

So my first counselor and his wife just dropped by out of the blue to deliver me a brand new bow tie. It's a nice shade of burgundy with a subtle golf pattern. I love it. Turns out they'd just been at Joseph A. Bank, saw the tie and bought it for me. What a guy! Raise your hand if your first counselor's ever gone out and bought you a new tie for no apparent reason.... Yeah, I didn't think so.

Combine that with today's arrival of my gallery admission badge for next week's [AT&T National Hosted by Tiger Woods](#) at legendary Congressional Country Club and I'm in an unusually good mood right now, which means this letter might lack some of its usual sarcastic charm.

Sorry.

I wasn't in nearly as good a mood three Saturdays ago when Crystal and I joined Grant and Jen in running the 17th annual "Lawyers Have Heart" [insert joke here] 10K race. The course was about as nice as you could ask for, beginning at Washington Harbour in Georgetown and running about three miles out Canal Road along the Potomac and then doubling back. But the sun beat me down on the inward 5K and I almost died. Crystal beat me; Grant beat Crystal; and Jen beat all of us. (Jen, actually, was the fastest female finisher on the whole [Jones Day](#) team.) I'm too embarrassed by my time to include a link to it here. But I've provided enough information in this paragraph for you to Google it yourself if you feel so inclined. I honestly have no idea how you runners do it. But I did get a shirt, which is pretty much the only reason I subject myself to this torture. So the day wasn't a total loss.

We all had a much better time a couple of weeks earlier on Memorial Day, which we spent in and around Lusby, (near Solomons) Maryland. We wanted to do something fun on the holiday for a change, so we called Richard and JoAnn Henrichsen and invited ourselves to their place for the day. They graciously dropped whatever (doubtless more interesting) plans they had, and spent the day showing us their local marine museum, taking us to their HOA's private Chesapeake

beach, and feeding us lots of food. Our kids absolutely love their kids, so it was a great day for us. We just hope it wasn't too hard on them.

Crystal and I attended two "graduations" this month; Sophie's from pre-school and Hannah's from elementary school. Sophie's was more bearable in that it was held indoors, and was simple and subdued. Hannah's took place out under the blazing sun (which made the whole thing eerily reminiscent of a 10K I'd recently run) with entirely too much pomp and ceremony (in my view) for a bunch of kids finishing fifth grade. On a positive note, Hannah was one of a dozen or so fifth graders to receive an award for academic excellence (featuring an authentic computer-generated signature of President Bush!). I don't recall what all the criteria were, but it sounded impressive at the time. So that's nice.

Hannah and I celebrated her graduation by going out to dinner at a sushi place downtown next to the Verizon Center, and then entering said Center to watch a [Washington Mystics](#) game. (That's professional women's hoops for anyone who didn't know there was such a thing. And if interest in the 10-year-old WNBA continues to wane as it has, there soon won't be such a thing.) In case you've never seen it, women's basketball is a lot like real basketball, in that it is governed by many of the same rules. There are also some key differences that, given space constraints and fear of being run out of my own house, I won't get into. But Hannah loved it, and, therefore, I loved it.

Grace continues to drive us nuts. (I should probably state up front that we still love her.) Her newest thing is to remove her diaper in the middle of the night, soak herself (and all her bedding) in urine and then scream. This happens essentially every night around 11:30. We have (okay, Crystal has) tried a number of remedies, including duct tape on the diapers. So far nothing has worked. We continue to assume (and hope) that it's just one of many things she'll eventually grow out of.

Lucy and Hannah are back neck-deep in swim team, and seem to be enjoying it. But I guess I'll have to cover that next month.

Hope it's a good one for you.



Quote of the Month

“Help me, MacGyver! Help me!”

—GRACE (age 2), while being escorted out of sacrament meeting



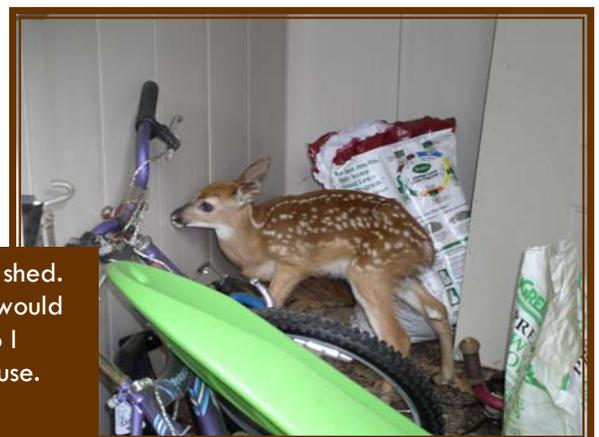
At the National Aquarium in Baltimore (2 June 07)

Uncle Pete, Hannah and Lucy (above)
Mommy and Grace (below)



Two “Graduations” (12-13 June 07)

Sophie and teacher, Miss Susan (above)
Hannah and principal, Ms. Langford (below)



This baby deer got stuck in our yard this month and took up residence in our shed. The socially responsible thing would have been to call animal control, which would have collected the little thing and killed it. I couldn't stomach that thought, so I picked it up and returned it to its mother waiting in the woods behind our house. The entire family is probably road kill by now, but I'm sleeping okay.