quarter (where we ate at a fun little French bistro/cafe), as well as probably the coolest church I've ever been in (Saint Somebody's Basilica -- modeled after St. Peter's -- Dad probably remembers the real name.) We spent Friday in Québec City. A simply beautiful place, our enjoyment of it was curtailed somewhat due to illness, pregnancy and/or infancy. We saw the Citadel, Montmorency Falls, and the inside of another neat French restaurant.

I had a great time. I also wasn't sick. Hannah and Crystal also enjoyed it in spite of their above-referenced limitations. The culture was neat (if you're into French -- a lot of people aren't.) I actually found the accent agreeable, though had difficulty comprehending at times. To me, the accent had something of a Boston quality to it. While I enjoyed the place, certain qualities made it clear why other Canadians hate Québec. I offer the following lone example:

French Signs We Encountered Which <u>Included</u> An English Translation:	My Translation of French Signs We Encountered For Which <u>No English Translation</u> Was Provided:
◇ "Our Speed Limit is in Km/hr"	◇ "Fire Exit"
◇ "Pay Here"	◇ "No Parking - Towing At Your Expense"

Enough said.

May 28th was our 5th wedding anniversary. We spent the late afternoon at the National Gallery where we caught the extensive John Singer Sargent exhibit two days before it left town. We spent a little time in the brand new sculpture garden next to the National Gallery before walking to Old Ebbitt Grill for dinner and to *Les Misérables* at the National Theatre (the very place in which I enjoyed the same show nine years ago.) It was another very good production. May 28th was also my maternal grandparents' 62nd wedding anniversary. We celebrated together the following day at their place with some Greek Food. The Saturday before had seen every Henrichsen within 175 miles (all 12 of us) meet for dinner in celebration of Grandpa's 90th birthday. We thoroughly enjoyed both occasions.

Despite our not seeing how she could truly understand (though we have taken pains to explain it to her) Hannah seems to be aware that she won't be an only child anymore. She makes frequent references to how she wants to be a baby, and often wants to sleep in her crib (she's been in the "big girl bed" since December.) Her parents (oldest children both) are attempting to rev up repressed memory in an effort to empathize. Her athletic skills have come a long way. She shoots the basketball almost as well as her younger and more male cousin, Noah. This represents a significant improvement. However, I'm sorry to say that she throws -- forgive me, Andra -- like a girl. I'll work with her on that.

Hope everybody's well.
Tim/Crystal/Hannah.