

September 3, 1993
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Dear Charlotte, Hallmanack, and Family:

Bless you, Charlotte, for your fun, enthusiastic approach to keeping the Hallmanack going. I wouldn't miss getting my Mt. Hood Scrumptious for anything, nor my Oregon Specialty Surprise, though I think it's a shame that we need the bribe. We did not hold Fast Sunday this week (in fact, it was Laura's "Mission Farewell"), but I'm writing in case all the others had Fast Sunday this week.

This has been a horrendous eight weeks, trying to get this house repaired, overcome three basement backups and floodings, and get things basically together before Laura's Open House and the starting of school. The other day I looked around at all we still need to do and at what little was apparent for all our efforts and felt quite discouraged. But if I stop to think what did get done, we've been very blessed, especially considering that Dan's hernia problems and surgery came up and most of this had to be shouldered without his help and while nursing him back to normalcy. We hired a handyman (who is also a chemistry professor at B.Y.U.) at \$15 an hour and a student painter at \$6 an hour, and their help made a big difference in pulling it all together. But you know how it is, I was the one who had to order the work, remind them to come, let them in, find and pick up all the supplies, follow-up to make sure it got finished, make returns if something didn't fit, pay the workers, and not least, clean up the mess they left behind. Those of you who don't have to move, be kind to yourselves and stay put. You forget how many hundreds of details you take care of through the years and the stress moving and settling-in can bring. In terms of stress-level I put moving right up there along with death and divorce.

I knew if we did not buckle down and do things right before we even unpacked the boxes, we'd never do it--so we still have a garage full of unpacked boxes; but we're ready to finish moving in now, and fortunately all that stuff in the garage did not get water-logged when we had our floods. We were blessed to have insurance which covers water damage, since the bill to take up all the carpets, replace one bedroom carpet, replace all the padding, clean carpets, and take care of other water damage came to nearly \$2,000. We had to pay a deductible of \$250, but it surely could have been a lot worse, and now we've put in some new copper plumbing, cleaned out a huge rod of stuck Q-tips left by the former owners (the downstairs toilet flooded over and kept flooding the very first time we flushed it), replaced the faulty valves, and put our washing machine pipes in a permanet sleeve where it can't jerk out. Theoretically, the problems are solved (knock on wood).

We rewired the entire house with double wires to provide cable, 11 computer stations, intercom or other systems we eventually might need; put in a new exhaust system for the drier (which the former owners had exhausted in the small crawl space under the master bedroom, so you smelled that exhaust every time you turned on the drier); repaired the fence around the yard, replacing 25 boards; fixed deck areas which were warped or broken (stairs) and the four of us painted the wrap-around deck; replaced shrubs and cedar-chip mulching in all the beds and planted some flowers and started a small garden; carted away an entire truckload of debris left by the former owners when they added the new

addition (a nice MBR with attached study with separate entrance to the deck and walk-in closet and tiled-shower bath); made special trips to dispose of cardboard boxing from the 30-40 boxes we had to unpack; got the City of Orem out to check the sewer and water mains trying to figure out the source of our problems; spread weed-killer and fertilized the grass; worked with the sprinkling system and made a few repairs to get it going right; had three broken windows and some screens replaced and put in a storm door and deck door screen; stripped wallpaper in the downstairs bedrooms (put on with Elmer's glue--it took acid) and sanded and primed and painted those walls (when we took down posters in Daniel's rooms there were holes in the wall that were hidden--had to fix that). We added levelor mini-blinds and new bi-fold closet doors (which we had to paint) to the downstairs bedrooms and to the basement entrance door. We also refinished the laundry room, which was partially dry-walled and needed taping and finishing and put down a new floor there (and yesterday, a rod for hanging clothes right out of the drier) and sanded, painted, cut-off where needed, and rehung four doors down there. We also painted all the storage room wall-to-wall shelves (took three coats for that particleboard) and took advantage of fantastic food-storage sales local stores held to replenish our food storage and stock it there. I also stored 150 gallons of water in 5-gal. plastic jugs now stacked in our utility room; we re-cemented our front porch steps area, put new ceiling units (polyglass) on the fluorescent light frames in the kitchen and in the middle bathroom skylight; replaced two shower curtains, two toilet seats, and put in one new toilet assembly, so the MBR toilet wouldn't make tinkling sounds all night; installed grow-fluorescent lighting units over a cupboard so Sherlene could start an herb garden up there (this bright idea was probably a bomb--maybe we can get a few plants to survive yet!); put in a second telephone line; put new towel rings in the master-bath; fixed hinges on two cupboard doors; lined all the kitchen and bath cupboards which were not new with Rubbermaid shelf paper (NEVER use that awful contact paper--I brought some home accidentally and about went wild)--this project alone took three days!); put reinforcement bars on all closet rods which had begun to sag; cleaned all the windows, window-blinds, walls, shelves, bathrooms, and spider dens in the window wells; had all the carpets and upholstery cleaned; chose a new wallpaper border for the master bedroom (this weekend's project) and bought new bedding to match the new decor; installed two oak, three-way mirror cabinets in the middle and downstairs baths; cleaned all the ceiling fixtures and replaced just about every bulb in the house; had all the Oriental rugs cleaned and replaced or stored away; cleaned out all the debris in the downstairs fireplace and got it ready to install a new gas log (the upstairs one also has a gas log which works all right); put cannisters under all the furniture and knockers on the doors; and planted mint Mom gave me under all 5 apple trees (a farmer in New York told us this keeps away apple worms--what do you think?); and went shopping with Laura to Salt Lake and around getting ready for her mission (she has done most of it, herself).

We still have to blow insulation into the attic to bring it up to snuff; replace the soffette in the ledge over the front porch where a non-supporting column fell out; re-cement the driveway and front walk; plant lawn where the former owners lifted out a huge playhouse their children had back there (which they said they would replant and, as with their other promises, did not come through); repaint areas of the other two upstairs bedrooms which will become a guest room and 2nd study; topcoat the downstairs hall and door trims (I did the caulking, sanding, and priming, but never got to the semi-gloss stage); get the downstairs sleep-sofas covered; purchase study furniture for Dan and a bedroom

set for Daniel; put Laura's oak bed together (a bit complicated); replace the vinyl in the kitchen and upstairs bath; replace half of the roof (next year); get our house in the East painted (this fall); clean up and paint the cement floors in the storage and utility rooms; and install a wall heater in the MBR study and an attic fan in the attic. It never ends.

Our Stk. Pres. invited priesthood holders who so desired to sign up for private interviews. Dan went in, and one of the challenges he received was to dedicate our home against powers of evil and as a haven for the Spirit of the Lord. It is no longer policy that a home has to be paid for before this can be done. We had hoped to get everything done and be unpacked before we did this, but I think we'll go ahead this weekend before Laura leaves for her mission. If we wait until we're entirely ready, it will never happen. Murphy's law did it so the flooding did not start until we had finished laying the floor in our new laundry room and finished painting down there and cleaning the bedroom carpets. We had to move the furniture in and out of the downstairs rooms three times: first to strip and paint the rooms, and twice with flooding and cleaning and replacing of carpeting. It doesn't seem fair that Laura will finally have a nice bedroom just before she leaves for Ecuador! She's the one who got a new carpet (because the stains from her antique furniture would not come out). We chose a color that matched the background of one of our red Oriental rugs which did not fit any other room, and it looks really nice in there with her oak furniture. I found an oak mirror at a garage sale which Bruce (our handyman) bolted on to the back of one of her chests, and her room is finally coming together. I had to swallow twice to put that rug in there after all that flooding, but we live by faith, right?

It was such a blessing having so much help from Laura's friends and from our family for the family buffet and open house we had after the farewell. Quite a contrast to when I basically had to do all the preparations myself for Daniel's farewell in New Jersey. With so much family here and all the friends coming in who Laura and Daniel met in Israel and just the few neighbors and friends we have met here, we had a full house until late in the evening. A special surprise was having an old mission companion of mine show up for the service, and some very dear friends of ours from IL who we learned just moved to Orem! Susan Buckles is a convert we helped fellowship in New York, who now works in Salt Lake City--what fun to see her sitting in the audience at the service--and so many of Laura's friends were there. I felt quite overwhelmed with feelings of love and gratitude through the entire service. This must be a taste of what it will be like to see familiar faces and bask in the Lord's Spirit if we make it to the Celestial Kingdom. When Mary (Hall) and Janet (Bartholomew) sang a divine arrangement of "The Lord Is My Shepherd," with Kathryn (Bartholomew)'s inspired accompaniment, we knew we were among angels for sure. We wish all of you could have been here.

We want you missionaries in our family to know you are always in our prayers. It is so exciting to learn of the new calls. So many of Laura's girlfriends (and Daniel's) are going on missions. Jenny Bartholomew (dau. of Dan's brother Bob) was just called to Russia, but was transferred to Czechoslovakia). And most of you know Janet Bartholomew (Cal's dau.), who has been in and out a lot and is dear friends with Laura, is going to Denver. So, the four cousins, Mary (Japan), Janet, Jenny, and Laura, will all be in the MTC about the same time. This is such fun. They will bring such talent and power to the missionfield.

Cameron Gilliland, Laura's beau last year, wrote her every day she was in Israel and sent her packages regularly, but sensing Laura's confusion about a mission broke up with her the week before she came home. Once she had her mission call, though, he felt safe I guess, and came to Utah to give Laura another whirl. He graduated in Psychology from the "Y," is a returned missionary, and is enrolled at Boise State for graduate work. He talked Laura into going to Boise this week to check into the Social Work graduate program there, in case they are seriously dating when she returns from her mission. Since he had just spent a week here, we thought it a bit superfluous for her to go to Boise this week, but Laura did not agree. She is staying with his grandmother there, and we are realizing how very soon she will be entering the MTC (September 15) and how little time is left. She will be a marvelous missionary, as she makes and keeps friends easily. What I shall not miss is being her full time answering service as friends, male and female, call at least a dozen times a day.

Daniel has elected to live at home this semester, and we are very pleased with this, as he is a tremendous help and an absolute joy to have around. I don't know how I would have made it these last two months without his helpful and cheerful participation. He continues to enjoy his art and has produced some paintings I couldn't help buying myself (he is always desperate for money to buy new art supplies). He worked this summer on the B.Y.U. lawn and gardens crew and got himself a good suntan and at least one new girlfriend who weeded beside him. He has dated quite a bit and brought home some gorgeous young women, but isn't seriously dating anyone yet.

After the Open House I was up cleaning until 2 a.m. and then got up at 6 the next morning to get ready for school. I must have looked pretty dazed on campus because at least three people stopped to ask if they could help me find my way around. Things have definitely changed from when I was there over two decades ago. For one thing, the students are much younger than I ever was. And they are all much too nice. They treat me like I used to treat little old ladies. It's awful!

I am taking wonderful classes. All fun, but hard stuff. I'll probably flunk out. I'm taking modern dance in a class of gorgeous, skinny girls, most of whom look like models. There is one young man in the class, and he looks dazed most of the time, too. Daniel and Laura think this is very funny, so long as none of their friends are in the class, and keep threatening to show up to spy on my performance. The teacher is marvelous. She makes it a point not to ever look at me so I won't be too embarrassed. As I come in last on the leaping runs, those sweet girls cheer me on as though I were some sort of invalid. But knowing I have to appear in a leotard the next day has helped me turn down all kinds of fat stuff, and all my groaning muscles must mean something is tightening.

My other classes are Voice performance (we have to actually sing in front of the class), Beginning Oil Painting, Writing your Personal History, Magazine Writing (with a goal toward publishing), for a total of 8.5 hours. Since 6 hours of this is writing--with beasts for teachers who both threaten to work us blind--I think I am going to have a busy, but interesting fall. It will be wonderful to be focused on something besides moving and houses for a change.

Dan is really enjoying his work at B.Y.U. Noel Reynolds has been