

I study up on the 4th floor of the Harold B. Lee Library near all the family history books. When I get bored, I meander over and look at the census rolls or go through histories. I'm on a new tack now. Some of Dad's relatives went from Western New York to Michigan. So I found a cluster of Halls, Richardsons, Simmonses and Francises in a county in Michigan, and now I'm going through Michigan histories to see if some of them named their grandparents. I'm gonna get those elusive hall lines yet. Dan put the new PAF 3.2 on my machine last week, though we have to work out some bugs which are showing up in Word Perfect 6.0. I now have two million characters (bites) in my genealogy program. But don't any of you lean on that. Just remember, for each new character entered, there opens up two more parent characters and four additional grandparent characters for the rest of you to chase.

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There is a lab in the Joseph Smith Building which is on the same network as the Salt Lake Genealogy Library. When you get on that network, it's so much faster than using a computer at home or anywhere else. That's where those of you who live in Utah want to go when you're ready to do a TempleReady disk--much faster in checking the IGI sources, etc.

Laura is still loving her mission. I'm using Dan's office computer to type this because my computer is getting fixed right now (I got a new keyboard, since I wore out mine--even wearing off the numbers on some of the keys--ho). Anyway, if I were home, I'd type up parts of her latest letters for you. She has sent photos, too. She says it certainly is not easy, but I don't think I've ever seen her more happy. They have been blessed to baptize some whole families. She is still with a native Ecuadorian companion and complains of not getting the language as fast as she thought she would--but it sounds like she's getting around and is totally involved with loving the people and enjoying the process of seeing hearts change.

Daniel is now working 20 hrs. a week at his typing job. Did I tell you he types interviews of BYU students on their dating habits and experiences? This is research by some Family Science researchers. Needless to say, he is not bored at work. His boss keeps threatening to interview Daniel! He would have a lot to say. He is making the rounds. I met a young woman who just got back from a mission to Japan who is now working at the deli at Macey's where I do most of my grocery shopping. I thought she was a real charmer--she's 5'11 and beautiful. So I got to know her well enough to recommend her to Daniel, who went right down and got a date with her for tomorrow night to the Etruscan exhibit. He thinks she's "cool," but I have been warned not to do this again. He likes to find his own dates. How he thinks he can do this without the benefit of my superior wisdom and insight is beyond me, but I suppose I'll give him his way. He broke up with Jenny and is playing the field with several friends right now. Zina has a date this weekend to something she knew Daniel had said he wanted to attend, so she called Daniel and he is taking a friend, Emily, and they are all getting together afterwards. It's fun to see these cousins doing things together.

Oh, Zina's homecoming was what you might expect. As was Tracy Jr.'s Sunday School gospel doctrine lesson, which followed. All mahvelous. The music stupendous. The young RM totally sincere, engaging, lovely, brilliant, capable, radiant--etc. etc. Missions are so wonderful. That evening we went over to Tracy and Betsy's and ate and talked and traded missionary photos (I just happened to bring Laura's along), heard more of Zina's stories, and laughed a lot.

Mom is still feeding all the student cousins monthly. Daniel doesn't miss that chance to get some real food. I suppose I owe it to my family to take a cooking class. One of these days. Actually, I keep waiting for the two Daniels to take one. 'Bye for now.

Love, Sherlene

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Dear Family,

By now, you probably got the print of the Turnbaughs. I get such a charge every time we find a new ancestral photo. Happy Valentine's to all of you.

Going back to school is a wonderful thing. If someone had told me life could be so wonderful at 50, I probably would have been a little more patient through the thirties and forties. I usually enjoyed what I did, but it was with a lot of frustration that I dropped some of the classes and projects I wanted to do because with all the other demands, there just wasn't time.

You with children enjoy them while they're home because they go soon enough. But I assure you, when they are gone or on their own, there's a wonderful life out there. I am enjoying every class I'm taking so much. Through them, I'm forming some new habits and loving it. Thanks to my beg. fam. hist. course, I'm writing in my journal daily and getting lots of information to pass on Sundays to my S.S. fam. hist. class. Thanks to Richard Anderson, I'm studying the New Testament at least three hours for each hour in class--he requires substantial effort--which is just what I wanted. My Fitness and Weight Control teacher has me meeting Mom at 6:30 mornings at the Richards Building. We swim, lift weights and exercise, and walk the track--for the first time in my life I'm exercising at least 45 minutes regularly. Garff Babcock, my teacher, is a bear (teddy). He has a way of getting to you. He did all these tests to find out my percentage of body fat and then, while I was still recovering for learning that information, he announces to the class that anybody who has over a certain percentage must face the fact that he/she is O-B-E-S-E. Very unkind. Needless to say I have not eaten anything with fat or sugar in it ever since that class. I have lost seven pounds and am well on my way to anorexia. Ho. I have to record every bite I eat, record eight glasses of water each day, at least 45 min. of aerobic activity, and admit whether I eat any fat, sugar, baked goods, and whether I had my 3-5 servings of vegetables, 2-3 whole fruits, and 6-8 servings of complex carbohydrates. I have to report every calorie--definitely an appetite suppressant.

Eugene England's Lit. of the LDS keeps me reading about 20 hrs. a day. He keeps my thermostat down because I can let off all my conservative steam in his liberal class. He will get even, I'm sure, when grade-time comes. Actually, I'm enjoying his class very much. I don't always agree with him, but I like being exposed to all these ideas and being introduced to all these people I've heard about but never read. Last week we had to read Lost Boys. It's not a book mothers should have to read. Awful. So awful I couldn't put it down--read it all in one sitting. I don't remember how long it's been since I was able to do that. Spring term I'm signed up for Psych. 353 from Alan Bergin, cello lessons from Drinkall (who is fabulous), and Hist. 370 (Colonial America) from York (whoever that is).

This weekend Dan and I are going to the Book of Mormon two-day symposium. Tonight for our Relief Society homemaking meeting, Brent Barlow is talking a Valentine's Day theme of "love and kindness" at home. Last night we had a Sunday School organization tea-party (tea-parties are big stuff out here). Dan and I go to plays quite often and enjoy the International Cinema movies which we can attend free on campus several times a week.