

**Dear Family:**

It seems like I just wrote one of these. Hopefully, enough has happened in 2½ weeks to fill another page. My cousin, Jacob Corry, manages to crank one of these out every week. I'm not sure how he does it. Jacob is a medical student in southeastern Kentucky, where he is also—I think this is right—the elders quorum president, the ward clerk, often the Sunday school teacher, and sometimes the nursery leader in his small branch. He must be a faster writer than me. At my father's suggestion, I have pinned Jacob's latest letter to the bulletin board in my study. I intend to refer to it the next time I get annoyed at something that happens in my ward so I can remind myself how good I have it.

This weekend is summer's last gasp. School starts Monday. I'll give seminary students that day off and begin on Tuesday. I spent a chunk of yesterday morning at the church, cleaning out my closets and replenishing the candy supply. This afternoon I have a kick-off meeting with all my students and their parents, and then we should all be good to go. I only expect there to be 4 or 5 kids from our ward, which, as I've discussed in previous letters, is a demographic disaster. I ran into Brother Fox at the church yesterday and we got to chatting. (Bill Fox is one of two former mission presidents in our ward. At present, our ward has more former mission presidents than members of the priests and teachers quorums.) He recalled how when he was our ward's seminary teacher he had upwards of 25 students. I think we concluded that this was sometime after 1980, but we couldn't nail it down any more precisely than that. The students from our ward will be heavily supplemented by a yet-to-be-determined number of students from the Spanish-speaking Glenmont Branch, with which we share the building. If history holds, I'll get as many as 20 different students from Glenmont attending at some point during the first couple of weeks, of which 6 or so will come often enough during the year to earn credit. If you were sitting here with me, I wouldn't be able to recite the names of the 20, but I could probably tell you who the 6 will be. They tend to be the ones whose parents stop me in the hall on Sundays, even if they barely speak English and only know me as their kids' seminary teacher. They always stop me and tell me thanks, and it always makes me feel happy.

We've had lots of fun visits from family in the past two weeks. In addition to Dad's standing monthly temple-trip visit, we had Crystal's sister Brenna, just home from her mission to Honduras, with us for three nights. She and Crystal chatted for hours into the night, swapping tales of life in developing countries. I didn't have much to contribute to these discussions, but often had occasion to quietly reflect on how glad I was to have been sent to France.

A couple of hours after Brenna left we were joined by my Aunt Mary Beth and her three daughters: Emily, Elizabeth, and

Rebecca. Emily, an undergraduate student at Utah State, had been in town working on an internship since May and was being reunited with her mother and sisters. They were with us for two nights. They spent Saturday in town looking at stuff, and Sunday with us. Needless to say, the kids loved having everybody here. And we enjoyed it, too. I don't think Crystal or I had to wash a dish for 48 hours.

Our final guests of the month were Roland and Marci Kent and family, who stayed with us Friday night so they could attend the temple yesterday morning. Hannah and Noah did a better-than-usual job of incorporating Lucy into their fun. Interestingly, Emma, who was born about an hour before Sophie seems to have taken a greater liking to

Lucy than to Sophie. It's hard to tell, actually, because she calls both of them "Lucy". But either way it's okay because Sophie only has eyes for Gracie (or "Day-see," as she calls her). Sophie can't begin her morning without extended cuddle time with Grace (see photo). The Kents live in southeastern Virginia, not far from Williamsburg. We'd be happy to see Jenny and John Miller, just now settling in at William & Mary for law school, follow the Kents' example in making our guest room a part of their temple trips.



I guess I have just enough space left to write a little about Andrew's and my adventure to the Eagles pre-season football game against the Ravens in Baltimore last Saturday night. T.O. didn't play, but it was still a lot of fun. The deafening atmosphere was indistinguishable from that of an NFL playoff game. (I know this because I've attended exactly one of those.) You never would have known the game didn't count. But the Eagles won anyway. Andrew and I intelligently wore neutral colors into the stadium, but, like idiots, started cheering wildly when the Eagles' Dexter Wynn returned a first-quarter punt 74 yards for a touchdown. We stopped doing stuff like that when people started yelling bad words at us and threatening to violate our civil rights. It was a lot more fun than I had the previous Saturday with Andrew, when I was involved in moving a whole bunch of heavy stuff into their new third-floor condo (with no elevator). But I'll let him write about that.

Have a nice month.

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

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