

7 June, 1994

Dear Family:

If it isn't one thing, it's another. On May 31st we experienced a windstorm which one would expect (the experts say) only about once in a thousand years. A Utah Hurricane. Or something closely akin to it. They called it a micro-burst and some of the gusts accompanying the storm were 120-125 miles per hour which is hurricane velocity.

It was the day of Lee Carson's funeral and Tracy was one of the speakers. The wind came up and was accompanied by heavy rain. But it was the wind that caught our attention. The trees were bending in the wind. We were almost ready to leave for the Burg Mortuary where the funeral was being held. (*It was about 1 PM*)

I was standing by our bedroom window, looking out at the storm, and saw something coming towards me. It took a few seconds before I realized it was our big pine tree falling towards the house (and me). You have all seen trees being cut in the woods or in a yard or on TV and it comes crashing down. ~~And~~ I would have expected that tree to fall that fast if it ever fell. I guess the root system was holding it back somewhat. But when it hit the overhang of the roof three feet from me, it hit with a big thump, and Tracy says their was a big "Pop". It settled on the roof and the top of the tree was over the center of the roof. And the Lights went out. I can't remember whether this was before or after the tree fell. I don't think our tree had anything to do with the lights going out, though.

What could we do? Tracy was due at the funeral parlor at 2 p.m. (*Arriving bet. 1 PM + 2*) The storm only lasted about 10 minutes--thank goodness, because in that 10 minutes it did millions of dollars of damage, especially to trees, but also to some homes

When we went outside, we could see that in addition four sections of the north fence was resting on trees in Hill's yard. We wondered if we would be able to get to the mortuary because of downed trees, and there were plenty of them, and the sidewalks, lawns and streets were strewn (in addition to limbs) much small stuff. What a mess!

The lights were out all over town and when we got to the Mortuary, the lights were out there. They decided to go ahead, however. It was really too sudden to call it off. They rounded up four flashlights and from somewhere two lanterns of some kind. Tracy and Bros Christensen and Smith gave their talks in the dark with flashlights.

One of the somewhat unfortunate things was that it was so dark that no one could see the beautiful flowers that people had sent. One kind thing was that there was a window just where Kay Carson greeted people so that helped somewhat.

After the storm quit, the sun came out and it turned out to be quite a nice afternoon for the burial and luncheon afterward at our chapel. (except for the debris all over).

All three of the speakers did a superb job. It was one funeral we won't forget.

We were quite anxious to get home and examine and take pictures of the damage. The electricity was off for us until 2 P.M. the following day. The round island of the other side of the street from us, around to across from Barbara Taylor, and down along the street by the BYU press were out of electricity for another night and half the next day.

Over

(2)

After our lights came on we ran an extension cord across the street to Johnson's, but the long length cut down the power so that they kept their freezer and fridge from thawing by putting the power on the fridge for two hours and then on the freezer for two hours.

When we got home from the funeral we found that in addition to our big blue spruce, the blue spruce in the corner of Bullocks had come down over our greenhouse. I dreaded to see the damage. There wasn't any. The tree rested on the fence and then on the greenhouse but didn't break or even crack a thing. I imagine it came down slowly like our own tree did.

What a mess. ⁷7-Trees has been pruning our trees for several years so I called them. They have one of these big trucks with a big bucket on that pivots every which way. They came the third day and cut off the branches, cut off the trunk in about 3 ft sections on the roof and when they got close to where it was leaning they went over to Lory's yard and hooked a chain to the tree trunk and pulled it away from the roof. Then they cut off the rest of the branches, and then cut the trunk off in the same three to four foot sections, and then left about 8 feet standing in a stump to cut down the next day. When they left there were branches all over the south side, all over the roof and many in the back yard.

The next day they came back and removed branches and finished cutting down the stump. It took a crew of four men and several boys all day to remove the litter and cut the larger stump pieces into pieces they could handle. The branches they removed to the city place where they chop it all up for mulch. The larger pieces they put in a truck and a trailer and I guess they chop it up and sell it for fire wood. I had them take out the front cherry tree while they were there. They did it in about a half hour and I had them chop a lot of the wood up for me to keep to burn in the fireplace. By a lot I don't mean anything like what was in that tree trunk.

That same day a young man came by looking for work. he made a bid to fix the fence. Yesterday, Monday, June 6th he came and fixed the fence. Same day a roofer came and looked at the damage. Besides the damage on the hangover, there is a hole in the roof and he thinks that there are several of the roof beams broken. He won't know until he gets the tongue and groove cover on the underside of the overhang off. The 8 " edge of the roof where the tree fell was broken in two, and some of the rain gutter was hanging loose.

We had another bad wind come through about a week before this last wind, but nothing by comparison. This wind was twice as violent.

The Provo Cemetery lost hundreds of big old blue spruce. The damage at the Y was over a million dollars in the loss of trees alone as was the damage all over town, but especially at the Y and at the cemeteries.

It was wonderful how people flocked to help. in the evening after the bishop got home from the funeral (he went to the burial) he walked all over the ward assessing the damage, and organizing the help he could. I didn't see one person whose worst nature came out during the following week. Tragedy seems to unite people and bring out the best in them. David came over to see what we needed. The day after the funeral I moved all my frozen food over to David and Karen's house. They, fortunately never lost their power. I retrieved the frozen food the next morning. She cleared one entire freezer out for me, bless her heart.

Well! What do ^{we} do with the yawning space where the blue spruce was? The blue spruce essentially killed the arbavitaes which was close to it, so those will all have to come out. What do I fill the gap in the arbavitaes hedge?

It wasn't as bad up where Sherlene and Tracy lived. And Payson was not hit very bad, either.

Dad has been spending most of his time at the farm.

There are two new high school graduates. Michael and Carli who both graduated last month from Timpview High School. Michael will go to Utah State University in Logan in the fall and Carli will go to Utah Valley State College.

Luv ya all.

Grandmother Hall

June 12, 1994--Weight Family

Dear Family,

The children are out of school in 3 days. Bryan's brother Willis is coming to visit this Wednesday and Thursday. We plan to camp at the beach one night with them.

Sarah has her 4th year camp overnight backpacking trip at the end of this week. After that both she and Hannah will go to girl's camp.

Sarah sang a solo in her school choir performance last week. They performed selections from Oliver. She sang part of "Where is Love?".

Bryan, along with other stake missionaries, is giving tours at the temple grounds. The children and I went over last night and had him give us the tour. The Portland Temple is in a peaceful setting and the flower gardens are beautiful!

That's about all the news from here. Thanks for your letters!

Love,

Charlotte

June 11, 1994

Dear Family:

Whew! We're really roasting down here. 100 degrees yesterday. We had been in Southern California (I capitalized it, because we Northerners consider that part of CA a different state) for the majority of the week on vacation, and returned to a very warm house!

We had a great time in the Southland. Short, but fun. We drove down on Monday, just in time to pick up Emily at the Orange County Airport where she flew in from BYU to be with us for two days. We went to Disneyland on Tuesday, to the beach on Wednesday, took Emily back to the airport Wednesday evening, and drove back via Highway 1 on Thursday. Driving back was the part the kids liked most (NOT!), but we did it anyway, because it is such a beautiful stretch of coastline, and Marty and I hadn't seen it for several years.

Disneyland was perfect! We had such a good time. The weather was mild and the park was not too crowded. By evening, we were able to get into the different rides and attractions without much wait at all. I, even I, went on "Splash Mountain"--a roller coaster water ride with a five story, gravity driven, no way to get off, 45 degree plunge into a pool of water and Brer Rabbit's briar patch. All six of us fit into one of the logs and we have a great picture of us all as we go over the plunge. 'Never been so scared in all my life. We stayed late to see the "Fantasmic" show, which is an incredible multi-media "how'd they do that" kind of show on the water. That alone was worth the price of admission.

Greg is home from BYU and is starting work next week at a Hewlett Packard sales division in Mountain View. He signed up at Manpower Temporary Agency, where they sent him to work for a couple of weeks in the Shipping Dept. at HP. He, being the multi-talented and impressive guy that he is, caught the eye of some people in the Demo Office, and they've hired him for the rest of the summer at \$12 an hour, full time.

Emily was not happy that I failed to include her in the last Hallmanac. So here it is, Emily: your inclusion. Emily stayed Spring Semester to take some classes she has to miss in the Fall, as she'll be in Israel then. Marty is flying to Utah at the end of this week to help Emily drive home in the old Suburban. Anybody want an '85 Suburban? Thinking of selling it.

Erin is busily preparing to go to Australia, New Zealand and Fiji at the end of this month with her performing group. She's been practicing every afternoon and night for the last three weeks, right in the middle of finals. She also played the part of Adelaide in "Guys and Dolls" for the school play right in the middle of all this, and she had a big paper due for English. If she wasn't stressed, I sure was! But.....keep 'em busy, I say.

John just had his eighth grade graduation. Much ado about nothing, he says. He's signed up for three basketball camps this summer--one of them down in Santa Barbara.

Marty is starting a summer of travel. He's off to Boston next week, and he is in Hong Kong and Norway in July. He wants me to fly up to meet him in when he gets to Norway. Thinking about it.

Much love, Liz