

Dear Family:

30 June 2001

Continuing our now month-old tradition of composing this letter on I-95 between Philadelphia and Washington, this month's installment is written on the way home from an unusually eventful eight days.

They began with Andrew and Jessica's wedding in the Washington DC Temple on a beautiful and sultry Washington summer day. Temperatures in the 90s accompanied by that special kind of shirt-soaking humidity made posing for pictures especially pleasant. Following the wedding, we raced north (northeast really) to Moorestown to prepare for the drive south to the reception in Cape May the following day. (One interesting and annoying aspect of Atlantic Ocean/Delaware Bay geography creates a condition in which the fastest way to travel from Washington to Cape May—two places on essentially the same degree of latitude—is to travel more than 100 miles north, then come back south on the New Jersey side of the water.) Held in the Cape May chapel (and I mean the chapel, as the small building lacked a dedicated cultural center), the reception was enjoyable, featuring live music (from the stand, with Peter occasionally providing backup vocals) and food a cut above standard Mormon wedding reception fare.

Rather than returning home after the reception, we traveled north (would've had to go that way anyhow—stupid ocean) back to Moorestown. There, we ditched, er, left Hannah and Lucy in the care of Grandma and Grandpa (plus Great-Grandmother Willis and Great-Aunt Lou Jean who'd come for the wedding) and headed north to Lake George, nestled in the Adirondacks of eastern upstate New York. We stayed in a quaint little B&B (redundant, I know) on Glen Lake (a few miles south of Lake George) and enjoyed 4 carefree childless days and nights. The area is lovely. The tourist trap Village of Lake George (pop. 900, which works out to roughly one miniature golf course for every seven people) is reminiscent of Coeur d'Alene in terms of scenery and proximity to outlet malls, but with deciduous tress and infinitely more kitsch. We were happier when we were in other places...like atop mighty Buck Mountain, whose summit we reached following a grueling 3½ mile 2,000 vertical foot climb; a climb well worth the pain as it provided pristine views of the lake and surrounding areas unencumbered by miniature golf course windmills. Or at Fort Ticonderoga (at the north end of Lake George, where it dumps into Lake Champlain on the Vermont border, and it occurs to me that this letter is slowly developing into a boring geography lesson) where, let's see if I remember this right, the French beat the British, then the British beat the French, then furniture company executive Ethan Allen and the Americans beat the British, then the British beat the Americans, then the British just gave up and went home. Or something. We also did a lot of just hanging out. We returned to Moorestown to find our children still alive. They reportedly had a good time, but since I have no first-hand knowledge of this (and since this paragraph is already unbearably long) I'll leave those "details" to my father's letter.

Within a couple of hours of our return to Moorestown, David "PDS" Farnsworth had joined us there. He was duly impressed by our well-tempered children and was not slow to properly ascribe credit to Crystal. Last night featured a reunion dinner with Cathy Blondeau at Red Hot and Blue (PDS picked up the tab) followed by engaging discussion on a variety of topics, including "They can't help it; it's not their fault they're French" led by Cathy, a naturalized American citizen who isn't the world's foremost fan of her native land.

So there are the eight days.

The other 22 days included another weekend in Moorestown prompted by Jessica's bridal-shower-cum-kinky-lingerie-fest in Cape May, which I didn't attend. But Andra, Coco, and Crystal did, and I enjoyed spending Saturday with Matt and our daughters (and Sunday with everybody else.) On the work front, I finally concluded my work on KPMG Consulting's annual mortgage performance benchmarking study. The 3-month project culminated in an industry roundtable at which I was a featured presenter (okay, just a presenter). Next up looks like a long-term engagement at the US Department of Housing and Urban Development (FHA, Ginnie Mae, deadbeat borrowers; you know the drill). Such an exciting life I lead.

From the proud-of-myself department, my first attempts at wiring have resulted in two new overhead lights and switches in the unfinished portion of the basement (i.e. the area where the washer/dryer, ping-pong table and extra freezer live—those of you who've been here know what I mean). Thanks to my expert work, we can now see into many corners and recesses of the basement heretofore obscured by darkness. Not coincidentally, we have also installed two fire extinguishers. Hope your month's been as good as ours.

Love,  
Tim