

Dear Family:

We all enjoyed having Mom and Dad ("Tim's mommy and daddy," as Sophie now refers to them) here along with Uncle Pete for part of the weekend. I suppose it's normal for children to get excited at the prospect of seeing their grandparents, but it's a nice thing to see all the same.

I'm inclined to devote a significant portion of this month's edition to Sophie, my youngest daughter, who by this time next month will likely have been forced to surrender that distinction. I'm curious as to how she'll handle this. She's spent much of the past several months complaining about how much it hurts to have a baby in *her* tummy. (Sometimes she can feel it trying to come out through her nostrils.)



Sophie, almost 3

When she's not battling the challenges of pregnancy Sophie's busy refining her Lucy-inspired princess fetish. She must have in her arms at all times a minimum of 3 Princess Barbies, and would watch the fabulous feature film *Barbie as the Princess and the Pauper* on a continuous loop for 24 hours if we'd let her. (Sometimes that seems like a good idea.) She continues to be a destructive kind of princess, though, and we've moved the dresser out of her room in response to her daily emptying of it during nap time.

I don't think she'll ever be potty-trained, but her pronunciation is improving. She's learned how to say Lucy's name (she used to call her "NO-we"), and is getting closer to her own ("Fophie"). Her favorite food is "tella-on-it," which translates to "anything with Nutella® on it." We buy the stuff by the case (thanks, Costco) and go through it faster than any of my four-elder apartments in the France Paris Mission did (and we lived on the stuff).

A lot of people (at least three) seemed to have enjoyed the last round of Lucyisms. So I thought I'd include another few here. Unfortunately, I made the mistake of asking Lucy's permission first. She nixed the two that I wanted to use because she didn't want everyone to think she was mean. So I'm limited to this one, which she doesn't even know about because she was asleep when she said it:

"I have to obey. But I can't. I can't. I can't. I CAN'T!"

You may have to imagine Lucy's tortured, dramatic stage voice (which I guess isn't put on after all since she even uses it in her sleep) behind the utterance for it to be funny. This one also makes me happy, though, because it seems to suggest that her heart's in the right place.

Just so you don't forget, we also have a daughter named Hannah, who by virtue of being 8, now attends something at church during the week called "Achievement days," where, it would seem she is taught how to sew, iron and do laundry, among other things. I guess that's good. She likes it. She's over the flu-like symptoms that leveled her for much of this past week, which is good, but I'm afraid Sophie has it now, which stinks.

I was actually in Park City for a couple of days this month. One of my firm's principals was presenting at Freddie Mac's annual Winter Mortgage Finance Forum at The Canyons, and I'm pretty sure I was brought along

mainly to carry her luggage. But I did manage to squeeze in half a day of skiing. (I don't know how to ski, even after a half-day one-on-one lesson, but at least now I think I know everything I'm doing wrong.) I also nearly froze to death on the back of a two-horse open sleigh that took us all to dinner one night at the "Snowed Inn." That was pretty cool. It occurred to me that for all the times I've been to Park City, I don't think I'd ever been in the winter. It's very pretty.



Crystal and Carol enjoying George and Martha's place
(Sophie and Lucy not enjoying George and Martha's place)

Finally, we feel we celebrated George Washington's 273rd birthday in the most appropriate way possible by all making the 35-mile trip down to Mount Vernon. The Federal observance of Washington's Birthday (I refuse to call it "Presidents' Day") is the one day each year when admission is free. So it was a zoo, but we got down there early enough to find parking. Our family party was joined by Carol Morgan, one of Crystal's college roommates, who was in town attending a linguistics conference. She's fun to talk to. The birthday celebration featured the standard parade of revolutionary war soldiers playing fifes and drums, firing muskets, and leading boisterous bayonet charges. The level of enjoyment was mainly a function of age. Everyone 8 and up seemed to have a good time. Not unexpectedly, Lucy and Sophie hated it.

They like you, though. We do too. Have a nice month.



Hannah having a better time
than her sisters

Love,
T, C, H, L & S

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