

*[In emergencies]*

Dear Family: *[Sherlene's 24 in brackets]*:

June 14, 1995

After a most rainy, cool, and green Utah Spring, Summer finally seems to be on its way. Between rains, we've enjoyed a few sessions of our normal spring therapy—digging, planting, weeding, etc. Dan just planted 3 Rose of Sharon, a Bing Cherry, and a Pink Flowering Almond, and plans to put in a few more rose bushes. [I got out a couple of times to do a little digging, but most of the time I've been too dizzy to do much. This virus just didn't want to say "goodbye." I think my ancestors plotted this—I'm too well to stay in bed, but not well enough to do anything standing, so I've been taking all the photocopies—boxes and drawers of them—I've collected them at libraries over the years and highlighted the good parts while watching TV—am finally getting it all put into PAF. Trouble is, I get on binges and don't stop when I should—I've probably been doing close to 12 hours a day—now have more than 10,000 names, many with extensive notes, in my PAF database. Getting back to flowers, Mom gave me some iris splits when we first moved here, and they were so beautiful this spring—a royal spread!]

One real spring highlight was Steven's homecoming talk and program, and the family gather after at David's & Karen's. Stephen shared great experiences and feelings of love and testimony, all from the heart. We're still praying for renters or buyers for July 1, and for Tracy's job hunt. [This has been an excruciating process—we thought we had a done deal after three days negotiating on what was supposed to be a contract sale of our house, but it fell through this week. I have ads in several papers and have to stay by the phone all day in case anyone calls—which hasn't been bad, because I didn't feel like doing much anyway. Last week I was feeling a lot better, just in time to take Mom in for her sonogram on what the doctor first said was an obvious blood clot she could feel. I watched the screen the whole time the sonogram was going on—the technology is absolutely amazing—they show the blood flow in color—one direction is blue, and the other red, so they can see in color where the blood flow is blocked. I saw several dark clots and stopped blood flow, and it scared me to death—those were also the several places the technician paused to take extra photos. I had myself all prepared for bad, bad news and then Mom called and said the doctor who read the slides said all looked normal, and she could get up and go about her business. Mom's leg had been extremely tender and painful—Mom could hardly stand to have the technician touch her leg to do the tests—but the next day, the pain went and she was up and around just in time to learn Dad's symptoms pointed to a bad case of diabetes. I sincerely feel Mom experienced a miracle in response to all our fasting and prayers—though the Lord usually manages to make it look almost coincidental. So let's all remember Dad this next fast Sunday, too. So far, pills seem to be doing the job on his sugar levels. I have had a few scares with my hiatal hernia through all this, too—must be nerves. Usually if I'm careful I'm all right, but I couldn't eat much at all, even liquids, a couple of days there because the food simply would not go down, and one time I about passed out before I was able to wash the food down (it gets stuck, puts pressure on my heart, and I start to black out). Getting old is not fun. Dan and our home teacher gave me a blessing, and it really helped. I still have to be careful, but it's much better.]

Sherlene's break from school has consisted so far of several weeks of sickness and many all-day (and sometimes most of the night) family history keyboarding shifts. She has now entered over 10,000 names in her PAF database. [The big project this past two days has been getting histories of our women pioneer ancestors into Salt Lake in time to make the deadline for the volume the Utah Daughters of the Pioneers is

being from said it to help with the writing, she's got me 325 charge for each person you submit. You have to write the whole history in their format, which only leaves a couple of paragraphs of history you can write. I am so slow. The first job is finding the information--all the histories were written by the women about their men! So you have to piece the facts together to figure out what the woman did. Then putting it all into two paragraphs--which, as you know, is so easy for someone succinct like me. I have to be the world's slowest writer. At first I told Mom I just couldn't--I am so far behind on everything at home--but I changed my mind. Mom did Johanna Charlotte Scherlin and Mary Caroline Tumbaugh, and her back got so sore typing that long, she was in sheer agony last night. I did Annis Bedford Rudd Jackson and Nancy Naomi Alexander Tracy until three o'clock this morning--because I wanted to send them with Dan to Helen Jonsson, on his way to work--she's leaving before noon to hand deliver them in Salt Lake to meet the deadline. If they give us more time, we have others to do: Zina Emma Rachel Turner, Maria Herbert, Sarah Bethurum, Parthena Davis, Ann Pohrsdotter, Ulrica Louisa Wass, and Elizabeth Benefield, also crossed the plains as part of the LDS female pioneering effort, and I don't know much about them, because I've been concentrating on those way back on the Hall lines in New England. It's probably time to spend more time on the Langford side and on those more recent converts to the Church.]

Laura has some good Social Work classes and likes her apartment life, with one big exception. After several thefts in her apartment and complex, the person she & several roommates suspected became aware and very angry about the suspicion. Some very negative confrontations and sleepless nights have followed. Laura is also disappointed in the loose living of some friends and acquaintances. And she has a new friend, Eric.

Daniel loves living in the Arab house and taking Hebrew and Arabic. He is thinking and praying much about directions, graduate work, and how he can make use of these languages in his further work and study. He is interested in Near East intensive language programs and opportunities Teaching English as a Foreign Language. His friend Natalie is back from Jerusalem, but is leaving to work for the summer in Indiana.

Yesterday I got a call from a man with a very deep voice, who, sounding very official, said with some concern that he was the chief of police in Provo and was looking for the parents of Laura Bartholomew. I took a deep breath, while he said she had been picked up with some friends for indecent exposure, and would I come and get her at the station. By then I knew it was a hoax, so I told him this daughter had been nothing but trouble, and asked if he would do me a favor and keep her there behind bars. It turned out to be Terry Routt, husband of Dan's sister, Carol.]

The four-person programming team Dan belongs to has adopted Microsoft's "Version Control System," which stores and keeps track of all the programming additions and fixes we make to different versions or stages of our software. It's a big help in maintaining our working version and several versions and subprojects in different stages of coding and testing. Dan has also continued auditing the Artificial Intelligence and Weight Training Classes and playing some basketball. ["Some," lately, means from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m.--but then his work is so intense, often late days, and involves most Saturdays--he needs the break. But you can see why I'm glad I've got my genealogy outlet--at 8:30 I look up and say, "You home already?" Then I look at his trim, fit form and say, "Come into my parlor. ..."]

Since helping computerize the Dead Sea Scroll texts we had so far and preparing the Hebrew OT for the BYU / FARMS Jerusalem symposium, Dan has finished preparing the English Old Testament for side-by-side display with the Hebrew. It's a handy tool for Biblical Hebrew students.

At church, we just finished our second Teacher Development Class (taught by the Timp View principal) and had a great Quarterly Teacher Development Meeting, taught by Karen's and David's Bishop, D. Cecil Clark. We're still reading (and recommend) his book, *Teaching Like the Master*. [Dan's meeting was a terrific success--we've had people who couldn't make it, who heard about it, ask if there were extra handouts, and people were even talking about it in their testimonies last week. Thanks for the idea, David.]