

Dear Family:

31 July 1999

We were gladdened to learn of the Borens' safe arrival in Tooele.

It would seem to me that the preceding sentence standing alone like that is just begging for some kind of defamatory punch line. Nevertheless, in light of my inability to so much as find Tooele on a map, as well as my own upbringing in an (at times) unfairly maligned locale, I'll leave it alone.

We just returned home from a fun morning/early afternoon at the beach with Coco. It was she who suggested that we try Sandy Point, a bay beach, on the assumption that Hannah's introduction to the sea might be less frightening without the ponderous waves and surf of the ocean. Moreover, we're closer to the Chesapeake than we are to the Atlantic, and Hannah and her father both prefer to keep driving times to a minimum. We cut the day quite short due to the suffocating heat, which makes any extended stay in non-air conditioned environments, even the beach, insufferable. Hannah's unfortunate encounter with a jellyfish contributed to the brevity of the stay as well. We battled the weekend traffic across the bay bridge and had lunch at Hemmingway's on the Eastern Shore. It's been a fun, tiring day. Coco is afraid Hannah will never want to return. I bet she will. She's already talking nostalgically about the "big water."

I guess this has been the month for doing stuff with Coco. We finally got around to seeing Star Wars a couple of weeks ago. We caught it at the Uptown (on Connecticut Ave in the District) with Coco, who lives within walking distance of the theater. Coco, who is generally more given to the obscure independent film—I keep forgetting to ask her if she's seen the Blair Witch Project yet—than most run-of-the-mill box office bonanzae, was cool enough to go with us anyway. She of course knew the best seats at the Uptown, and if there's a better place to watch a movie, I haven't been there. We were also at Coco's place last Sunday night for dinner with Dick and Shirley. They flew in from Salt Lake for an extended weekend with Grandma (and, as it turned out, everybody else.)

Last evening, we had our first ever day-care-kids-and-their-parents barbecue at our house. We've arrived at the point where all of our day care clients have military ties. It wasn't until after a number of vain efforts at advertising in the paper that we figured out that all we had to do was have Roland scatter a few flyers around the base. Since then, business has been rolling in. Our clientele is mostly comprised of children whose parents are biding their time on the waiting list for (considerably less expensive) child care on the base. It's my understanding, however, that base day care is characterized by much of the same tenderness one is apt to find at boot camp. Apparently, some parents have expressed interest in coming back to us after a couple of lousy experiences on base. But this interest has never been acted on, I guess, since at the end of the day they can choose to pay \$80/week for base care (double entendre intended), or \$160 (\$175 if you're under 2) at our place. Anyway, we like our market niche. Business is good enough that we were recently able to rid ourselves of Jake before he had occasion to seriously injure any of the other children. For those of you who haven't met Jake—with my newly expanded mailing list, I realize that's most of you—you're probably better off.

Two days have passed. It's now Monday evening, and I'm killing time waiting for the start of the final lecture of my final MBA course. It's been an intriguing way to wind up my degree. No one wants the course to end more than the professor. He canceled the in-class final, made it a "take-home" (without making it any harder) and lopped off the last two weeks of class. I have to keep reminding myself that I'm not at Jim-Bob Junior Community College. The course was supposed to run until the 16th. I guess we could have gone to the reunion after all—except for the whole 7-months pregnant thing.

Mom's in town spending the weekend plus two days with her mother. Yesterday, the two of them attended our ward and had dinner (with Coco--*again*) at our place. It makes 3 out of 5 weekends in July during which I've seen at least one of my parents. In addition to the weekend of the Fourth, we were up there last weekend to attend the Tolman wedding reception, and to have dinner with a college roommate of Crystal's. The roommate (Carol) and her husband (Slade—or Jade, or something equally pretentious—nice enough guy though) who live in Portland, were here visiting "the East." We caught up with them during their Philadelphia leg. They sniveled over the weather here. So did we.

Hope this finds you well. Try to miss us at the reunion.

Tim, Crystal & Hannah

p. s. kindly don't misinterpret my tone. We actually enjoy doing stuff with Coco ... and hope the feeling is mutual.