

CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM THE TRACY HALLS, 2000, (Ida-Rose, writing)

In the year 2000 our family continued to increase and prosper. It doesn't seem possible that we have seven children, thirty-five grandchildren, and if I've counted right, nine great-grand children.

1999 wasn't so good as far as Tracy's health was concerned, but with the help of good doctors, 2000 has been A-OK. Tracy, for the most part, walks two miles a day, and drags Ida-Rose with him for one of those miles.

Tracy keeps busy with the farm. We have put the farm up for sale and with any luck at all we will sell it within the year. If so, it will be one less thing to occupy our attention, and one thing less for our heirs to worry about.

The farm is located twenty miles to the South of us. We have a freeway corner, and almost all the other three corners are filled with gas stations, fast food places or a combination of the two. Across the street at the bottom of our farm there is a shopping center going in. All of these have sprung up within the last year. Essentially, we have the only open land not being developed at Payson exit 252.

Will we miss the farm? I won't, but maybe Tracy will. This last summer should have cured him. It was an extremely hot, dry summer and it was almost impossible to keep the plants in his nursery wet enough to survive. We were very glad to have the heavy (one time) snow that came this fall, wetting the farm thoroughly as well as the whole valley. The ski resorts are in second heaven and all opened very early. That snow has mostly melted in the valley but the mountains have heavy bases of snow.

During the last few years we have taken a family history writing course from an excellent teacher, Don Norton. We have written many articles of family history in little short episodes, and this year Sherlene took them home to correct and retype some of them. This was a dangerous precedent. She didn't think we had written enough of them and promptly re-enrolled us in Brother Norton's BYU class. He was kind enough to let us in, and I felt guilty because he had to turn away others. It kept us writing.

This year I finally got around to publishing an essay I wrote years and years ago. At the time I was taking a family history writing course from another Professor, in the History department. We had just bought our first computer, but I did not know how to use it, and so the essay was typed. Hooray for modern technology. I was talking to my daughter, Charlotte, and she said to send to her. She put in on her scanner, and was able to make the corrections without retyping it. She is also arranging for it to be published in book form. So this year, our family members will get for Christmas a story entitled, "The Viking in Us—the Story of Hans Nadrian Chlarson," my Great Grandfather on my Mother's side—whether they want it or not.

Thank you for being our friend and/or relative, and may 2001 bring Peace, Happiness, Prosperity, and the blessings of our Heavenly Father for you and yours.