

Dear Family:

I don't think it usually takes new bishops very long to figure out the importance of delegating responsibilities. But it didn't really take me any time at all. If I were to die tomorrow, I'm pretty sure I'd be best remembered at work as the manager responsible for popularizing the phrase, "It'd be easier if you did it."

So, it is in that spirit that I am delegating the writing of this month's letter to Crystal. Rest assured, Jake Corry (good luck with the move, by the way), that Crystal is every bit as sarcastic as I am (not to mention a better person and much more in touch with the lives of our children). Enjoy!

When asked (often and solicitously) how our family is adjusting to Tim's new calling as bishop, I often respond, "Actually the most stressful thing in my life right now is Seussical."

Hannah, Lucy, and I are currently preparing for our roles in our stake's production of a Stephen Flaherty/Lynn Ahrens musical based on the works of Dr. Seuss. It's called "Seussical." Get it? Me neither. I have been cast as the Sour Kangaroo, a domineering mother/gang leader who is really mean to Horton the elephant. (Seuss-lovers, see *Horton Hears a Who*.) She is described in the script as "Aretha with more Attitude." I've never done any remotely Aretha-like singing, so this is a stretch, and I sometimes find myself wondering whether I'm the only white woman ever to have played this part. I'm working on my Attitude. Lucy is playing the part of the Young Kangaroo. Hannah is a Who. We spend about nine hours a week in rehearsal and it will get worse as showtime approaches, but we're having fun. There are some semi-professional theater people involved in running it, so we're in good hands and have faith that it will come together. The best part is that, in spite of Tim's new calling and all this Seuss-related activity, we are actually finding more family time now than we have for several months. From mid-January until the end of May, Tim was so busy at work that we never even saw him for dinner and the kids rarely saw him before going to bed. So now we're able to just be grateful that that's over.

Not to be left out, Sophie is also honing her dramatic skills, but in a much less formal way. We're pretty sure that her primary acting coach is Lucy, as evidenced by her recent mastery of the phrases "how dare you" and the ever-popular "I want my real mommy and daddy."

We're getting used to our new summer routine. Swim team practice provides our days with structure. We're very close to the pool and I'm able to send Hannah and Lucy off to practice on their own. On days when I'm in the mood I drag Sophie and Grace to the pool too and we hang out for as long as we feel like it. It's the best of all possible worlds. Hannah and Lucy are independent enough to go without us, but on days when we'd just as soon get out we have somewhere to go. I've been pleased to find that I'm finding it much easier to manage my kids this summer than I remember it being last year. It's amazing how much easier life is when you can pretty much count on sleeping almost all night and don't have to spend hours each day sitting in one spot nursing a baby.

In spite of having come a long way since last summer, Grace is still not really choosing to walk. She's cruising when she feels like it, walking with a guiding finger when in the mood, and engaging in the occasional

unassisted stand, sometimes accompanied by a step or two. Where she really shines is in emptying drawers and shelves. We're trying to make a habit of keeping almost every door in the house closed almost all the time. Bathrooms are an area of particularly high interest. A momentary lapse and no one will be able to find their toothbrushes and we'll all be walking through a fine film of Bon Ami cleanser. In the kitchen she's particularly fond of the pull-out garbage can and onion drawer. mmm...love those onions. They're pleasantly crinkly and tasty too. Other talents include playing with the light switch in her bedroom (she can reach it from the crib) and standing on her mother's hip (she may not be able to walk, but she performs acrobatics that I think would be of interest to the recruiters for Cirque du Soleil).

That leaves Daddy. He's splitting his time at work between the Fannie Mae restatement that's been consuming him since January and Fannie Mae's annual mortgage industry study that he does every year at about this time. (He assures me that this year will be his last on the study; something he's been saying since 2004.) He's settling in to being a bishop and we're both getting used to his new first name. Tim really likes both of his counselors, one of which is his father's age, and the other of which is 16 months younger than Tim. His first counselor, a 64-year-old statistics Ph.D. at the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, has begun wearing bow ties to church in a show of support and solidarity. His second counselor, a 33-year-old international economist at Treasury (who missed church today because he was in Australia for work), is starting to feel the pressure of the new unofficial bishopric dress code. (He doesn't know how to tie them...yet.) We're both enjoying the friendship and support of ward members. Tim's spending a lot of time in handbooks, dealing with the fact that he can't talk to me about the hardest parts of the job. I suspect I'm going to end up knowing much less about what's going on in the ward than I used to. We used to be able to share tidbits of interesting information and speculation about what's going on. Now there's all this stuff that weighs on him, but that he can't tell me, which makes it harder to find a way to talk about the normal, non-confidential goings-on in the lives of our friends in the ward.

But we're adjusting, coping, and happy. And we hope you are, too.



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

100 HANNES STREET
 SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND 20901