

## Dear Family,

One of the cool things about living here is you just never know when you might run into the Secretary of the Treasury at your kid's swim meet.

It was Saturday, February 5th. I was sitting in the bleachers at Hannah's high school meet (against Whitman) when I heard somebody casually say something like, "Hey, Tim, how's it goin'?" I didn't recognize the voice, but I reflexively turned toward it and realized that the speaker was actually addressing [Timothy F. Geithner](#) who happened to be sitting across the aisle from me.

I spent the next several minutes trying to think of how I might introduce myself. My first thought was, "Hello, Mr. Secretary—hey, my name's Tim, too; what are the odds?" My next thought was, "Pleasure to meet you, sir, huge fan of your economic policy." But that would've been a lie—at least the second part. The best I could come up with was, "Yo, my little brother, Andrew, has a Masters from [Hopkins](#), just like you. Go Blue Jays!"

Needless to say, I didn't actually say any of those things and instead just sat there like an idiot with my nose in *The Book of Basketball* for the rest of the meet. (That's the book Grant gave me for Christmas, in case you forgot. It's a 700-page tome and I'm not a very fast reader.) There's a lot more cursing in it than I thought there would be, but (though it embarrasses me to admit this) bad words still makes me giggle sometimes and I only have 75 pages to go.

This has been a three-talk Sunday for me. Two of the talks were this morning during ward conference—one during sacrament meeting and a second to the youth. Since you asked, I think my sacrament meeting was pretty good, thank you very much. I excerpted from our cousin, Karen Larson's letter about life in the Philippines and little Elder Rondilla, which fit nicely into my message. (I didn't ask her permission, so nobody tell her.) So sacrament went well, but I totally crashed and burned in the youth session. I was all over the place, lacking any sort of cohesion, and not really connecting with anybody. It was yet another painful reminder that I've lost the fastball I developed during my heyday as an everyday seminary teacher.

The third talk was this evening at the monthly "cottage meeting" our ward holds for new Church members, people investigating the Church, and really anybody else who cares to come. We hold these in the living room of a ward member. Because of where they're held and the number of people who usually come (tonight we had about a dozen) these meetings tend to be fairly intimate and the talk usually turns into more of a discussion. It went pretty well, I think.

Anyway, because this has been a three-talk Sunday, I haven't really had a chance to do the family interviewing necessary to write this letter the way I'd like. Fortunately, I know Hannah's been involved in some interesting things at school. Sometimes she wears her BYU sweatshirt (dark blue with just a white 'Y' on the front). This sweatshirt usually draws one of two questions: 1) Do you plan to go to Yale? or 2) Can you get Jimmer Fredette's autograph? Hannah only knows who Jimmer Fredette is

because I made her watch his interview with Tony Kornheiser on ESPN a few weeks ago—after BYU smacked San Diego State around the gym the *first* time—Tony only likes Jimmer because he's an upstate New York kid, but that's a good enough reason. Their awesome regular season notwithstanding, I totally expect the Cougs to go down in the first weekend of the NAAs. (But I'd be more than happy to let them surprise me.)

Anyway, rather than talking to Hannah and reporting the results to you, I simply asked her to write a few paragraphs. She graciously agreed. Here's Hannah:

*CAP sends out its acceptance letters in February and included in them are instructions to come to the CAP suite on some specified night and get some information about the program to which you have just been accepted (interesting this event is scheduled after the application process). The teachers randomly select a few students from each grade to come and answer questions from parents and future students and I was one of half a dozen ninth graders asked to come. The fact we were all told to dress up in 1920s clothes, I must say, definitely added to the excitement. So on a school night I came to the school dressed in a blue dress with a gray hat with liberal amounts of makeup including, of course, bright red lipstick, and hung out for a couple hours in the classroom with my friends, all of us showing off our class work and costumes. There was serious consideration of staging a holdup where we would have two of us dress as cops and arrest a bootlegger who would then be dragged out into the hall, but everyone chickened out (losers).*

*Sadly, the fun seems to end there. Every quarter there is one big week-long project called the interdisciplinary. The whole of CAP 9 is split into four groups and we rotate together each quarter to a different teacher until at the end of the year we have all done a single project with each of the four of them. Every quarter we all focus on whatever time period we have been studying in History, and this quarter that has been World War II. My group is with Ms. Jeral who teaches Drama making this project unusually easy. We get three hours every day Tuesday through Monday to complete the project and normally every second and several hours at home are required to produce a decent product. I am absolutely gleeful to inform you that this is not this case for Drama For this last project we each picked a performer such as Danny Kaye or Frank Sinatra from the 40s, researched them a bit and picked either a song, dance number, comedy act, etc. to perform for our final presentation of the project. It's going to be formatted as a USO show addressed to WWII troops that will be hosted by my friend Reva as Lucille Ball and myself as Bob Hope. Basically, all I had to do was watch a few YouTube videos of him to see how he stood and walked and carried himself, wrote a script for Reva and myself where we introduce the performers and I occasionally tell a sexist joke directed at my co-host. Together, we finished days ago. The rest of my class time I will probably devote to wandering around the halls, talking to Matthew and Rachel (who have real work to do) and maybe do my math homework (probably not). Now I wait for Monday night where I will stand on stage for 45 minutes telling people that the adolescent walking on stage is in fact Bing Crosby and not a teenager that may or may not know how to sing.*

Well, that was an easy letter. Have a nice month.  
Love, Tim et al





Maple Sugar Festival

Above: Sophie samples the goods  
Below: Sophie and Lucy check out the source



Grace digs for fossils at the  
Maryland Science Center