

**Dear Family,**

There's something about a family reunion that's a little like looking at oneself in a fun house mirror. I think I mostly resemble Jacob Corry, but I'm probably just flattering myself. It's more likely that I'm an elongated version of David Willis. (Or maybe it's just that we share the same—correct—worldview on everything.)

I immensely enjoyed this past weekend in Park City, Utah with Mom, Dad, Peter, Hannah, Lucy and perhaps as many as 80 other descendants and in-laws of my paternal grandparents, several of whom exhibited evidence of actually reading my letters from time to time. Famlet compliments alone made the trip worthwhile, but there were other highlights.

Among these was Cousins Night Out—a reunion tradition that now goes back more than two decades to when we oldest cousins were mid- and young teens, and the powers that be decided that the 12-and-over set was entitled to a night out on the town for pizza (or something). There couldn't have been more than 5 or 6 of us at the first Cousins Night, which, if memory serves (and it might not), took us to University Mall in Orem. (This would have been in the days when we holding reunions at BYU—perhaps before Jake Corry was old enough to begin loathing the place, but perhaps not.) This year, there were enough grown men present from my generation to field two complete softball teams. And so we did (while the girls gave themselves pedicures or something). It was easily the most entertaining softball game I've been involved with since my intramural glory days. I went 0 for 3 at the plate, but reached base twice on charitable fielding errors by Grant Boren and Greg Funk. (Thanks, fellas!)

[I add parenthetically here that my empty performance with the softball bat was a fitting cap to a day that began on the golf course with the aforementioned David Willis and the six Farnsworth men. There things began swimmingly, and continued that way right up until I caught the shanks halfway through the round. Fortunately, Dave was a reliable partner who bailed us out on just almost every hole coming in. I'm sure I'd enjoy playing with him more often. It's too bad he lives in Oregon.]

Cousins night concluded with an impromptu gathering of what seemed like just about everybody—old and young—behind the Bingham's condo, just off the 18th fairway of the Park City Golf Club. I spent most of the evening just lying on the grass, gazing into the slowly darkening sky and listening to everybody visit. Sometimes I'd engage in a conversation, but, uncharacteristically for me, I mostly just listened; listened and thought about the unusual and wonderful people I have the privilege of being related to. It was a great night and a microcosm of my entire weekend.

I enjoyed myself despite a near-constant headache, sluggishness, and occasional nausea that persisted throughout my stay. My lazy mind attributed all three

symptoms to everything from hypoxia (Silver Spring Elevation: 340 ft; Park City: 7,000 ft) to dehydration to sleep deprivation. Miraculously, my symptoms subsided long enough for me to fly home Monday, only to spend the next day incapacitated by dizziness that confined me to bed (except when I occasionally arose to throw up). I only mention this so I can apologize if I infected you with something; I didn't realize I was actually sick. The good news is that I'm feeling much better now. So, if I gave it to you, it should all be over soon.

The trip to Utah caused Hannah and Lucy to miss the last swim meet of the season—Divisionals—which the team won anyway, capping an undefeated season. I'll miss some of the camaraderie with other parents even if I don't miss all the idiotic e-mails encouraging me to set a better example for my kids by, for example, bringing my own washable plate and utensils to the potlucks. This, allegedly, is more environmentally sensible than using the disposable items provided. I'd question that assertion, but, fortunately, Crystal's calming influence regularly keeps me from unleashing my inner jackass, which, in this instance, would manifest itself by hitting Reply All and writing, "Thanks anyway, but I already have a religion...."

Swim season also means the girls spend a *lot* more time in the shower at home. (I just opened my water bill—up 125 percent from last quarter!) The enviro-nazi corps hasn't yet gotten around to proscribing extended showers at the pool, but everyone except Crystal and Grace prefers to mess up our home bathrooms and waste water we're paying for.

My weekend jaunt to Utah followed Crystal's weekend portraying Elisabeth in our stake's presentation of the Church's dramatic musical production, *Savior of the World*. (In case you haven't been to church in a while, Elisabeth was the mother of John the Baptist.) The girls and I went on opening night, which Crystal said was her worst performance, but she sounded fabulous to us. Everyone did. It was really, really well done all the way around, and I remain in awe of the latent talent that lurks in the stakes of Zion; talent that really only gets showcased by things like this. Among the many things that impressed me were make-up artists that somehow transformed Crystal into a 70-year-old-looking woman. (In case you haven't been to church in a while, Elisabeth was freakishly old when she bore John the Baptist.)

I have just enough space left to report on Hannah's and my third annual pilgrimage to Bethesda's legendary Congressional Country Club (site of the 1964, 1997, and 2011 U.S. Open Championships) to watch the AT&T National Hosted by Tiger Woods. We followed Tiger, who ultimately won the tournament, for a couple of holes, and then ditched the mob to follow a group that included Hunter Mahan and my fellow-left-handed BYU alum (and current winery owner) Mike Weir. I had a great time with Hannah, as I always do. (And I hope she did, too.)

It's been nice seeing so many of you. I look forward to seeing most of the rest of you at Oglebay next week.

Have a good month. Love, Tim et al.





Hannah and her dad at the AT&T National Hosted by Tiger Woods

July 3, 2009

Congressional Country Club  
Bethesda, Md.

Please note that my popped collar is a completely unintentional by-product of the gallery pass around my neck.

(I haven't popped my collar on purpose since eighth grade.)



Hannah's mom as Elisabeth in *Savior of the World*



Left: Elisabeth & Zacharias

The remaining pictures on this page are random swim team shots.

(I lifted them from another parent's flickr account.)



Above: Hannah begins her relay leg

Left: Lucy guts out some back.



Above: Hannah watches the end of her relay

Right: Sophie (left) and some other girl.

