



Dear Family:

"SOME PEOPLE SHOULD NEVER BE RESURRECTED."

-Lucy

In this month's Lucyism, "some people" refers specifically to Hannah. I can't remember what Hannah did. But it was upsetting enough to Lucy that she felt quite certain that death was the only appropriate reprisal. And she began her tirade by demanding that her mother or I carry out this sentence at once. Then, I guess, remembering that death isn't really the ultimate end for anybody, she added the line printed above.

Lucy really is pretty doctrinally proficient for a 5-year-old. In addition to her grasp of universal resurrection, she was reportedly the only child in junior sharing time who knew that the Melchizedek Priesthood was restored by Peter, James and John. At least this is how it was related to us by more than one surprised primary teacher. Neither Crystal nor I has any memory of teaching her this. But it would seem that we're doing a better job of preparing her for a career in Church Jeopardy than we are of teaching her fundamental Christian principles of forgiveness, patience and altruism.

She's a sweetheart most of the time, though. I can't remember if I've written this before, but she's taken quite a liking to art; particularly to *her* art. She likes to sleep with it.

"Aren't you worried it'll get crumpled, Lucy?" we sometimes ask.

"No, I'll still like it."

"What if you wet your bed?"

"That's okay."

"What about your art?"

"It'll be fine."

Hey, if an erotic Virgin Mary sprinkled with elephant dung is good enough for the Brooklyn Art Museum then I guess a urine-soaked family portrait (tempera on construction paper) is good enough for Lucy's bedroom wall. (I think she's working on some kind of rotation system.)

When she's not fighting with Lucy (and the fighting isn't as frequent as I might make it sound) Hannah enjoys reading, riding bikes with her friends and watching *MacGyver* reruns. She continues to do well in school, and recently completed an extra-curricular research project on stars and galaxies. I enjoyed the opportunity to blow off an afternoon of work to come watch her group present its findings. This was done by way of a very slick PowerPoint presentation (which actually made me feel like I was still at work, even though I wasn't able to figure out a way to bill the time). I still don't really understand what nebulas and quasars are. But I'm pretty sure she does.



Today: With Coco at my Henrichsen Grandparents' Grave

The Forest Knolls Elementary School Talent Show also took place this month. I had the privilege of attending it on consecutive nights: once as a parent "volunteer" and once as an ordinary audience member. As a volunteer, I was tasked with helping to keep order in the "green room." I did a lousy job of that. But nobody died, so I'm cool with it. As an audience member, I was actually able to see Hannah's act—her on the piano while two friends danced with ribbons. It lasted all of 25 seconds. I enjoyed it. But the price of admission (i.e., having to sit through all the other acts) was a bit steep for me. That's okay. Watching Coco chase Lucy and Sophie all over the multi-purpose room was pretty fun.

If you're fortunate enough to be on Mary Beth's e-mail list, you probably already know that Emily Bingham is interning this summer at The Heart of America Foundation, a District non-profit that collects books and distributes them to schools in poor areas with otherwise empty libraries. It sounds like they do some other things, too, but I believe Emily's responsibilities have mainly to do with the books. She's living in Arlington, in a neighborhood that is so over-run with interns from Utah schools (mainly self-righteous BYU types) that it is referred to by the student population as "Little Provo." The upside of all this for us is that Emily is just a Metro ride away and was able to come over for dinner this past week. We didn't get to hear much from her because Hannah was in her "guest mode." If you've ever visited us you may recognize this as the one in which she starts talking and then, thanks to a seemingly endless string of non

sequiturs, doesn't run out of things to say for at least three hours. (Incidentally, guests aren't always required for her to go into "guest mode".) Still, we were able to pick up that Emily misses home a little, but is having a good time here. That seems about right.

Let's see, who have I missed? Oh yeah, Grace and Sophie. They're both doing fine. We think Sophie might be experiencing some anxiety related to being displaced as the youngest child. Or maybe she's just being a three-year-old. It's hard to say. Grace is sleeping through the night more and more.

Crystal and I celebrated our 11th wedding anniversary on Saturday in the lamest way possible: Dinner and *Star Wars*. I guess staying home would have been lamer. We don't feel completely comfortable leaving Grace with any

of our standard babysitters yet. Fortunately, Coco was willing to come over and watch everybody. I guess everyone's seen the film at least once by now. We liked it okay, but were both a little let down by the number of questions it left unresolved. The nature of these questions is probably gender-specific. For example, I walked out wondering why Obi-Wan didn't just kick Darth Vader into the lava to make sure he was all the way dead. And Crystal still can't understand how it is possible for a woman who never looked more than six-months pregnant to give birth to two 15-pound babies. Anyway, last year's trip to St. Lucia was probably more memorable. But we're still happy to be married.

OK. That's it. Happy Memorial Day.