

Conference today and one week later the fumes were still evident. I think these windowless designs for Stake Centers are a big mistake. There is just no ventilation in that building. He finally felt well enough to drive home, but continued to vomit during the night. At one point he said to me, "If I had the strength I'd ask you to bring me a pen and paper so I could make out my will." He did make a big find while he was there. He found the maiden name of Margaret Montooth in a new book the library just acquired. He's been searching for it for years. I wonder if he feels it was worth it? The name is HANNON. He now has a new line to pursue. *Margaret Hannan m. 22 Dec 1810 William Montooth at St. Paul's Episc. Church, Baltimore.*

We have a new Stake President by the name of Kent Colton. He was our Stake's former Young Men's President. Nathan worked with him when he was on the Stake Youth Council. It will be nice for him to be set apart for his mission by someone he knows. His birthday isn't until August, but right now, that doesn't seem very far away at all.

Tomorrow my basement carpet gets relaid. It will be so nice to get things back together. I hope they can stretch it enough to get it back to the walls. I will never build my house beside a river or an ocean or a stream. We have quite enough of a stream bed in our back yard when it rains. I used to think it would be so wonderful and romantic to build a house beside a river. Not on your life! I know why I was born in this generation. I would never have made it across the plains. *I wonder if Charlotte has floated away with the rest of Oregon?!*

Roland tells me he is having a really bad day. He can't find his happy meal toy he got last week. I don't know who plans the MacDonald toys, but they are a big hit in this household. I have turned the TV off today and he is in here bugging me to set up a computer game for him to play.

I bore my testimony just last week in Church. I felt so grateful for my good kids. I am reminding myself of that this afternoon as they were so restless and wretched in Stake Conference. During the second week of January when we had that deep snowfall Barry built a sledding run from the top of the hill to the very bottom for the kids. Along the way he dropped a trail or quarters from his pocket. Christian discovered them and showed them to Rose-Ellen. She grabbed one out of his hand and as it was covered in ice, popped it into her mouth to melt the ice. I was replenishing milk at the grocery store and Barry was on the phone with a client. Fortunately, Jonathan was in the yard with them. The quarter immediately slid down her throat. She could not breathe and dropped to her hands and knees in respiratory distress. Jonathan immediately ran to her side and whacked her sharply between the shoulder blades six or seven times. It finally popped from her mouth and she was able to breathe again. When I got home, I heard all about Rose-Ellen nearly swallowing a quarter. What I didn't hear was the rescue story. Jonathan is so humble and unassuming. He never told me he'd rescued her. I heard it from Rose-Ellen several days later. I'd assumed that she'd been able

to cough it up herself. I am so grateful that he was there to help her. My kids may squabble and fuss and compete with each other, but I need to remember that they also play nicely together, and look out for each other, and help each other also.

Sometimes I come home from Stake Conference inspired and enthusiastic and ready to go. This week I came home tired and grumpy and weary and discouraged. I think they chose all the scriptures that make me squirm to quote today. You know the ones that go, "Be not weary in well doing..." and the like. Actually, I learned a great lesson today. Whenever we have Stake Conference our Stake President invites us to get prepared by doing five sessions in the temple the week prior to conference. I have always tried to accomplish that and have usually done at least three or four and usually five sessions as requested. It's always a busy and hectic week, but at the end I always felt like I achieved a goal, and felt spiritually in tune at conference. This time I didn't even get one session done. I had good intentions, but never made the effort to get a sitter for Roland and attend the temple during the daytime hours while the kids were at school. With Warren's play this week and other commitments, my nights were full. The payoff this week has been an unusually grumpy household and the feeling that little was accomplished. If I'd gone to the temple I'd at least have a good excuse for the disarray all around me.

Roland and Christian are outside my study door playing catapult with popsicle sticks and small cars and toys. The toys are flying up and hitting my walls and ceilings. I urged them to control themselves as I didn't relish the idea of holes in my wallpaper or ceilings. Christian said, "But Mom, it's fun and kids just can't help having fun." I think that is exactly what I need in my life, a little more fun. Adults are too tense. We have too much to do and not enough time. So what if the beds don't get made and the dishes don't get done and everything in the basement is under three inches of water. I think I'll pound a HOUSE FOR SALE AS IS sign up on my front lawn. Of course then I'd have to find another house to live in and move. Wouldn't that be fun?

Thanks for the birthday cards and flowers and tapes and C.Ds, and phone calls and notes. Barry was away at a conference in Las Vegas and I was feeling quite neglected. My kids didn't seem to remember and I was just grumpy enough not to tell them. It was cold and windy and miserable. But then, the doorbell rang and there was a wonderful SPRING bouquet of flowers from Liz and my whole day turned around. I made a cake to share with the kids and Barry phoned and sang Happy Birthday to me and the afternoon mail brought such nice notes from you all. My family really comes through when I'm down in the dumps, and thank goodness for that. We really should not be weary in well doing. It makes such a difference in other people's lives when you send them little notes and express appreciation for the things they do and the talents they share. Thank you all.

January is really a long month. I'm glad February is short.

Love,
Ginger