

Dear Family:

29 April 2001

This was a month marked by a bunch of small, seemingly insignificant events; events which perhaps would be given short shrift in, say, an annual Christmas letter. But, as those of you who regularly venture beyond the first paragraph of these monthly installments know all too well, *nothing* is mundane enough to warrant exclusion from this, my humble attempt at doing my father's bidding.

I've already forgotten the chronology of this month's events. But among them was an eighteen-hour trip to Harrisburg and Hershey, Pennsylvania. (Eighteen hours was the duration of the entire trip, not how long it took to get there.) The four of us spent Easter night with Mom, Dad and Pete in a Residence Inn that we were evaluating (at least notionally) as a potential family reunion site. I gave the complimentary "continental" breakfast (which included eggs and waffles) high marks. And despite a somewhat intrusive housekeeping staff, I think the place was probably good enough to solidify its position on the "definite maybe" list. I played hooky from work the next day as we exposed Hannah and Lucy to the wonders of Hershey's Chocolate World and factory outlets. We also wandered into downtown Harrisburg and took a tour of the Pennsylvania Capitol; a structure whose breathtaking architecture and décor are somewhat reminiscent of the Chateau de Versailles and make our national Capitol look like the Montgomery County courthouse. Despite Lucy's apparent inability to sleep anywhere other than her own bedroom, it was a fun 18 hours.

The following Friday, the seven of us who went to Harrisburg were reunited in scenic Suburban Maryland and joined there by Matt's and Grant's families and Coco. We met for dinner at Rod and Karel Kent's favorite Silver Spring dining establishment, Mrs. K's Toll House (a family-owned white tablecloth we're-expensive-so-we-must-be-good joint). This restaurant will be site of Andrew's wedding breakfast, and it is my understanding that Friday's dinner had a get-a-feel-for-the-place or some likewise intangible purpose. Dunno. I had the pepper steak. I recommend it, though Grant insists the ostrich is to die for. Much of the Moorestown contingent spent the following day at the temple while all the little girl-cousins got together and reaffirmed their love for one another.

Hannah continues to enjoy swimming lessons. Her affinity for the water has prompted her instructor to warn us that Hannah needs especially close monitoring since, in the instructor's words, "She doesn't know that she doesn't know how to swim."

This month also saw the construction—marked by only a minimum of profanity—of Hannah and Lucy's new play set/play gym/whatever. The wooden assembly features a small "fort," swings and a slide. Hannah and Lucy both seem to enjoy it so far. Their parents enjoy it because it brings neighborhood kids (and, therefore, keeps Hannah) here. Our controlled backyard environment minimizes the need to worry about what we at times view as a criminally negligent lack of parental oversight at certain neighbors' houses (from whence unsupervised children routinely dart out in front of my car). Anyway, being thoroughly familiar with my complete lack of even the most basic construction skills, I cringe as I watch the hoards of children (to whom Hannah still refers, despite having been acquainted with them for a quarter of her life, as her "new friends") routinely test the durability of the structure. For the record, the slide has withstood 4 simultaneous sliders, and the "glider" swing seems to handle three...though I'm not sure the whole structure's supposed to sway like that...hang on while I go tighten some bolts...

I almost forgot to mention our Easter program. The choir performed well, due in no small part to Roland's anchoring the bass section and Marci's competent piano accompaniment. Their move to Southern Virginia (red state) leaves a gaping hole in the ward—and in the heart of Hannah, who couldn't conceive of going to church this morning without seeing Noah. Their move was to allow Roland to begin his internship (or residency, or whatever you call it right after graduating from medical school) at Portsmouth Naval Hospital. On his way out of town, Roland installed our new dishwasher and garbage disposal. (My budget just loves it when stuff breaks at the same time.) He also built new countertops and thresholds for our kitchen, which is looking less and less lame all the time.

Notwithstanding my propensity toward hooky-playing, I was not among the 5% of KPMG Consulting, Inc employees laid off nine days ago. This is the second round of layoffs I've survived since joining the firm—the first since we became a public company. (I was hired by the tax and accounting giant, KPMG, LLP. LLP then spun off the consulting business, which became KPMG Consulting, LLC—which promptly fired a bunch of people. Pursuant to our initial public offering in February, "LLC" became "Inc.") The stock (NasdaqNM: KCIN—please STOP SHORTING US!!) got a respectable 25% IPO bump before hurriedly making its way to the toilet. It'd rallied somewhat (with the rest of the market) in the days leading up to the surprise workforce action, but apparently not enough to make any difference. Anyway, it's quite a somber atmosphere at work these days.

On a happier note, this past Friday saw Crystal and Hannah attend kindergarten orientation at Forest Knolls Elementary School. It's tripping us out that she's just four months away.

Next month: More about Lucy (our other daughter who doesn't get nearly the ink she deserves).

Love,
Tim