

Dear Family:

I bagged my first deer this week.

I don't see myself ever owning a gun, but my 1999 Hyundai Elantra wagon was weapon enough on the way to seminary at 5:45 A.M. Thursday. It was still dark and I allowed myself to be distracted by a group of what must have been five or six deer standing on the side of the road. What I thought was just a quick glance evidently lasted long enough for me not to notice a yet another one crossing in front of me—at least not before it was too late... I'll skip all the gory details. I'm fine and the car took it remarkably well (as far as I can tell—I haven't taken it in yet). The hood's a little dented, I think the wires are all that are keeping the left turn signal attached (it still works) and there's still some deer hair poking out of my grille, but that's about all the evidence there is of the encounter—now that the carcass on the side of Kemp Mill Road has been removed.

Seminary that morning was fairly uneventful. I related the incident to one of my students who arrived early. She found it all very disturbing and wanted to know whether it was a "mommy," a "daddy," or a "baby" deer that I had killed. I tried to explain that if I'd had time to ascertain that, I might have been able to avoid crashing into it. She wasn't happy with me.

It occurs to me that by the time I write again I will have taught both my 300<sup>th</sup> seminary lesson (since my appointment two years ago) and my last lesson of the school year. There is still some question as to whether I will have a third go of it in the fall. If it becomes *my* decision then I'll probably do it, if only because the course of study next year is The Book of Mormon. But I'm really tired now and am yearning for the break. Twenty classes to go.

Part of the reason for my fatigue doubtless stems from my new work assignment, which has me back at my old Fannie Mae digs for 40 hours a week (give or take) from now probably until the Willis reunion (at the end of July). It's a far more somber company than the one I left a year ago. Sometimes I feel like I'm the only consultant in the building that isn't working on the earnings restatement. (If you don't know what I'm talking about, you really ought to open the Business section once in a while.) But the biggest drag of it is that I'm no longer working from home, which means less time for seminary preparation, less time working on the couch in front of the TV, and more time in an office (sharing a cube with another consultant, actually—all the office space has been consumed by the "restatement team") surrounded by people wondering where they're going to be working in three months.

The upside, though, is that Grant, Andrew and I are all now working in the District. Grant's on the Hill, Andrew's a block from the White House and I'm five blocks from Coco's place. (I'm not really into landmarks.) I still get

a kick out of telling people that my little brother (Andrew) works at the "Fed" (i.e., the Federal Reserve, our country's central bank, for those of you who don't read the Business section). The follow-up question invariably is, "Does your brother know where rates are headed?" (If he does, he's not telling.)

The three of us took advantage of our proximity to one another last Tuesday to meet up after work, grab dinner, and head over to the Nats-Phillies game at RFK Stadium. The outing was ostensibly in celebration of Andrew's 26<sup>th</sup> birthday six days earlier, but I suspect we might have gone anyway. I disgusted my brothers by wearing my (I mean, Grace's) Nats cap and cheering for the home team. (They won.) If I'd brought a camera to the game, I'd have taken a picture not of our seats inside (which weren't bad) but of our rock star parking spot, not even a sand wedge from the stadium, that Grant somehow got for free from the filthy rich law firm that employs him. (This experience compares favorably with the last time Grant and I attended a Redskins-Eagles game—different stadium—when we had to pay 25 bucks to park in a lot so far away from the stadium as to require a shuttle bus.)

In other baseball news, earlier in the month, Hannah, Lucy and I attended a Bowie Baysox (an Orioles Class-AA affiliate) game. Hannah had a good time. I still maintain (as I have in previous letters) that there's nothing like minor-league baseball for great, wholesome (and cheap) family fun. But I guess I still need a dose of the big leagues once in a while. So it's great to have brothers in town.

In real news, we very much enjoyed having all of the Willises in town for Grace's blessing. Dad pointed out (rightly, I think) that this was the first time all of us had been together in a Fast and Testimony meeting. He was the only one of us to share his testimony during the meeting. After offering the standard apology most out-of-towners

make for horning in on another ward's meeting, he proceeded to bear one of the most beautiful witnessses of the Savior, of his love for us, and of this Work, that I've ever heard. It was simple, and stirring, and somehow resonated differently than anything I'd ever heard him say from a pulpit, even as a stake president (which job involves a fair amount of testimony-bearing). Maybe I was just in a different state from having just blessed my daughter. But probably not. It was pretty cool, whatever it was.

It occurs to me that at this very hour (approx. 7:30 P.M. EDT), my sister-in-law, Elizabeth, is getting married in Akiak, Alaska. Had we been able to attend, I doubtless could have collected enough material for 10 Famlets (including the details of a trip into a town that is only accessible via bush plane; a town where the only accommodations consist of *the floor of the school* where she and her beau, Keith, teach). But, alas, we're here. So we lamely, but sincerely, wish them well from afar, and look forward to seeing them and meeting Keith at the Louisville reception in June.

We wish you well, too.



"The Sisters Four"

Love,  
 T, C, H, L, S & G

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