

October 17, 1994

Dear Family,

Bryan and I took a lovely drive up the McKenzie river last Saturday. We took some short hikes and saw four different waterfalls. The best set of falls is called Koosah and it was in such a gorgeous setting with tall pines behind it!! We drove up to the snow level in the Sisters Mountain Wilderness area also. The leaves here in Oregon are finally starting to change. It wasn't quite as colorful in the mountains as I had hoped but it was a wonderful drive!

Sarah likes a young man who lives in Springfield. When Bryan and I went on our drive we dropped her off at his house. He plays acoustic and electric guitar and sings. We asked him play and sing for us while we were down there. He played two original songs and both were very nice! He even wrote a song for Sarah. We didn't hear that one, but she told us a little about it. It says something about her living so far away! He reminds me a little bit of cousin Jay Langford. He's not as tall, but is slim and has dark hair parted down the middle.

Sarah sang "Let Him Heal Your Heart" in church yesterday. It's a beautiful song that she heard at EFY. She got up and stood at the pulpit chewing away on a piece of gum. Fortunately she caught herself and quickly spit it out onto a tissue that was on the stand. A friend who had just given a youth talk said "Here!". She threw the tissue at her friend but missed and hit Bro. Winkler who was one of the adult speakers for the day. He had this shocked look on his face and then started laughing. Sarah started laughing too. Luckily the song has a long introduction and she had time to gain her composure. The piano accompaniment is beautiful and the words are really stirring. She has a clear, beautiful soprano voice (in my unbiased opinion) and many in the audience were moved to tears. She was teary herself but made it through all but the final phrase of the song. I had borrowed Bryan's hanky but had to pass it back to him because he needed it even more than I did.

Bryan here. Sarah sang so clear and sweet. I could understand every word distinctly. It was one of those moments when parents are so grateful for a lovely daughter who has a great talent. There were many, many compliments. One elderly brother even called her the next day.

Hannah has two more cross country meets before districts. They run 1.25 miles in the eighth grade. Hannah came in fifth in her last race, 10 seconds behind the lead. She and a friend stick together during the races and the friend always beats her at the very end. I'm trying to encourage Hannah to not be so nice and break away from her friend and beat her next time!

Hannah is concert master for her orchestra. I always know when

she's being challenged because she really practices hard. Last week a girl challenged her for first chair and tied her, but Hannah got to keep the position. I didn't realize how competitive orchestra positions can get.

Hyrum decided he wanted to quit football but mean Mom made him stay on. I'm not that big of fan of football, but I wanted him to keep his commitment to me and to the team. He was mad at me for awhile but now he's resigned to finishing out the season and seems to be enjoying practices and games again. He has 3 more games left. Hyrum has made a couple of good defensive plays in the last couple of games. So far they have only lost one game.

Willis is Noah in the Primary program this coming Sunday. He likes that primary song about the prophets and he asked us to sing it in home evening last night. He started piano lessons two weeks ago, but I keep forgetting to have him practice. For two weeks in a row the teacher has said, "Did you practice this week?" And he says no and she looks at me and then I remember why I had them quit piano last year. All that horrible guilt'

Thanks for the letter Mary!! We were so sorry to hear from your Dad's letter that you were in an accident. We hope and pray your ankle is healing quickly!

Love, Charlotte, Bryan and family

From a telephone conversation with Virginia:

Barry spent the weekend in San Francisco and saw Liz and Marty and then went on to Utah for the firm retreat and spent time with Mom and Dad in Provo. Hecame home yesterday.

The radio station is doing a little better. A firm has bought all our advertising time. They have an agreement to sell our time and we get a percentage of it and they cover the stations expenses each month. It's not terrible profitable but at least it isn't a drain right night. There were big changes in the market format in the area. Now we play only Oldies and we're called the WAVH. Now we have to repaint the buses and redo the billboards.

We had a homecoming dinner. The kids in the ward went together and had dinner at our home first. Nobody really paired off they all just went together.

Roland is praying at the table now. He insisted on saying the prayer at dinner tonight. He always says Heavenly Father bless the sick and the blind and then tonight he added, "when your mom tells you it is not acceptable you better not do it!"

Today my visiting teachers came and he said a prayer--bless the sick and blind and the Drs. help the people when they're sick but they can't help them when they're dead. . .

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Dear Family:

It has been such an eventful month that I hardly know where to begin. But here goes. Some of you have probably heard that the storage unit that Dad rents in Orem was broken into this month and mostly cleaned out. Emily had all her school belongings stored there while she is in Israel. She lost a computer and printer, lots and lots of winter clothing, boots, skis, pots and pans, etc.--over \$7,000. worth of things. We had to call her in Israel and give her the bad news. Then a day after hearing about that, she came down with a really bad sore throat and swollen glands which turned out to be a strep infection, and she was very sick with fever for a whole week, missing four days of class and a field trip to Samaria. She said she was feeling like Job. Her home teacher came to visit and gave her a lesson about not "laying up treasures on earth"--and he didn't know her things had been stolen! She sent us a pretty detailed list of everything she remembered was stored away, and just today we received a check from our insurance company for \$4300. They depreciated the value on everything, but will give us up to the full replacement value if it is needed. She's going to have one heck of a shopping spree when she gets home Dec. 13th. Emily's loving Israel and isn't terribly worried about the latest terrorist attacks there. We're watching the news closely, as I'm sure the Hall families are about Mary and Stephen in earthquake-prone Japan!

Our cars have been giving us heck this month. Erin's broke down on her on the Stanford campus today on the way home from her voice lesson. A nice older man who lived nearby showed her to his house to telephone for a ride home. She got a stern lecture about not trusting nice old men, but fortunately this guy really was a good Samaritan. I think this is the third car repair this month, and the Suburban needs new tires and shocks as well. Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

Erin's getting her application in to BYU now. John is just starting up basketball. Both are giving me a ~~pain in my neck~~, *patience, humility, plenty of opportunities to practice my parenting skills!*

Today John and I got stuck in the elevator at the Gap Store. This is only a two-story building, but John's foot is giving him problems, so I decided we should take the elevator up. We get in, the door closes, and the elevator goes nowhere. This is a glass elevator, but we couldn't get anyone to pay attention to our plight through the windows, and when I used the telephone in the elevator, some guy in far-away San Jose answers the phone and spends ten minutes trying to find the Gap account in his computer instead of calling the store to tell them of our plight. Finally after 20 minutes somebody finally saw us in there and were able get the elevator to move. First time I've ever been stuck in an elevator, and I'm glad it was only a one story drop!

I sang a couple of choir concerts this month with the Valparaiso Singers and I'm rehearsing the Los Altones for our Christmas concerts. I've also got a 3rd-6th grade girls choir rehearsing to sing along with the Los Altones this year. I've been spending a lot of time making rehearsal tapes for the singers, and finding a blouse for 30 women in nine different sizes! (The Tabernacle Choir costumers must go nuts!) Speaking of nuts, I volunteered to create a ward newsletter, which goes out every two months, with lots of pictures and articles and information about 'going's on' in the ward. I was so glad to get that finished last week. I'm so impressed that Daddy did a weekly bulletin for so many years. It's a lot of work.

Greg is in a new apartment now and liking it much more than his old place. His new address is 1130 E. 450 N. #203, Provo; phone # (801) 370-3123.

Thanks for listening,

Liz

From a phone conversation with Dad, Mom and Barry.

Sherlene and Dan and Daniel were here and Sherlene thinks she has found the father of William Hall. She picked it up on ancestral file. It's not well documented we'll have to do some verification on it.

Dad and I spent 3 days in SLC at a seminar given by the President of the UofU. They were looking for donations--but it was a very low key affair. They treated us like we were somebody, nice lodging, food, transportation and the university paid for it all. 52 people were invited and I imagine it cost the university a bundle. They showed us what was going on at the university and the showed us the facilities. It a beautiful campus--they have over 1,000 acres. They have all of the Ft. Douglas land. They have to have shuttles to get the students around. They try to keep departments centralized, however.

We have had an awful lot of rain the last few days, It's been really good. We've needed it and it was a good soaking rain.

Barry went jogging in the snow up at the Homestead in Midway. We had our Jones Waldo retreat there.

Virginia is still waiting to be released as R.S. pres. They promised her to do it Nov. 1st.

FOR THE HALLMANNACK

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17 Oct 1994, p. 1

Dear Robert,

Mary has heard most of this news already since we have had occasion to talk to her by phone a few times in the last week. She got her foot run over by a bus about a week ago and has been in the hospital since then, except for an excursion to the district conference (the equivalent of a stake conf) on Sunday the 16th. We got a call from her mission pres last Wednesday (12 Oct) at about 7:00 am our time, which was 10:00 pm that same day his time (Kanazawa/Nagoya time). The morning before Mary had been on her bicycle riding downtown between her apartment and the local ward meetinghouse where their zone meeting was to be held. She was on the sidewalk approaching a corner when a bus zoomed alongside her (this was on the left side of the street--they drive British style there) and stopped suddenly, letting out several passengers who stepped directly in front of her. To avoid hitting one of these passengers Mary swerved, lost control of her bike, collided with the bus, and fell over onto the street. The bus had already started up again; its left rear tire ran over Mary's right foot and ankle. Remarkably she had only one broken bone, and that bone didn't displace; but she suffered heavy "soft tissue damage" which doesn't show up on X-rays; also some abrasion of the top of her foot and her ankle, plus a little gouge in her (large, was it, Mary?) toe.

All in all it should have been a lot worse than it was. She says the worst time was between the run-over and the X rays, when her shoe was in good shape but the pain was excruciating and she didn't know the condition of her foot. The Timberland lowcut boot she was wearing came through it with hardly a mark, and she said she sat in the street looking at it and thinking "It takes a licking and keeps on ticking!" There was no other witness to the accident, not even her companion, who just looked up to see Mary in the street and who consequently thought she had merely fallen off her bike. Sakurai Shimai (Sister) said something like "OK, get up now, you're OK...." Mary had to say, "No, I'm not OK...." Someone had called an ambulance. Mary said everything happened very fast, and that EVERYONE around was concerned about her and paid attention. Somebody found a chair or stool while others lifted her by her arms and sat her on it on the sidewalk. At the hospital the doctor was competent but "hilarious", Mary said. He assumed, even tho' she told him otherwise, that she spoke no Japanese, and kept trying to explain her condition to her in his extremely poor English. He kept saying what she heard as "gate, gate," and "You can't gate!" Finally one of the nurses said to her (in Japanese), "He means that you can't walk [gait!] on it." Mary says the nurses are absolutely phenomenal, that she's learned an incredible amount about true service from her experience with them. The saddest, most gruesome, and funniest incident in the whole event involved an apple which fell out of Mary's (pocket? bookbag?) onto the street and was run over by traffic. It seems that one of the elders who was called to the scene arrived after Mary had left in the ambulance and assumed it was a part of HER which had been left behind.... Ah, me.

She did have a blessing from the zone leader and his companion shortly after she arrived at the hospital. By now the swelling has lessened considerably and the bruises have mostly progressed to the yellowish stage. The first day two sisters from the Kanazawa ward came to the hospital, one to stay with Mary and one to go out with Sakurai Shimai on their four scheduled appointments teaching investigators. Mary, I'm sure that in your next letter you'll correct any mistakes I've made in telling this. Sakurai Shimai was able to ride w/Mary in the ambulance, and has stayed overnight at the hospital each night. When we call the hospital, they put us on hold while they go get Mary, and the hold music is what I call "computer boink-boink" music in two-part harmony, of, get this, Home, Home, on the Range! It makes me laugh every time I hear it. For the district conference, two elders picked her up in a van. She went on crutches and kept her foot elevated on another chair

as she sat. She said she was also able to teach a discussion that day--I don't know where. Saturday the mission pres was able to give her a blessing (it's four hours from the mission home in Nagoya, but he was scheduled to come for the district conference) in which she was promised full recovery. However, she will be in the hospital till Thursday (20 Oct) and then she's supposed to stay off her foot for at least another month. I hope she's careful and prudent, tho' I'm sure she'll get stir-crazy. I think she said she's already given away two Book of Mormons in the hospital. It's a very small hospital.

Very good letters arrived from you and Mary today, Mary's written before the accident, which was weird, since we have talked to her since then. Thanks for a really good letter, Rob, and for the birthday greetings to your "old Dad". It's 49, by the way. For his birthday present he has been called to the stake high council; sustained, ordained, set apart, and given assignments yesterday. All the children except you and Mary were present for his ordination and setting apart, at which time Pres. Brotherson gave him a wonderful blessing. But I'll let him tell you about that.

My trip to Detroit was great. Aunt Lisa lives in a very nice suburb called Farmington. The communities around Detroit are regular middle class neighborhoods; it's just downtown that is grim. It's very weird to see. All these well-built buildings, still sturdy but their outsides shabby and graffitied, their windows either boarded-up or broken, and not a soul in sight at midday! Actually, it's spooky. Many people still live in the region, the ones who couldn't afford to move out when the drug trade took over, but you never see them. The stake center for the Detroit stake is in this neighborhood, and not likely to be moved somewhere else since the greatest number of baptisms is also in the bad neighborhood. Farther downtown it's nice again, down where the big corporate offices and the fabulous Detroit Institute of Art are. We went there. They have an incredible collection, mostly donated by rich auto executives between the thirties and the seventies. I saw six van Goghs and many wonderful other famous impressionist paintings. There was a Monet whose flat wood frame was painted to coordinate with the painting. I asked the docent if Monet had also painted the frame, and she said, "Yes, and I understand that the frame is worth more than the painting." They have one of the largest collections of paintings by early American artists in the country, plus plenty of other neat stuff too. I want to go back!

We also went to Greenfield Village, a compound of museums established by Henry Ford where he reassembled Edison's Menlo Park (New Jersey) laboratory down to the smallest detail. He had Edison come to check its authenticity; Edison said everything was right except that it was too clean. There are early American homes, real ones, mostly of noted Am'ns, also taken apart and reassembled, which are more noteworthy as examples showing the history of American homebuilding and architecture than because of who lived in them. There is even an English stone cottage from the Cotswolds, which Nigel, Novatek's liaison with Hycalog, who comes from that region, says is the finest example he has ever seen. There's a pottery factory where they produce pottery in the type originally made in the factory, and MUCH MUCH MORE. We couldn't possibly have looked at all of it. And then there's the Henry Ford Museum, a museum of American industry. My favorite parts of that, natch, were the kitchens, kitchen equipment, and china dishware. It was all so interesting. We did all that on Thursday and Friday, and then left on Saturday for Niagara Falls and Palmyra!

There aren't words adequate to describe the grandeur of Niagara Falls. I took pictures to prove to myself that I was really there, but I didn't see any postcards or photographs which come close to communicating how huge and spectacular they are. And beautiful. I read that about 4 BILLION gallons of water go over the edge each hour; that's more than a million gallons per second! Some people hate the fact that all the land around the falls is covered with commercial

properties, and that the tourist region is so tacky (it has a lot of the same kinds of "attractions" one sees at Fisherman's Wharf, etc.), but altho' it would be really neat to see it in its natural state the way early visitors saw it, that didn't bother me too much because the Falls themselves are just so awesome. On the Canadian side (where we stayed overnight and from which most tourists view the Falls because it's the best vantage point) there are also several charming 19th Century & early 20th C. buildings. There were people there from all over the world, but especially from Japan.

We drove eastward along the northern side of Lake Erie through Canada to get there--it's much the shorter route (six hours) from Detroit. We couldn't see the lake from the freeway, and I was eager to, because I had never see any of the Great Lakes. But then about 2/3 of the length of Lake Erie we veered off that freeway (it's called Queen Elizabeth Way, QEW for short, and it runs all the way up to Montreal and beyond) onto Highway 403 which heads off toward Niagara Falls. That freeway crosses a bridge at the western end of Lake Ontario, and from that bridge we had a good view of Lake Ontario looking eastward; we could even see Toronto! My first sight of any of the Great Lakes. Highway 403 heads just about due east then, close to the southwest shore of Lake Ontario for a short distance before heading off to Niagara Falls, which are on the Niagara River, through which Lake E. runs into Lake O.

It was really fun and interesting to spend that time in Canada. You cross under the river in a tunnel that runs from Detroit (incidentally the street where you enter the tunnel runs right past the sports pavilion and the sidewalk outside it where Nancy Kerrigan was attacked by Tonya's goons) south (yes, south) into Windsor, Canada. Then you're in Canada, which though it looks pretty much like the U.S., you soon realize truly is a foreign country. I don't quite know how to account for the different feeling (except for the obvious things like bilingual signs, kilometers, currency, but that stuff isn't what I mean), but it feels foreign just the same. Coming back the other way the road signs all read "Tunnel to U.S.A.", which struck me funny. Then I realized that "Tunnel to Canada" should have struck me just as funny, but it hadn't. I'd been thinking--well, not really thinking, more like feeling, "This says 'Tunnel to U.S.A' but it's really just to a street in Detroit." Then I thought that "Tunnel to Canada" is actually just as ludicrous. Next thought: it's not ludicrous at all; once you're over the border the whole U.S. (or Canada) really is before you. Wo, Jack Handey where are you?

And then, and then.... I'm still having trouble believing I really stood on the Hill Cumorah and in the house Joseph Smith's family built and to which he brought the plates when he first obtained them, and in the "Sacred Grove".... Did you realize that it's not really known for sure that the patch of trees so identified is where the First Vision took place? It's a pretty good guess, because it's on the old "Joseph Smith property", and the clearing in the grove is a place where the family often gathered for family activities including hymn singing and scripture reading. And of course nobody knows the site on the Hill Cumorah (about 3 miles away from his home if I'm recalling correctly) where the box containing the gold plates is or was located. But the most striking thing about the whole experience for me was how ordinary everything is. Just a hill, just a house, just a sleepy little typical American town. From the small, and the simple, and the ordinary, the Lord has brought to pass the most extraordinary events. That is what I find overwhelming.

Incidentally, I hadn't realized that the Erie Canal runs right through Palmyra. I was actually pretty excited to drive over a little bridge that runs across it. Don't ask me why, but I've always loved the idea of the Erie Canal ever since I first heard of it as a small child. "I've got a mule, her name is Sal, 15 years on the Erie Canal...." And it's still there, not maintained but still there. I think one of the things that so appeals to me about it is that it was such a Herculean undertaking, taking years to complete, mostly hand dug, maybe 15 or 20 feet across--maybe more, I don't know, it seemed even narrower than that, let's see, our living room is about 15 feet across & if it were any

wider than that I'd be surprised, yet when it was completed it opened up the whole area to commerce and settlement, and was used for many years. Now it hasn't been used for over a hundred years, and yet it was so well built that even now without maintenance it runs free and if there were ever a need to use it again it's still serviceable. Sort of seems so American, know whudah mean? I don't know, maybe it's genetic--I probably had ancestors who lived near it or something.

Since I came home there's been some catching up to do, of course, but the children at home did all their chores without being reminded--they've been doing that lately, can you believe it? I missed them all so much and wish I could have shared what I saw with them; maybe someday, eh? They greeted me so warmly, it was worth it to go away just for that. Since then I've worked pretty hard writing some Sunday School lessons, too, which has been quite a project. Since I last taught the Marriage & Fam. Relations class, maybe 6 months ago, the manual has disappeared (I had returned it to the S.S. pres'cy not knowing whether I'd be teaching the class again), a disappearance I regarded as providential (I HATED that manual!), but no replacement for it is available anywhere. So our pres'cy asked me to write my own lessons, a task which has been daunting and time-consuming but also rewarding. I'll send you copies of the two I've finished so far--I'm sure you'll be thrilled!

I have this nasty cold sore which went from invisible to ^{between} a quarter ~~to~~ 3/8ths of an inch across at the left corner of my upper lip between Saturday night and Sunday morning, and then continued to grow to 5/8ths inch while I was at church on Sunday. I haven't had a cold sore for so many years that I can't remember WHEN I last had one. I had visions of it taking over my whole face, it grew so fast in that first 16 hours, but it seems to have stabilized now. However, it is not only very uncomfortable, but I also have swollen lymph glands under my jaw on that side of my face, and discomfort in my ear and in fact on that entire side of my face. When I don't move it feels like when the anesthesia the dentist uses has about half worn off; when I move it doesn't feel like that, it hurts. I won't be able to sing at Ewan's recital tonight and I'm feeling very self-pitying. It looks so awful, yellow icky blisters, swollen redness, etc., that Dad and the kids are all pitying me too, and I'm enjoying that.

Cousin Mark came home and his homecoming Sacrament Mtg. took place while we were in Washington for Michelle's wedding. We were sad to miss the homecoming. I understand he and Michael are both at USU now.

In other news, I can't think of any other news! Aren't you sad? I think I'll send a copy of this off to Aunt Charlotte for the Hallmanack, and to Grpa & Grma Huntington, etc., too, what a good idea, eh?

We love you and pray for you constantly.

Oh, I did think of one more tidbit; we are pretty happy that Aristide has returned to Haiti and hopeful that perhaps more missionaries may be sent there within a couple of years. We'll keep praying for that, too.

We still love you. Beyond the beyond. I am going to get busy and do Grandpa Rondot's temple work for him soon with Dad's help. Conference and Pres. Hunter's admonitions have moved me. That and I don't want my mom to be unconnected to her ancestors. Take care. We love you down to the most vital teensiest parts of your soul, whatever they may be, probably smaller than mitochondria, eh wot? And speaking of mitochondria, it only seems fair to me for people to carry their father's and husband's names since every human being can be "named" by their mitochondria right back to Mother Eve whereas in that sense their forefathers just disappear.

Still loving you.... and all you other family members out there too!

*Hi Charlotte - Thanks for doing what you do!
Love from Betty, etc.*

September 12, 1994 (9)

Dear Hallmaniacs,*

I've been meaning to write since a year ago, but I have procrastinated the day of my repentance long enough. I think maybe it's against the rules not to use a W. Processor, but I don't have one, so if this is too hard to read, just be grateful I'm not using my normal handwriting, which I think you will agree is much harder to read.

First, the "it's a small world after all" section:

- 1) On the temple grounds while in the MTC I met a girl from Hiroshima who just happened to know a very tall, blond, Elder Hall who just happened to have "beaned" in her home ward!
- 2) At a funeral for a ward member, Brother Takeshi Yoshikawa, who died of Leukemia here in Kanazawa, I met — (oh dear, now I've forgotten his name — something very British-sounding) — a college student going to Kyoto University who knew Brother Yoshikawa from the Japan, Sendai mission, where they served together several years ago. Anyway, he just happened to be from Barry and Virginia's ward in Arlington; and his sisters had her wedding reception in their backyard, in fact. They'll know who I'm talking about. But that's not all. His girlfriend is the older sister of my friends Allison and Katie Holsinger — I was in a production of West Side Story with Katie in the Summer of 1993.

I think I'm getting old. I think this not because I turn 22 next week, but because whenever the Hallmaniac comes, I find I really enjoy reading it and hearing everyone's news. Yet I distinctly remember that when I was younger, the word "Hallmaniac" was synonymous with "extreme boredom." Now I read it and think what wild and exciting lifestyles all my relatives →

*Has this one been used before?

are living. Maybe it's just that, being a missionary, everything seems wild and exciting. Speaking of wild and exciting, I'd like to say that on my mission so far, unlike Laura, no, I have not seen anyone killed or had anything stolen. Things in Japan are a little different. We bought our apples in one of our areas from a stand where you drop money in a box and take the fruit — no one there to run the fruitstand. I'm learning a lot of new skills here, some of which I may never be able to use again. For example, how to ride my bike with one inch between me and the bus on my right and one inch between me and the curb on my left. Maybe cousin Steve can relate. Steve — how are things in Okayama?

日本語はど"うで"すか? もう"ハ"ラ"ペ"ラで"しよう。私は"話す"こと"か"で"きる"けど"また"また"ハ"ラ"ペ"ラ"じゃ"ない"ね。"かん"は"あります"。

(My apologies to the rest of you) My companion is Sister Sakurai from Yokohama, near Tokyo. She came to me from the JMTC, so she's a "bean," but her Japanese and knowledge of Japanese culture is just a little further advanced than my own, so we help each other out a lot. It's not nearly as challenging an experience as when I was sent to be senior companion to an American sister who had been out for two months after I had been in Japan for four months. The Lord is really blessing us in Kanazawa right now. My mission has been the hardest experience of my life yet, but the blessings are incredible. That sounds so generic, but if you want details, we can talk at the family reunion in 1995. I love you all. (Sister)
 ♥ Love from your granddaughter/niece/daughter/cousin, Mary

P.S. Any votes on the first cousin to get married?
 I'm putting my bet on Emily. Maybe Mark.

Dear Family,

September 15, 1994

We had a nice little vacation late in August, driving down to Cedar City for two Shakespeare plays and returning the next day with a stop at Cove Fort--an impressive fort and stagecoach relay station. We also stopped in Manti and located all, I think, of our dozen or so ancestors in the Manti cemetery: Grandma Bartholomew's parents and grandparents [Garbe and Wintch]; Grandma Barton's parents [Musig and Funk], Grandparents [Funk & DeMill], and great-grandparents [Knight & DeMill]). Sherlene has a knack for finding graves! She found her 1 ancestor's grave [Mary Caroline Turnbaugh Langford Riddle] before I found any of my dozen. She then found most of mine, and I found the last few. A large pillar-like gravestone engraved in large letters with the name "Charley" helped me complete the find. "Charley" was Grandma Barton's brother, who died in a mine explosion where he was working, in his early twenties. The family love, particularly for Charley, is tangibly expressed in that gravestone.

After the trip, I read some of the personal stories of these ancestors and was impressed once more with all their labors, love, and sacrifices. Daniel Buckley Funk and his wife were in the company that first settled Manti. Arriving in November, they set up house in dugouts in the hillside which later became the stone quarry and then the temple site. Spring warming brought a surprise there one night--hundreds of rattle-snakes coming out of the rocks, right in their dugouts. They killed 500 snakes that night with no casualties (no doubt with much prayer).

Sherlene & Daniel are now back in the thick of school, and I'm attending a biblical Hebrew course. I really enjoy Don Parry as a teacher along with the progress in learning the Hebrew alphabet and basic grammar and vocabulary.

Sherlene has finally found a program that interests her--American Studies. It combines courses in American literature, history, political science. Along with a Mark Twain course from Brother Cracroft, a poetry writing course, and more, Sherlene also has a GRE (Graduate Record Exam) preparation course. She has already written some impressive, & I think, very publishable poetry.

Daniel has some English courses along with two beginning Hebrew courses (modern and biblical). It might have been fun to have a course together with Daniel, but that didn't happen.

Bruce Jackson made it over after many delays, including the death of a son in a train accident, to install two attic turbine vent fans, convection driven. The fans are effective in reducing the inside heat on a hot day.

We hear from Laura that her mission has progressively fewer missionaries due to a limit of 40 visas per year. It makes more work for the missionaries and active members there. In a letter received today, she tells of being bitten by a dog and of a 10-day-wait to see what happens to the dog.

We continue to work and study extra hours and wonder where the time goes, as the weeks and months fly. We are grateful for all the good things in our lives--family, church, studies, work, and fun--and each of you.

Love, Dan (& Sherlene, Daniel, & Laura)

P.S.: On Sunday we had an inspiring joint Priesthood/Relief Soc. Mtg. A Sis. RoseAnne Gunther from Am. Fork shared a great story. She was called unexpectedly and unwillingly, without experience as Stake Young Women's president. Unlike Jonas she had no escape ship or whale available. So she prayed fasted, and went to the temple to obtain her errand from the Lord, initially and ongoing. She was inspired to lead the ward leaders & girls in doing the real thing and to use the budget provided as sacred funds; no more punch, cookies, or party flyers--quite a bombshell for the girls & ward leaders. The "real thing" was proclaiming the gospel (learning & giving miss. lessons), redeeming forbearers (extracting names and doing baptisms), & perfecting selves &

our Ward Christmas project is

saints (preparing blankets, hygiene kits, infant care kits, first aid kits, & toys and distributing them to local needy or for Church humanitarian relief). The relief projects caught fire as other members and auxiliaries asked to participate and as the Church humanitarian relief committee became a partner. The Lord's spirit and pay were experienced by hundreds of girls, their leaders, and the other participants.

Dear Family

October 3, 1994

Sherlene & I saw a delightful one man play, The Planemaker, dramatizing a boy's/man's dreams and fantasies abt. flying. We talked with Cal & Karen a bit after, and realized that some of us had also had dreams about flying.

Sherlene is more encouraged with her GRE preparations after doing better on some practice tests. She considered dropping a class or two, but decided to hang in with all that she has already invested. There are always some interesting things going on in her classes and with her reading and writing assignments.

The husband of her poetry teacher visited the class and shared his story of change from resigned batchelor to amazed husband and father. He now recognizes the self-constructed barriers to love, faith, openness, sharing & risk that many of us blindly maintain and shared some of his "overcoming" insights & experiences with the class.

Sherlene's New Testament class from Stephen Robinson, Duke U. theology grad and astute Christian/LDS scholar and disciple, is very rewarding.

Daniel and I are still enjoying our separate Hebrew classes. He loves his basketball class. I love playing basketball with older guys 2 or 3 times a week. Daniel is working earlier hours now, something like 3:30 to 7:30pm. I feel blessed to have my Conversion and Indexing Software working fairly well right now with added features, before the next round of revisions and additions.

This week's letter from Laura was a big zero--we got the front of an envelope & nothing else. And I think it came through the pouch, since it had a 29¢ stamp and a US cancellation mark on it. We hope she came through the dog bite all right and know she is continuing the good battle there despite insufficient missionaries, working with two branches and teaching as much as she and her companion can.

In the repairs department, we found a good furnace man, listed for our brand of furnace and essentially Cal and Karen's neighbor--we now have a working basement furnace again. Plus two more repairs and a few hundred more dollars on Sherlene's Nissan: have you ever heard of a "rear dogbone strut?" And goodbye to the used lawn mowers I picked up last year: I realized it was time for a new one, and found a good deal on a model with large rear wheels: that feature is better than self-propulsion! The mowing goes much faster and easier now--and Daniel enjoys doing it more.

We loved General Conference, including the one hour TV feature on Pres. Hunter' life (we have a tape of it). We just had a good Stake Conference the weekend before. For this coming Sunday I've organized a Teacher Development S. School class , to be taught by a backyard neighbor who is also a local H.S. Principal.

A week ago Saturday on their anniversary, we had a very nice fall colors drive around Nebo Loop (and picnic) with Mom and Dad Hall.

Our Love to you all.

Dan & Sherlene, Daniel & Laura