

Dear Family,

It probably won't surprise you to learn that there are a lot of places that appeal to me more now that I'm a grown-up than they did when I was a kid. It might, however, surprise you to learn that Colonial Williamsburg is *not* one of those places.

If you're reading this, chances are you've either been to Colonial Williamsburg or are at least familiar with the concept (a celebration of life in a simpler time when people dressed like morons and you had to walk outside to use the john—people actually pay money for this). In some ways Colonial Williamsburg is Nauvoo, except a century earlier and on a much larger and more expensive scale. The major difference is that while I left Nauvoo after two days last summer wishing we could stay longer, I left Colonial Williamsburg after seven hours last Monday wishing I could get my money back. (Nauvoo, I should point out, is free—provided you can tolerate getting hit up for missionary referrals every time you turn around, which is a small price to pay, really.) My last visit to Williamsburg (prior to this one) was 14 summers ago when Hannah was a baby. We went with my father-in-law and his family, and I seem to recall enjoying that trip—maybe because I didn't have to pay, or maybe just because my memory's going. I imagine it'll be at least another 14 years before I go back. 2025: I'll be 53 and probably a grandfather. That sounds about right; let's book it.

Williamsburg was part of a four-day weekend *chez* Roland and Marci and family, who live about an hour beyond Williamsburg (from our Washington perspective). I spent the rest of the weekend mostly lounging, but also getting in my first two rounds of golf since Thanksgiving (happily, nobody was watching), watching 14-year-old cousin Noah play first base (and then third base and then first base again) in a [PONY League](#) baseball game, and running ten miles with Crystal. (Okay, the ten miles were spread over two days, and we didn't run very fast, but it's so flat down there that just about anybody with legs can run forever.) Sophie stayed the rest of the week with her [identically aged cousin Emma](#), returning to us on Friday with Emma's family who came up here in search of hills on which to ride their bikes—despite our hills being neither steep nor long enough for Roland's liking. He's a nut job.

In a lot of ways this has been Sophie's month. She began it by turning 9 and participating in her school's science fair. Her project concerned itself with the bounciness of various kinds of balls. Sophie and her partner tested a number of hypotheses, including one that a tennis ball would cling to a carpeted floor "like Velcro." Most of these didn't pan out, but the project was largely commensurate with those of her schoolmates. The boy to Sophie's left sought to answer the age-old question of whether it's best to water plants using water, soda, vinegar, or motor oil; the boy to her right tested which kind of Nerf darts fly the farthest. Nobody was building robots or anything (like in those bogus school science fairs on TV) so she fit right in.

For Sophie's birthday we went to Benihana. We used to go to Benihana fairly regularly until about five years ago, when we abruptly stopped. I couldn't remember why we'd stopped until we went back for *my* birthday a few months ago and it hit me: we stopped going because they got rid of the early-bird spe-

cial and totally jacked up the prices on the kids' menu. It was a total palm-to-the-forehead moment when Sophie asked to go back for her birthday, but it wasn't a very tough call. It's the rare restaurant where everybody in the family is happy to go. It didn't even annoy me that Sophie and Grace spent much of the evening (and the next several weeks) arguing about whether Chinese and Japanese are the same language (Grace believed they must be because they both end in "nese") and whether Grace is, in fact, capable of speaking it/them. Admittedly, Chinese and Japanese do sound a lot alike when a six year old is pretending to speak them. Grace has since figured out that Chinese is "Pandas" and Japanese is "Karate," so I guess we're past that now.

April also marked the annual "Greekfest" for Lucy and her classmates at Eastern Middle School. This day-long event was the culmination of months of preparation (and no small amount of Lucy angst) and featured, as I recall, four separate presentations. Among this month's pictures are two of Lucy wreaking havoc as Eris—the Greek goddess of strife and discord who touched off the Trojan War. In addition to portraying Eris—both in the pictured sketch and as a talking wax museum figure—Lucy presented a stop motion video she made (she'll have to tell you how many frames, as I can't recall, but I remember it sounded impressive to me at the time) and a [glog](#). It's hard to capture in a single paragraph the extent to which all this consumed Lucy's life, so I think we're all happy it's over.

It may surprise you to learn that baseball stadiums are among those places that I enjoy more as a grown-up than I did as a kid. Not that I *didn't* like them as a kid, I just appreciate them more now. I have several theories as to why, which I won't bore you with, but it also may have to do with having the means as a grown-up to sit in the good seats—as opposed to when I was kid, when I was usually relegated to the [700 Level at The Vet](#) (seriously, follow the link and read the paragraphs under "700 Level" and "Fans"—sweet childhood memories). All this is prelude to my telling you that Andrew came home from Switzerland a week and a half ago for a few days to attend some meetings here. The Phillies happened to be in town playing the Nationals, so Grant, Andrew, and I met up downtown, grabbed dinner, and made our way over to the ballpark. Owing to the Nats' apathetic fan base (and perhaps to the Capitals' playoff game four Metro stops away) we were able to walk up to the box office 20 minutes before the first pitch and get seats a dozen or so rows behind the Phils' dugout. There couldn't have been a better setting for catching up with my little brother. I loved it.

We celebrated Easter by going to stake conference and hearing Hannah speak. She did great. Later today we'll have dinner with Grandma, Grandpa, Pete, maybe Coco (if her pneumonia will allow it) and a family from our ward. We're looking forward to that.

Hope your Easter's been pleasant. Love, Tim *et al*

p.s. I forgot to report on my lecture at Georgetown (which I teased in last month's letter). I spent a couple of hours talking to 20 or so [MSFS](#) students about tools and techniques for valuing financial assets. It actually seemed to go pretty well. Thanks for asking!



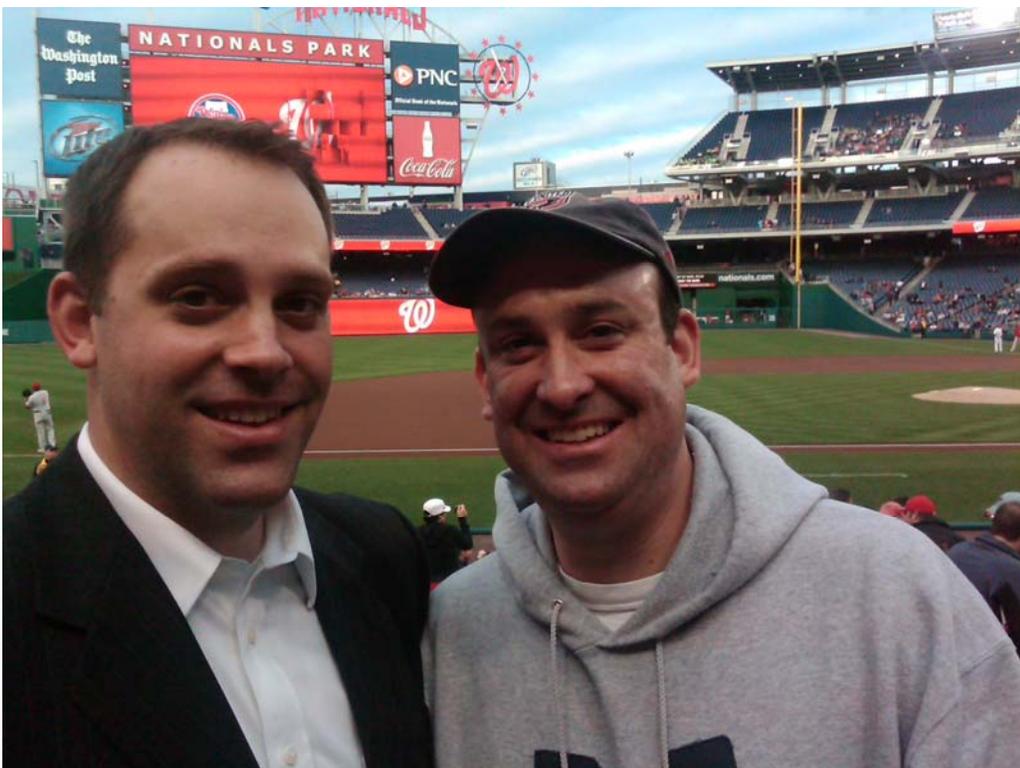


Top Left: Sophie (and her lab partner) at the Science Fair

Above & Left: Lucy at Greekfest (as Eris— goddess of strife and discord)



Bottom Left: Grace in Colonial Williamsburg



Above: Sophie's 9th birthday at Benihana. (That's Aunt Coco between Hannah and Lucy.)

Left: Andrew and me at the Phillies/Nationals game two Wednesdays ago. (BlackBerry photo credit: Grant.)