

I'm not sure at what age people start to have reservations about wearing the same clothes three days in a row. All I know is that Sophie (age 4) hasn't reached it yet.

Like Pat Riley descending from his exalted General Manager position to coach the Miami Heat to the NBA title, I am abdicating my Editor's post to reassume my lead writing responsibilities in the hope of restoring this beloved Famlet to its once sarcastic greatness.

You might have thought I was going somewhere with that opening paragraph. I'm not. Crystal writes about the kids. And I write about myself. Unfortunately, I lead a fairly dull life. Take right now for instance. It's Saturday night, and, as I type this, I'm sitting on my bed watching *Fletch Lives* on the Sleuth network. I just recently discovered the Sleuth network. It specializes in mystery and crime dramas from the '80s: *Magnum PI*, *Knight Rider*, *The A Team*, and *Miami Vice* to name a few. Needless to say, it's become one of my favorite channels. Needless to say, Crystal hates it. So she's gone downstairs to start working on that wing chair she's been meaning to recover for the past five years. But anyway, this is the long way of saying that sometimes I feel a certain duty to write about my interactions with the four short people who happen to live in my house. Otherwise, dear reader, you just might not make it through. And that would be sad.

Take today, for example, which I spent most of with the aforementioned short people at the "new" annex of the National Air & Space Museum out by Dulles Airport. It isn't really all that new anymore—at least Hannah and maybe Lucy had been there before on school field trips—but I'd never been, so it was new to me. It's basically just a big airplane hangar, but still a pretty cool place. They have a space shuttle, a Concorde, the *Enola Gay*, and lots of other shiny flying machines. The girls had their moments, but were reasonably well-behaved. Lucy reports that she wants to be an astronaut when she grows up, but might have to get over her fear of heights first. She wasn't a big fan of the catwalk around the inside perimeter of the museum (cleverly designed to give non-acrophobiacs a better view of the aircraft) or of the observation tower: "What if the glass breaks and it falls over with us in it?" she asked early and often. But we managed to survive it. I've included some photos for your enjoyment on Page Deux.

Earlier in the week, the girls helped me celebrate

my 35th birthday in style. We went to Olive Garden. I had the chicken marsala. The girls had the chicken strips. That was actually the night before my birthday. On my birthday I had to go to bishopric meeting, which I considered canceling, but didn't because we had a number of urgent matters.

Two nights before the very special trip to Olive Garden with the kids, Crystal and I celebrated my birthday at the Rams Head Tavern in Annapolis where we joined our friends Rick and Jill Kemper for dinner (on their wedding anniversary) and together took in a performance of The Capitol Steps. Regular readers of the Famlet may recall that the Capitol Steps are a singing comedy troupe that does political song parodies. (For example, they began the performance with a song sung to the tune of "Springtime for Hitler and Germany" entitled "Springtime for Liberals and Hillary." You get the idea. They claim to put the "mock" in "democracy" and they do.) They're mostly making fun of Republicans these days, probably because, let's face it, it's easy. But Ted Kennedy, John Kerry, Al Gore and even Bill Clinton remain favorite targets as well.

We really like doing stuff with the Kempers and hope they never move. Unfortunately, everybody around here moves eventually.

At 35, I may still be a young bishop, but there are two in the stake who are younger. The three of us, plus our 34-year-old stake presidency counselor, comprise an "under-35 bishops club", which meets for lunch once a month downtown. It's a therapeutic opportunity to vent and compare notes, and I just hope I don't get kicked out of the club now that I'm 35.

At 35, I also find myself becoming more sentimental. Has anyone seen what they're doing to our beloved Deseret Towers? W-Hall is no more. It's like they just decided to erase my whole freshman year of college. I got an alumni e-mail informing me that I could watch the demolition on BYU's Web site. Why would I want to do that? I loved that place.

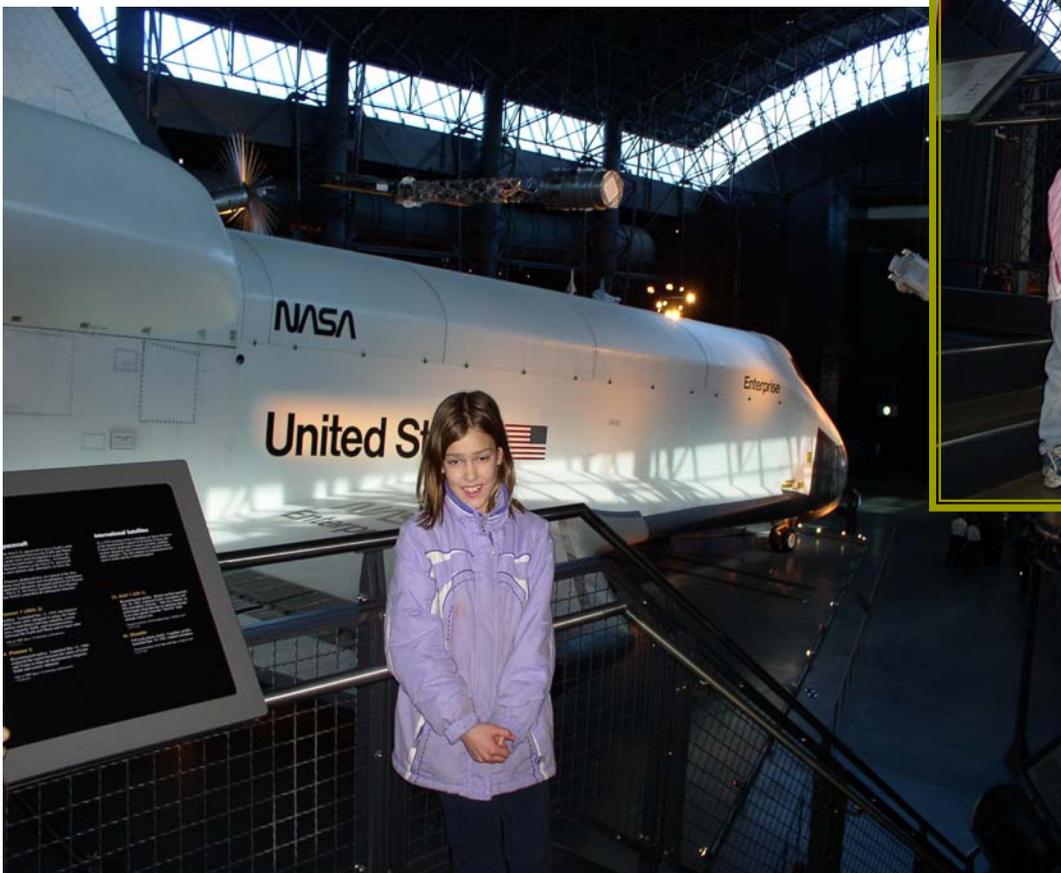
I began this letter writing about Sophie's dressing habits. I'll close it with her brushing habits (her tooth-brushing habits). We learned recently, pursuant to a really bad toothache, that Sophie has *three* cavities. We took her to a pediatric dentist who was very kind and gentle. He instructed Sophie to raise her hand any time she wanted him to stop. Her hand was up early and often.

Well, *Fletch Lives* just ended. *Miami Vice* is starting. It's time for me to go to sleep. Have a nice month.





The Girls in various poses at the National Air & Space Museum annex in Chantilly, Va.



If you don't know who's who, it's probably time you paid us a visit.

*(Clockwise from top left: Sophie; Lucy & Grace; Lucy & Hannah; Hannah)*