

Bryan Weight Family Letter

August 27, 1995

Summer is almost over. I can hardly believe it!! We've had quite a quiet summer. We spent some days at the beach but haven't gone anywhere else. We plan an outing this Labor Day weekend.

Sarah went to Italy with the Symphonic Girl's choir and had a wonderful time. I will always remember my conversation with her on the way home from the airport. We were in a rented car because our van was in for repairs. Hannah, Sarah and I were squeezed into the back seat while Bryan was driving. Sarah talked all the way home in an excited voice about the places she had been and the sites she had seen. I don't remember all the details of the conversation but I will always remember the pure joy in her face as she recounted her experiences. It was worth all the money we had to spend to send her there!!

She and Hannah went to EFY. Hannah had a wonderful week and was so glad that she went. Sarah roomed with a friend that she met last year at EFY and had a great time.

September 10, 1995

The children are all in school now. We spent the weekend before school at Crater Lake. The campground we were in was small and quiet. There couldn't have been more than 20 sites. We took a boat ride around the lake and saw Phantom Ship, The Castle and Devil's ridge. The water is incredible blue. It's the deepest lake in the United States. In the evenings we played games around the campfire. Sarah played her guitar and sang. Hannah joined her on some songs. The following morning the neighbors in the camp next door complained to Bryan because they couldn't hear Sarah as well as they wanted to. They thanked her for the serenade.

The boys collected firewood and enjoyed trying to feed the ground squirrels while we were waiting for the boat ride.

Hyrum has adjusted quite well to 7th grade. He wasn't too excited about riding the bus but he doesn't complain now. Sarah has been really busy with activities and her dishes had piled up. I ask Hyrum to do them for her and offered to pay him. He did them but wouldn't accept any money. He told me that I did a lot for him and he was glad to help me out. What a sweet son.

Willis is collecting bugs. Hannah got him started. She had to collect some for her biology class and he helped her. Now he's starting his own collection. He catches them, freezes them and glues them to a piece of cardboard. One bug wasn't quite dead when Willis glued it to the board and it started flapping it's wings. Poor creature!!

Hannah's first cross country meet is tomorrow. She has been practicing really hard. She seems to have a good schedule and is adjusting well to High School. She wore hippie clothes the first day of school and had her hair in pigtails. She has always been so conventional in her dress--but not that day!!

Bryan and I have been frantically trying to get our house ready for sale. We've been painting, tearing up carpet, cleaning and etc. We had one open house but didn't have too many turn out. We haven't advertized it again since we were out of town and getting the kids settled back into school.

We hope and pray that Dad is feeling better. We're sorry that he's had so much pain.

Congratulations on your new job Tracy!! We were hoping that you would find one in the Northwest. Our loss, New England's gain!!
Maybe Michael will seroe in your new ward!

Love, Bryan, Charlotte, and family

Tracy's new address:
C/O Science Research Labs
Sommerville, MASS. 02143

Nathan Wood
Ensign Hall #149
Ricks College
Rexburg, Idaho 83460-0046

News from David Hall family:

Michael has been out about two weeks. He had pneumonia before he left on his mission and was ill with a cough, sinus infection and bronchitis while in the MTC. He slept out in the hallway so he wouldn't keep his companions awake with his coughing. (We hope and pray you are feeling better soon!!)

Mark is back in Washington DC working for Senator Hatch. He has a one hour subway commute each day. He was assigned to the intellectual property division which works with patten and copyrights. He is working really hard and really enjoying it. He will return to Utah when congress lets out in November or December.

Stephen is on term break and will return to school on the 26th. Barbara is in the 7th grade and Emily is a Junior this year. Emily is playing volleyball (of course!).

The addresses of the boys are as follows:

Mark Hall
75 South Reynolds St. Apt. G310
Alexandria, VA 22304
01440

Steven Hall
695 Darwin Ave #1
Logan, Utah 84321

Elder Michael Hall
104 Ridgewood Ln. #6
Gardener, Mass

Dear Family:

Hozitgoin? It was good to see some of you when we were in Utah (Sept.10-15). Now that we've got three kids at the Y, we hardly have any time for visiting anyone but them. They come around often when the "deep pockets" are in town. We like to think that they enjoy our company. Marty had a week-long Covey seminar at Sundance, so I flew up with him to see the different apartments Greg, Emily and Erin are in, and to visit Mom and Dad. The weather was beautiful. Hear things have turned cold, now.

I'm having trouble adjusting to an almost-empty house. Marty is traveling quite a bit--three weeks this month, two weeks next month--so things are pretty quiet around here. He's in Monterey this week, will be in Geneva, Switzerland next week. Wish I could go with him to Geneva!

We took a week-long vacation to Sunriver, Oregon the third week in August. On the trip up we stopped overnight at Grants Pass to take a five-hour jet boat ride up the Rogue River. We saw some really spectacular wilderness scenery. Another day everyone but me took a white-water rafting trip on the Duschene River. I stayed home and read a book. My kind of vacation!

We're just finished remodeling our family room. We put in floor to ceiling oak shelves around our fireplace and had some pretty ugly paneling and fake beams removed and replaced with smooth walls. The first and messiest part was completed while we were in Oregon, and the painting was completed while we were in Utah, and we carpeted and moved back in this week. I've also had some new crown moldings and floor boards put into our living room, so now the living room needs to be repainted. The kitchen walls need re-papering as well, so I shouldn't be at a loss for things to do, for a while anyway.

Greg has his band up and running again. He advertised for a new bass player and drummer and found some really excellent musicians. Friday night they set up their equipment on a lawn outside a house where a party was in progress (on about 7th North and 7th East) and the streets started filling with hundreds of people. Party was great until the cops came. Great exposure, he tells us. I wonder what kind he means. The name of his band is "Ace is Wired"--don't ask, we don't get it either. We think he studies sometimes, too. Greg's new address is: 434 S. Idaho Ave., Provo, UT 94606.

Emily is in her senior year--should have a senior recital in the Spring. She has a terrific apartment right next to campus, and shares it with only one other girl. Her friend returned from his mission and is acting pretty scared and cool, so things are not looking real positive there. Those of you who bet that Emily would be the first grandchild married might want to rethink that. Don't bet on Greg either. Actually, we auditioned some prospective marriage applicants for Emily while we were in Provo. She knows some nice guys. We offered eight cows, but there were no takers. I dunno--maybe she's worth ten. Emily went horse-riding/cow-herding/calf branding last Saturday. She had such a great time that now she wants to marry a rancher. Emily's address is: 759 E. 820 N. #102, Provo, UT 84604. Her e-mail address is EmSkye@AOL.com. (She always wanted Skye to be her middle name.) (Guess what? Emily turned me on to country music this summer. Weird, huh.)

Erin was admitted to the music department with a major in Vocal Performance. The auditions were tough, but she made it! She has some great teachers, has met lots of fun people, and is trying to adjust to freshman life, i.e., no sleep. Watch out BYU--she's on her way! Her address is: Helaman Halls, D-3104 John Hall, Provo, UT 94604. We're trying to get Greg and Erin hooked up to AOL, too, so we can all communicate electronically--got to get those phone bills down!

John injured his ankle in a pick-up basketball game a few weeks ago. It's beginning to feel better now, and he's going to try to go back into conditioning today. He's getting pretty tall--just beats out Marty at 6'2". He's a sophomore this year, and hopes to make the varsity team. Especially since one of the team member's dad (who owns the #1 travel agency in Korea) is going to send the whole team to Korea over Thanksgiving break to play some teams over there. Do you think he cares that it could interfere with our family reunion? We'll see.

Well, take it easy, everyone. We love you and are looking forward to Thanksgiving!
Love, Liz and the Neil Gang (E-mail address: JNeil@AOL.com.)

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September 26, 1995

Dear Family,

I'm glad Charlotte delayed the Hallmanack. So much has happened in the last month or two and I have not been good about getting a letter to her. I have written lots of other letters, but had forgotten to get out a Hallmanack. Barry is out of town for four days in New Mexico. He has a client there who is selling a television station and he is doing all the legal work for the sale. He had a terrible stomach bug before he left, so I hope he's feeling better. Well, the movement of women into the working force in such great numbers has hurt rather than helped lawyers and other professional people. Women aren't training to be legal secretaries, they are training to be lawyers. As a result, there are very few really capable secretaries out there. I'm not sure that the answer is to pay secretaries more. More working women would rather be lawyers than secretaries, there's more status and more money. Knowing the stress and time and effort that goes into being a lawyer, I think I'd opt to be an extremely good legal secretary. A good one can make about half of what a lawyer makes and work two-thirds the time most lawyers work. I can't tell you the strain Barry has been under since his excellent secretary of thirteen years left and went to Arizona to work for a client of his. She was tired of the traffic on the Beltway and tired of being away from her daughter so much. Every secretary he has used since she left about a year ago has had major difficulties with such fundamental things as spelling (this even with spellcheck!) I have taken to asking everybody I meet if they are aware of a pleasant person with great computer skills who is looking for a job. It would sure make Barry's life easier.

Nathan is settled in at Ricks in Rexburg. I flew out with him to get him installed. I'm glad that I did. My regrets that I let him start school (his is an August birthday) on the early end of things all disappeared when I considered that if this were a mission he was going on, I could not have been there to ease the transition. I'm sure that he'd have survived the transition to a mission, but I think it is easier to have your first major separation from your family eased by having your Mom there to help you and the phone readily accessible. He has been blessed with a great roommate. When I dropped him off, his roommate's possessions were there, but he hadn't arrived yet. I was curious as to what this individual might be like as his "things" consisted of one medium sized box, a hodgepodge of hangers on his desk, a popcorn popping machine and a fishing pole. Well, when he arrived and got his desk set up, Nathan says he had a complete collection of the basic Mormon library, all of which he'd read. He's a recent convert to the church and has been working his way very steadily through Jesus the Christ, A Marvelous Work and a Wonder, Miracle of Forgiveness, and other books that Nathan hasn't read yet. He's from this area (Sterling, Virginia) and his parents, who are in the military are not members of the Church. We'll have to give them a phone call and arrange dinner together or something.

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I was surprised at the emotion we both felt when we said good-bye. We had planned to go out to a restaurant (there aren't a lot in Rexburg we found out) just before I returned to Idaho Falls, but neither one of us felt like eating. We just sat in the car and wished we had a box of Kleenex handy. Separations make you appreciate those around you more and I have noticed that I am much more aware of my individual children's personalities and quirks. It's also interesting to note how family dynamics change when somebody leaves. It's good for Warren to have a shot at being the oldest. He does not do it in the same way as Nathan.

I was preparing a box of things to send to Nathan that he has found he cannot live without (like his Two Towers diskettes) and I said to Roland, "what else do we need to put in the box to send to Nathan." "ME," said Roland. He misses Nathan a lot. He didn't understand at first that it was going to be a while before he saw Nathan again. Every car that pulled into our driveway was sure to be his big brother returning and he would run to the door shouting his name. I think it's finally sunk in.

Last Sunday Roland was home from Church with a cough and his teacher came up to tell me how much she missed him. She said he makes her whole class worthwhile. He has such a way with verbalizing things and his perspective is so fresh and wierd. He is better at group things (a little bit anyway) and will stay in his seat and even occasionally raise his hand. Actually, part of his charm is his spontaneity. He just says what pops into his mind. I don't even remember how this all came up. In fact, I don't think we were talking about any related matter. I was in his bedroom putting away his clothes and he said, "Mom, God is really powerful. He can see what you are thinking. He even knows what you are going to tell your Mom and Dad. AND, He even knows what 15 + 15 is!" And then a little wistfully, "I don't know what 15 + 15 is." I think he didn't think it was such a big deal that God could see what he was thinking, as he himself knew what he was thinking, and he also knew very well what he was going to tell his Mom and Dad. But was really amazing to him was that God knows things that he himself doesn't know and that is what makes him so powerful. And I guess that really is what makes God so powerful. He knows all the things that men don't. He has perfect perspective.

Having a child away in college has made me regret all the letters I never wrote to my nieces and nephews. He is mail hungry and now I know why Sherlene included her kids addresses in many of her letters. Here is Nathan's college address:

Nathan Wood
Ensign Hall, Room #149
Ricks College
Rexburg, Idaho 83460-0046
(208) 356-2681

Well, I guess it's a good thing that some structure gets

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imposed on my life from time to time. School is back in swing and it gives me the push I need to set some limits and get back to a schedule. No more TV (except for a dose of Bill Nigh the Science Guy every day at 5:30 on PBS) except on weekends after jobs and homework. We're back to set bedtimes for the younger children. The older kids self-impose their bedtimes, but as they have early morning seminary, they tend to get to bed fairly early. I have been getting up and going with the kids to Seminary every morning. Boy am I tired! They only have two other senior kids who are driving from Seminary to Yorktown Highschool. One of them takes off really fast with nobody else in his car (which is his right) and leaves Rachel Oliphant to drive eleven kids to Yorktown high school. So, Warren really does need to be a driver, but I am not confident enough in his driving to let him drive Jonathan and himself, let alone other kids to school every day. He took the Driver's Ed. course and passed his driving test, but he doesn't have the natural knack for it that Nathan seemed to have. He's only a junior this year and Nathan was a senior (though the same age as Warren) before I let him drive from Seminary to school. It's actually been a good thing for me to go with them every morning. I let Warren drive and the roads are fairly quiet at six a.m. He's gotten much better and I am getting a little less worried about his getting in an accident. He is so smart, but he tends to focus on one specific thing intently, and seems to sometimes miss the big picture.

I'd better get the kids off to school. I didn't stay through the Seminary hour to take the kids back to school as I have been doing as Barry isn't home to get the other kids up and moving. I specifically asked the speedy-out driver to wait for Warren and Jonathan and take them to school for the next four days until Barry returns from New Mexico. Listening from the foyer to the two Seminary teachers has been an eye-opener. Early-morning Seminary teachers are SAINTS. Brother Jensen (a young married fellow from Falls Church Ward who takes the younger group of kids) has over twenty mostly boys many of whose necks I'd have personally wrung this first two weeks of class. The teacher of Warren's class (Juniors and Seniors) is a young gal with no kids who has the difficult task of filling the shoes of my good friend Ellen Holsinger who is moving to Ethiopia for the next four or five years with her family. All the kids are terrifically disappointed that Ellen is going. She treated her calling as a full-time job. Those kids got a part of her soul and Nathan was so blessed by having been in her class. She chose him for her class president the last year she taught and what a good training ground that was for him. I will miss Ellen's energy and service and just plain goodness so much!

Well, we think of all of you with lots of good will and a good dose of wish we were there. I'm thrilled to have Betsy and Tracy moving to Massachusetts and look forward to more vacations in New England and a good excuse to head up that way.

Love,

Virginia

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Sherlene page 1

Dear Family, (from 1062E 1010 N, Orem 84057 - 801-223-9911) September 29, 1995

I've got about five minutes to say "Hello" before Dan leaves, so he can fax this to Charlotte in time to meet her deadline.

This has been a wild and wooly time for us. Grad school is no picnic--each class requiring about 20 texts, papers every other day, thesis committee to get together, along with an outline of my prospectus the first week (how am I supposed to know the first week of grad school what I'm going to be a master at--I thought it would grow out of the coursework). The kids in this program are so sharp--they only let twenty in out of 100 applicants, and I'm told most of the applicants had a 3.9 gpa--that's why I didn't even apply until I got mine up there for the last 60 hours. But I can't keep up with these kids. They read something once (scan it at 100 mph, you might say) and they have it down pat. I never knew anybody could be so smart. I have to read it all three times, dictionary in hand, and I still don't get it, never mind remember anything. I don't understand the half of what they're talking about in our discussion groups (there are only five of us in the American Studies program, so if I'm ever unprepared, it is pretty hard to hide).

The Lord blessed me so much in choosing a committee. I knew I wanted it to be about family history and a readable narrative--perhaps do a case study titled "Anatomy of an American Family," take my sixteen great-grandparents as models, illustrate the forces that brought them to America, what circumstances they found when they got here, how they coped, what experiences they shared and which were unique, and somehow tie in the (generally in our case) unifying influence of the Church. I made a list of potential advisors and prayed about it and felt impressed to quit worrying about who applied to what and who would accept and just select the three I felt had the best radiance. Being a subjective type, that methodology appealed and worked and I had no trouble choosing out Professors Richard Cracroft (head of Christian Studies and former Chairman of American Studies--who taught my Mark Twain course last year), Dr. David Pratt (Chairman of the History Department where I'll get my Ph.D., if I get in and if I get through this M.A. and current teacher of my British Family History course--he took us to Salt Lake last week, showed us all the British resources, and I spent the whole day there)--and Dr. Richard Anderson, my favorite religion prof, who has a law degree and also a Ph.D. in Ancient Studies of some sort and is such a good man--exemplifying everything he preaches). I then realized I didn't have a ghost of a chance getting men of this quality and research involvement, so kept trying to put it out of my mind and think elsewhere, but I kept running into all three of them around campus and finally realized that maybe this wasn't all serendipity. I somehow got the courage to ask all three and couldn't believe that all three accepted. Dr. Pratt told me he didn't have time and to try and get someone else, but I had a deadline to meet, getting my signatures in, so I made a deal with him that if he would sign, I'd do my best to find someone to replace him. So he signed, and I really did try the next day. He walked by in the hall, while I was counseling with Katherine Daines (who told me even if she were excepted, she felt I'd be better off to get a tenured person), and when I came out, he was standing there in the hall and let me know he'd reconsidered and he'd be glad to do it (for old time's sake, he said, because he was on the high council with Dad in BYU 10th Stake 100 years ago)--I didn't even know he knew who my father was. Now I just need to

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tailor my subject to fit the three men--admittedly a backward, but not entirely unfortunate approach. Dr. Anderson is retiring in a year, so I had to run papers around four departments to get an exception for him to work with me as an "emeritus," plus work out a tentative subject to hand my committee that I thought would attract their interest before getting their signatures. It has been wild.

The coursework, though, in this Kennedy Center program is very interesting. Codes have changed since I was in school, and I have to learn new jargon just to understand the readings--I keep a dictionary close by. But I can feel the old brain cells expanding, the visiting professors are definitely interesting (Cyrus Gordon came last week to talk to just our class--fascinating stuff--I got to sit by his second wife [first died of cancer] at lunch, and she just converted to Judaism last year and had some rather slanted comments and opinionated questions, which I felt blessed to field quite well. There is a definite advantage to being my age and not having to apple polish my way through classes because supporting my family some day depends on it. I say what I think and don't hesitate to argue with my professors when I disagree and seem to get away with it (for now--when I still don't have my M.A. in twelve years, I may have to revise that statement).

Then our new convert attorney in New Jersey calls, and her non-LDS daughter who is a freshman at BYU is ill and wanted me to bring her home and nurse her--which I did for two days, with the most delightful, sweet help from Laura, who I have to say is going to be one fabulous social worker--she is so good working with people and so absolutely unselfish in her priorities--I'm so lucky to have these kids of mine. So Laura and I got her strep throat (but Dr. Wallace got us medication in a hurry, and we're doing fine). She was very ill, and when she threw up, I realized nursing was never ever in the cards as a potential profession for me. Every time she gagged, I had to go in the back room and gag, too, trying to do it quietly, so she wouldn't know. Delightful.

The last day Abbie was here, we got word that Mom had collapsed at the chemistry building and was rushed to the hospital--but by the time I got someone to spell off Abby and got over there the next day, Dad said Mom seemed fine and was, in fact, at Nancy's getting a perm (she didn't fool us--figured she wanted curly hair in her coffin). I guess Mom took the elevator up in the Eyring Science Center to get Dad's mail, while he waited below in the car for her return. It scares me when I think she could have collapsed in the elevator and not been found. As soon as she stepped out, she knew she was fainting, so she sat down, realized that wasn't going to hold, so she laid down on the floor. She says she was conscious the whole time, but just dizzy and numb all over, but I guess by the time a professor got out to the car to tell Dad they had called an ambulance and Mom wanted him to go home (of course he didn't) and Dad got to her--they were giving her oxygen. A professor took the car home and dad rode in the ambulance with Mom to the hospital, but after they checked her out, they sent her home again. Then she got an upset stomach and diarrhea. I just talked with her and she was up all night with another bout of diarrhea and is feeling kind of weak and dehydrated, with a still-numb foot, so keep both our parents in your prayers.

The next day, I got a sore throat, so I've been staying away ever since, so Dad and she

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wouldn't get this (Dad gave us a scare there for a while, he was so ill--but he seems to be getting a little stronger and look a little better every day). I felt awful all day yesterday, but today feel much, much better. They say people might die in the future of strep throat because the virus is getting immune to medication--but in the meantime, I sure do see the miracle of good old augmentin amox tr/k clavulanate 250mg.--whatever that is. We had taken Abby to Dr. Wallace for a second opinion, because the medicine her other doctor gave her was only making things worse. So he knew the history and didn't wait for any culture results. After my exam I took Dan to work (our other car was in the shop--again) and then picked up Laura, who was also feeling awful and brought her back to Dr. Wallace for the same exam and prescription. Nothing like unity in the family. Laura just showed up here to give me a ride to campus to fax this to Charlotte and get away from the phone so I can get some homework done. She feels better, too, though the medicine gives her an upset stomach.

Laura was on a high when I got to her Brownstone apartment to pick her up for the Dr.-- she had just got a call from the Point of the Mountain--she has qualified for penitentiary duty. She had interviewed there the day before, and they hired her. I don't for the life of me know why she was so anxious to get this job working--of all things--with sex offenders. A mother's nightmare. She said the interview went very well and halfway through the interview, they quit asking questions and started telling her how much she wanted this job because they would write her such wonderful letters to get into grad school (she told them she wanted to get into grad school in Social Work--she graduates this April or August--hard to believe). Anyway, you should have seen her when she dropped by after her interview. On a real high--she kept saying over and over, "God just gave me the words." They had limited their interviews to eight applicants. So now we have to sell our house--we for sure need another car, if she's going to be driving to Point of the Mountain half of each day.

Pam Falls, our attorney, called this morning, and she said she called the attorney of this family that asked us to fax a contract, and it looks like it's acceptable to them and it's going to go through. It's a bit frightening, because they are from Ghana, and though they have a pre-approved mortgage for \$205,000, they can't prove they have the rest of the money--their offer is \$395,000, which is what the Realty told us they thought we would eventually get, with their help (and before they got their cut--so at least we're saving that 5% that Coldwell Banker offered, since I have a license with them). Their attorney told us their money is temporarily tied up in Ghana and there's no way to check it. They act like they have all kinds of money--he owns a shoe exporting business to South America, and they tell us they just bought a town house for her mother, put their son into an expensive private school, and they supposedly need to rent our home three months before they can free up the rest of their cash to buy our home, come the first of the year. I can just see us having to extricate this minority family that never closes and just wants to occupy without paying rent for the next five years (I'm told with current laws, it takes two years to evict a family if they don't pay their rent). But this is what is now available--the house is just sitting there empty--we've already lost \$9,000 in three months' rent, and it does not make sense, but I get a peaceful feeling when I pray about it. They can't give us any references that count, either, because they've previously lived in condos she says were owned by her

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mother. Anyway, their attorney said he'd get on it Monday, and we are going to be praying we're doing the right thing here. We've paid a deposit to painters who are power washing our Basking Ridge house right now as the first step in painting it--we couldn't let it go another winter without that protection and had already contracted it, so also threw that in--there's another \$3,000. Anyway, if this goes through that will be a big relief. We phrased the contract so it would read as an exchange--if we exchange within two years to a rental property of equal value, we can avoid a lot of capital gains tax. We have a friend who just built a fancy office building and says he has already rented it out in five-year leases that will in the five years totally pay off the cost of the building. He told us to call him when we've sold the house--so maybe we'll become an investor there and just stay in this home, though the air conditioning and heating systems stink.

Daniel's girlfriend, Rita, arrives today from California to stay with friends and visit with Daniel a bit before taking off on her mission. I should be cleaning house and having

her to dinner--when Daniel was in California, her mother gave him two weeks of royal, red-carpet treatment. She paid for his round-trip ticket, took them to the opera, Marineland, Disneyland, art exhibits (featuring his favorite artist), out to dinner several times, plus extra-fine home meals--the whole bit (she's CEO of some company and divorced). Oh, well. I'm going to be in the library studying until ten o'clock each night. Maybe, if one of our cars can take it, we'll drive them around Nebo Loop while we listen to General Conference on Sunday (after I pick up a Kentucky Fried lunch).

Dan and I went to a modernized version of Romeo and Juliet up at the castle theater above where the State Hospital used to be. I'd never gone to a production there--what a fantastic setting. Gorgeous night. We had thought Cyrano was on that night, and since I'm quite traditionalist about my Shakespeare, I didn't think I was going to like it. It was fabulous. And funny. Shakespeare would have loved it.

I got hold of an old photo none of you have seen of one of our ancestors (Mom found it in a box of stuff Hyrum Chlarson willed her), and I'm getting it restored and making a copy for all of you for Christmas. For my British family history class, I'm documenting and tracing back the Burdettes--and enjoying it.

Well, I've got to get moving. For some reason Dan knew I'd get carried away, so took off. 'Hope this gets to you in time, Charlotte. Love, Sherlene

B Sherlene B