

February 3, 1992

Dear Family:

I'm just baking some valentine cookies to send to Greg with a goodies package. 'Oh, they smell so good. All lemony and sweet.

Greg has now moved to Bryan, Texas (Northwest of Houston.) His companion is a Zone Leader with a car, which Greg finds pretty nice. He doesn't get to teach as often as he did in the inner city, but still finds the Spanish people so likeable and warm. He's really glad he's not on a U.S. English-speaking mission, which is not how he originally felt about his mission call. His new address is:

401 Lake Street #29  
Bryan, TX 77801-2051

Erin is in her room practicing her violin. She is really sounding good these days. I'd like to get her a nice violin soon. I understand my old Provo High School friend Paul Hart is making violins somewhere up in Salt Lake. One of these days I'm going to look him up and take Erin to see his violins.

Drat! You guys just made me overcook my first batch of cookies. Anyone for country-style cookies? I kept watching and watching them, and they didn't get done. Then when I turned away for just a moment I promptly forgot about them. Great.

Did I tell you about my new composing project? A friend of mine is writing a script for a videotape to educate elderly people enrolled in an health maintenance organization called Pacific Care. He wanted some music for it and asked me if I would like to compose it. It is still in the proposal stages--he hasn't been given the project, yet, but it looks very promising. It goes to the vice president for final approval this week. If we get the project, I could make a little money from the music and get lots of good experience! I've written the theme music with simple orchestration, which has forced me to really get to know my music programs and keyboard (finally.) Some of the sounds on my keyboard are pretty amazing. I still can't get over the wonder of hearing several different sounds being played at once through my computer and keyboard!

Marty has taken off for Denver for a week of meetings. He'll be home for the weekend, and go back for another four days next week. He seems to be settling into his new job well--actually sleeping occasionally. He jokes that he's been in the job three months and the division hasn't made any money, yet. Course, he inherited some big problems, and the weak economy doesn't help. It seems like some of his staff are pretty pleased with his decision-making abilities, though, as the previous manager had a tough time making decisions.

Looks like Marty and I are going to chaperone the Morningstar (the performing group Emily is in) tour to Venezuela at the end of June for 16 days. 'Oh boy. (This was Marty's idea.) I can think of funner ways to spend the money. Emily is not too sure she likes the idea, either. I'm told we'll really have a nice time, though. I'm not sure what to do with Erin and John right now. We'll probably end up hiring a young couple to stay in the house with them.

Seems like soccer never ends. John's team is doing really well in the state cup tournament (Northern California Division). We play another set of games this weekend, and if we win, go to the championship games at the end of February. I think we'll be eliminated, though, as we played a practice game against a team from the South Bay area, and they creamed us! They all spoke Spanish on the field and played as if soccer was their life. They probably all come from countries where soccer is the #1 passion! We once attended a World Cup soccer game between Argentina and the U.S. and got stuck in the Argentina fan section. Those people were so intense about the whole thing I couldn't believe it! They watched the entire game standing--sitting down only during the time-outs and half time.

We bought family passes to the Stanford Basketball games this year and have had quite a good time going to the games. Do you know that the year we spent at Stanford (actually, only nine months,) we never saw a single basketball or football game! We didn't get too involved in the campus life--Marty hardly feels like a Stanford alum.

Emily just walked in and said to say "Hi! What's up?" She and I are battling an achy, sore-throat, itchy eyes, stuffy nose, cough and cold virus. Bring on the chicken soup. I need my mommy.

Well hope you're all happy and well. Keep the faith.

Love,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Liz'.

Liz and Crew