

Dear Family,

It's occurred to me that at some point this summer I will likely preside over my 50th monthly welfare committee meeting as bishop. That many welfare meetings (not to mention the countless welfare-related interviews, visits, and phone calls between the monthly committee meetings) is enough to change a person. This month, for example, I went to the movies twice (which is approximately 1.5 more times than I go to the movies during an average month). On both occasions the annoying commercials before the previews included two items promoting services for 1) those unable to pay their electric bill, and 2) those unable to pay their mortgage. I don't know what it says about me that my immediate, visceral reaction to both ads was actually one of annoyance: *If you can't afford to pay your light bill, you really shouldn't be dropping 12 bucks on a movie ticket.* I suppose it's possible that I would have had this same reaction four years ago, but it's hard to say for sure. (For the record, the movies were *Date Night*, which I watched with Crystal, and *How to Train Your Dragon*, which I watched with Lucy and Sophie. Both movies were less than 90 minutes; therefore, I enjoyed them.)

With those details out of the way I can now proceed to the most important news of the month: Lucy's haircut. Lucy will read this letter, probably before you do, which means I have to be careful about what I write next. I think she'll be okay with my telling you that her hair has traditionally matched her temperament. And while we've perhaps given up on trying to rein in her, shall we say, passionate disposition, it was decided it might be easier to simply cut off most of her hair. Lucy was okay with that approach, and I think it looks great.

This all transpired over spring break, and the first non-family people to see it were church friends. My understanding is that they were largely complimentary of the new do (once they figured out it was Lucy, which took some people longer than others).

School, as you might expect, was another story. I asked Lucy after her first day back whether the reaction at school was at all like the reaction at church. She responded using phrasing that is 100 percent Lucy, "Predictably, the people at school were less nice." She seemed especially perturbed some of the things said by boys. This prompted her mother to (try to) explain that while boys and girls both say mean things sometimes, boys are more likely to say something mean without really meaning to.

The scene reminded me of that joke Dad likes to tell about the boy who desperately tries to think of an appropriate compliment to pay his dance partner before finally settling on, "You know, for a fat girl you don't sweat much."

I think the moral of the story is that boys are idiots, but it's not always for a lack of trying. But I'm a boy, so I might have that wrong.

Spring Break was enhanced by a visit from Andra and

her kids. (Matt stayed in Raleigh to continue his sadism training...er, I mean dental school.) I was busy for most of the week, too, so I can't provide a first-hand account of everything that happened, but I understand it included a trip to Fort McHenry and our annual pilgrimage to the Butlers Orchard "Bunnyland," known to our children as the "Easter Farm." As I'm sure I've written in past years, this is one of those pick-your-own-fruit places that, for two weeks every spring, erects a bunch of Easter-themed attractions (egg hunts, rabbit petting, big slides, a hayride through the woods with cartoon Easter bunnies everywhere, and I forget what else). I expect it's one of those things that I'll find annoying right up until the moment the youngest kid outgrows it, and then I'll be sad.

Spring break, however, did not include our annual pilgrimage to the cherry blossoms. Well, it sort of did. We drove down on Good Friday morning, but later than usual (after 7:00 a.m.) and the place was already mobbed. So we bugged out, stopped for breakfast at McDonald's near Howard University (I'm embarrassed to admit noticing that we were the only white people in the place—I don't think the girls noticed, which doesn't surprise me) and then went [duckpin bowling](#). (I'm not embarrassed to admit noticing that we appeared to be the only people at the [White Oak Lanes](#) under the age of 75.) If you're not familiar with duckpins, it's a regulation bowling lane with short, squatty pins and a ball about the size of a very large grapefruit (or, if you prefer, a muffin from Costco). It's really hard to get a strike and the amenities are straight out of the 1970s, but it's still a lot of fun. The age distribution at a duckpin alley follows what people in my line of work call a "barbell," with heavy concentrations under 12 and over 80, with virtually nobody (other than the children's parents) in between. I'll try to remember to include some pictures.

Okay, let's see...movies, haircut, spring break, duckpins...oh, did I mention that Sophie turned 8 and was baptized this month? Well, she was. This was the first time we had it together enough to invite several friends not of our faith to the service. These invitations yielded a few friendly neighbors, both from our neighborhood and from Stonegate (where grandma and grandpa and Grant's and Andrew's families live). The Stonegate people were primarily in attendance to see Sophie's cousin, Alex, who was baptized at the same, somewhat unusual service that concluded with remarks from Grant (representing Alex's ward's bishopric) and me (representing Sophie's—it seems unlikely that I'll still be the bishop when Grace is baptized in just under three years, but I suppose stranger things have happened). Among the neighbors who did not come were our next-door neighbor, Nicholas, with whom Sophie spends most of her free time (though not as much now that she doesn't have to go there in order to play Wii). It seems that Nicholas, upon learning that Sophie was going to be baptized, asked if he could be baptized, too. Sophie apparently responded that he couldn't because the service had already been planned. Maybe some other time.

We are grateful for Sophie's choice and for all of you who made it such a pleasant experience (particularly to Grandma Carolyn, Grandma and Grandpa Kent, and Tawny, all of whom traveled from three time zones away). It was nice seeing all of you.

Love, Tim *et al.*



Sophie and Alex (and their
dads)
April 17, 2010



The girls with Grandma Carolyn
(at Brighton Dam)
April 19, 2010
(Lucy post-haircut)



White Oak (Duckpin) Lanes
April 2, 2010



A bunch of kids at Fort McHenry (half ours, half Matt's and Andra's)

March 31, 2010

