

* LAURA's new Weddm DATE: FRIDAY SEPT. 6, 1996 *

June 6, 1996 - 1062 East 1010 North, Orem, UT 84057 - (801 - 223-9911 or Office 801-378-4298)

Dear Family, - Please pause for Marty's executive summary: This letter contains, by consecutive paragraph: 1) grave matters, 2) purple printings, 3) which in Norwich, 4) bodies and sheets, 5) ghostly visitations, 6) What can't be said about Laura's engagement, 7) Daniel and puppy-love, 8) feigned faints, 9) it's worth applying, 10) downed in Donegal—garnered in Glasgow, 11) No birthin', 12) no barfin', 13) no kiddin', 14) what snarf in' 15) Goin's On, 16) Neil Heel, 17) Eyre You Left (How could you?)

I've been typing up notes from this year's Memorial Day cemetery-decorating trip and merging them with those I wrote up in 1994, so that we can find graves quickly when Mom and Dad aren't around to show us the way. I am placing them under Mom's PAF notes, since she is the one who usually arranges all the flowers and plans the trip—so the next time you get disk updates from me, that's where to look. In 1994, Daniel drove Mom and me for the rounds (Dad was home preparing a funeral talk he had to give the next day, and Dan was cemetery-hopping with his mother). This time Dan stayed home with a bad back, and Dad drove Mom and me—which worked well, because with Dad's more exacting directions, (like how many feet from the street or a certain tree, north or south), maybe this year's notes will make more sense. I'm giving Mom and Dad a hard copy of my notes to edit, and I've ordered an extra copy of the photos they took of most of the graves (we ran out of film before Nancy and Moses Tracy's graves and some others), but I hope to put together a hard copy with photos that we can all use on future Memorial day trips.

We had a great day this May 27 and placed flowers on a lot of family graves, including Donna's and that of Dad's Uncle Sam, brother of his father, Howard Hall (which I had not seen before). Even though it was a cloudy, rainy day, Mom says the photos turned out better than they sometimes do in "better" weather. Dad had been talking about initiating a family enterprise to replace the markers of Nancy and Moses Tracy, but when we got there someone had already done that. Uncle Gene had put a poem on Randy's grave, encased in plastic so the rain wouldn't ruin it—made us all cry to read it. We went and talked a while with Uncle Gene after our last Ogden cemetery stop—unfortunately Aunt Joyce wasn't there. Uncle Gene just printed up a whole bunch of those little soft-cover booklets of Nancy Tracy's life story—the version Dad and Uncle Donald had printed—except that Uncle Gene added some photos and substituted a lavender cover for the previous gray one. He placed an ad in the Ogden Standard and got a terrific response from Tracy descendants, wanting this life sketch. Any of you who want them from Uncle Gene can get one for \$5.00. He says it costs \$2. to print them, but he has to pay \$400-\$500 in advertising and mailing, which adds \$3. He's putting an ad in Salt Lake papers next week to see how many relatives respond there.

Uncle Gene says he got a phone call from Tracy Barnes, who recently went to England on a family hist. mission (helped oversee the 1881 census project). While there, he was able to trace the line of Thomas Tracy, and it is not the traditional line adopted by the family—they skipped a generation in their desire to connect with royalty. Uncle Gene didn't know how to contact Barnes, and the "T. Barnes" directory assistance came up with in Ogden area turned out to be a woman. After several calls, I finally found Arlin Tracy Barnes at 1396 East 300 N in Layton, Utah 84040 (801) 497-0985. I dread seeing our phone bill—I called him, and I do believe the man is more possessed than I am—we probably talked two hours, long distance. He and his wife, Wilma, were on a mission in England, helping supervise the project to compile and publish the 1881 census. Part of his area was Norfolk. This is interesting, because while there, he tried to trace the Lieut. Thomas Tracy Line and thinks it goes to Norfolk County, which is where Barry is now pursuing a John Wood. Dr. Pratt gave me a research assignment to report on to the class as my final project that involved Norfolk, so I have maps of the place and have studied quite a bit about it—so this was exciting. By the way, Dr. Pratt gave me an A for that class (British Research before 1700) and did I ever earn it, and you have to hear me crow because I consider that one of the achievements of my life. He doesn't like to give As. I about killed myself off for him last semester (British Research after 1700) and only got a B+. But more importantly, I learned much about chasing our ancestry in original records. When you get through with one of his classes, you have been tried and tested—believe me! Anyway, Barnes says that since the Thomas Tracy who showed up in Salem, MA was a ship's carpenter, it's highly doubtful he belonged to the aristocratic line some of the Tracys have tried to prove. He has not yet been able to prove it, but has a strong feeling that we will find apprenticeship records for Thomas in Norfolk, because Barnes found record where Stephen Tracy, who brought a Thomas Tracy over to America from Norfolk, held lands in Norwich, CT and left a will in England in which he gave power of attorney to dispose of the CT lands. He was unable to research the Norfolk apprenticeship records because there was a fire at the Guildhall there before he was able to research them. The fire did not get the records, but they did sustain water damage.

Barnes and his wife are preparing for another family history mission to Mexico City, which is becoming the family history center for Spanish speaking members, so he gave me the name and address of a good friend of his who is secretary of the Norfolk Family History Society, told me to use his name as reference, and told me the documents should be dried out by now and to go after this record. He is coming to meet with Mom and me next week, and he will bring what documentation he has been able to turn up on the Tracy and Alexander lines. He has been doing research for ten years on these lines, but I have been searching for more than twenty—so unfortunately, he has been duplicating some collecting I had already done—for example he was quite excited about his discovery that Cornelia Mott was actually Lucretia Hall—and I had to tell him I discovered that a long time ago and had extended her lines much beyond what he had. However, if his Thomas Tracy lead pans out, I will consider his having handed me a gold mine worth anything I've managed to uncover. We are trading disks next week, and I will certainly input and credit any new information he has. I have his blessing to use it in my thesis research and share it with the rest of you. Which reminds me—our immediate family records here are not at all up-to-date. We need a family group for all the new marriages in this family, too. That's not much to ask for a free copy from me of all I input. So, to complete a line to a sorry joke I heard was often repeated back when the High Priest Leader was after everyone to get in their four-generation sheets: "What does a High Priest group leader have in common with a leader of the Ku Klux Klan? Both are telling bodies to 'Get in your sheets!'" So, you bodies, SEND ME YOUR SHEETS!" (or disks or whatever you use to update family information). I'll trade you my updated disks when I get through this year for your updated family groups.

By the way, Brother Barnes says he has had some very spiritual experiences—one of which involves an actual appearance by one of our ancestors to him to straighten him out on some information I had already uncovered. He said he did not want to discuss the details over the phone, but would tell me in person when he comes to visit. Doesn't that just take the cake. I've been searching twice as long and probably twice as hard as he has, and does anybody come to visit me? Maybe I need to pray harder, but I pray all the time, too. This reminds me of this relative Mom and I visited in Salt Lake last year who was somewhat quixotic about the fact that an ancestor of HERS appeared to her HUSBAND to pass on her family history information—when the fact was, her husband had much less interest in family history, and she was the one doing all of the research! "I guess it was because he holds the priesthood," was her explanation for why it happened this way. Which just goes to show those patriarchs on the other side still need educating once they get over there. Male chauvinism doesn't disappear just because they cross on over. Of course when I told Mom about this, her response was that after all my fainting spells last week, they probably didn't come to me because I'd pass out cold!

Our big news is that Laura is now officially engaged to Brandon Woodruff. Their date is September 20, and the reception will be that evening. That is all I am allowed to tell you, which is a tragedy because I have such delicious stories to tell. I tried to get Laura to sit down and tell you about Brandon all last week, but she did not and I cannot, so HOW BORING CAN YOU GET! Anyway, I suppose I can tell you that after the reception we will head for Texas, where his parents will hold a garden Open House the next weekend. I had hoped to fly you all out to Provo, but on reconsideration that we should then also fly out all the Bartholomews, decided this was getting, even at cut-rates, way beyond our budget for this wedding. But know that if I could, I would. Since we can't fly you out and put you up, we will certainly understand if it's not in your time or money budget. either—but want you to know we'd love for you to be here—especially since it's probably going to be a very small wedding. I've been going to school ever since we got here, and since we've been going to BYU ward assignments most of the time, the students come and go, and we haven't built up much of a home-ward base. I have now returned to our home ward, but it just got split to 200 mostly-new faces that are also coming and going all summer. So this will be a small party, but a very happy one. Brandon has a brother who is on a mission in Maine and will return about the same time Daniel will be leaving for two years in Jerusalem—so their September 20 date is about the only time we could get both families all together for the wedding. What I will say is that if their courtship is any indication, Laura's life with Brandon will never be boring. We are thrilled for both of them, and I am glad to have this fine young man already calling me "Mom" around here.

Daniel received word from Hebrew U. that he has been accepted into their two-year M.A. program in "History and Culture of the Modern Middle East." He is working hard in Atlanta as a salesman and so far has the third-highest sales of any salesperson in their office. The other two who are higher are second-year salesmen, so I think he can feel pretty good about the work he is doing. He hopes to earn enough to cover his expenses for at least his first year in Jerusalem. A girlfriend named Laura flew in for a party in Savannah at the beach one weekend (about 20 of his office force and friends slept on the floor of a hotel room in sleeping bags to save money—I'm sure they got a lot of sleep)—so it has not all been work, work, work. Pray for him, as the dogs on his routes are not exactly the shy type. One of his fellow salespersons was hospitalized by one of these friendly beasts.

Dan has been having a terrible time with his back, but since Dad gave him a wonderful blessing on Memorial Day, before we left on our trip, he gets better every day. He missed a few days of work, but is back at it again. I have had some problems, too. Last week the paramedics came out when I fainted a couple of times here at home, while I was alone. I was not doing anything strenuous. I had been feeling a little woozy, so was taking it easy, but had been up and about and just sat down at this computer, when I felt myself going under. Five minutes later I tried to stand up and tried to faint again. 911 brought help in a hurry, after I described tightness in my chest and my right hand and left arm going numb. My blood pressure was 150/100—I had had it tested a few weeks before at normal, but otherwise, they stayed with me a half hour and then told me I should be all right until I could get to a doctor in the morning. By morning my blood pressure was normal and the doctor said he thought I just had an extreme reaction to a virus that has been going around. Life's little joys. They've got me on a drug now that is supposed to cure the vertigo and ringing in my ears and keep me drowsy, so I'll sleep a lot. I didn't take it today, so I could get some typing done. It really knocks me out—for sure I don't have any trouble sleeping.

I got the good news last week that I am one of three graduate students who got a \$7,000 Redd Center for Western Studies assistantship for this coming year. I was not going to apply, figuring the younger students would (deservedly) get priority; but then I noticed the announcements went down from their bulletin board, then went up again with an extended application deadline about a week later. I figured they weren't getting what they wanted, so put a cowboy hat on Helon and submitted my application, arguing that my polygamist ancestor was jailed so we could be celebrating the Utah statehood centennial this year, so he certainly deserved to have a thesis about him subsidized. It's not really a subsidy—I EARN it, working for a professor fifteen hours a week during the year. I figure I'll be making about \$13. an hour. I just wish I got the money now—but it's nice to know I can pay my way a little with all this schooling. Textbooks alone cost hundreds of dollars these days. The professors also compete to get the assistants and have to submit research proposals, so I am curious to see who "my" professor will be. The theory is that I can learn a lot about doing my own research by working for an experienced professor.. They cross disciplines in assigning students to teachers, so I will not necessarily get a professor in my field.

I think I already told you that Laura also got a research assistantship for next year, working for Dr. Vimala Pilari—she is excited about this opportunity. The hours graduate students can work is limited, so she'll probably have to scale down on her prison job and service projects—grad. school and a new marriage ought to keep her occupied. I just hope they can get a married apartment. Some of our married students in the Kennedy Center program were commuting all the way from Salt Lake because married student housing here is so hard to find.

I have been working hard here at home, emptying moving boxes, cleaning cupboards, and weeding, etc., and have only made a small dent in all that needs doing. One thing I have learned for sure—it's fun to putter around the house—but I'd rather be in the library, anyday. I still get a little time there once in a while. With Laura's internship, work, and service projects, we are constantly juggling cars—so several times a week I am usually waiting a couple of hours for Dan to get through with what he's doing at work (or for the Church), so we can go home together in the same car. The time goes fast up there on the 4th floor of the HBLL. I did have a breakthrough recently. While browsing through a Biographical and Portrait Cyclopedia of the Nineteenth Congressional District, Pennsylvania, ed. by Samuel T. Wiley, I found, pp. 479-80, a note that "The McElroy family is of Scotch-Irish origin and was founded in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, by Daniel McElroy, who was a native of County Donegal, Province of Munster, Ireland, and married Rebecca Wisherd [sic], a native of Glasgow, Scotland." This is of interest to us, because our ancestor James McElroy [of Lancaster Co.] married Sarah Wishart, also of Glasgow, Scotland. This bears future research, but I think there is a very good chance this is two brothers, marrying two sisters—this may get us over the ocean with the McElroys. Daniel and Rebecca parented a George W. McElroy, who was an attorney and in the Civil War, and who married Anna M. Fisher and was the subject of this biography. Barry told me a while ago, he thought I should go after the McElroys and predicted this search would probably bear fruit—and he was right—so the next time I get holed up at BYU, this new quest should keep me out of trouble.

Nancy still hasn't had her baby. I keep thinking we'll have news for this letter, but that baby is about a week late and taking its time. Laura saw Nancy trying to walk that baby into labor at the mall the other day, when she and Brandon were ring shopping. I won't tell you what Laura suggested to Nancy as solution to her problem and what Nancy answered back. This younger generation has no couth! I dropped by Nancy's last week, and I don't think she looks fat enough to be nine months along, anyhow.

Dan and I went to a Bartholomew birthday party last week and on the way home dropped by to visit Tracy's family. Betsy was gone, but we had a good chat with those who were home. Zina's new wedding date (when the Salt Lake

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Temple will be available) is July 19, for those of you who don't already know it. Tracy, if you or yours would send Charlotte an update each fast Sunday, the facts about your family comings and goings would be more accurate than my second-rate tries. Suzanna and Patrick were there—fortunately, she's over the queazy stage. I hear tell there is a fascinating video of their more-recent family development—as defined by sonogram. What's more intriguing is to watch Betsy tell about her viewing of it. These new procedures really are mind-boggling. There's not much suspense anymore. A couple knows immediately if they're pregnant and almost as soon what sex their child is [you'll notice, I'm not telling which—we'll get a letter out of Tracy yet]. Grandma doesn't have to wait for the birth to view her grandchild—she just has them make a video of the sonogram. I hear tell Betsy and the baby are already waving to each other!

Carli, Emily, and Mary seem pretty happy these days, too. It's too bad we can't get these cousins to choose the same date and make it one wild bash. We could really get efficient and have a joint temple ceremony with sixteen hands joined over the altar. I can just hear the enthusiastic chorus over that from all you brides-to-be. Right now it looks like Laura and Brandon will probably get married in the Jordan River Temple. I wish the new Mt. Timpanogus temple would be open by then, as we are in its district and are starting to look on it as "our temple." We're already getting requests and assignments in terms of preparation for the upcoming Open House and dedication. All our sacrament meetings are dedicated to our spiritual preparation for the opening of this temple.

By the way, I went to get my second (stake) interview for my temple recommend renewal yesterday—don't you like the new questions? I got my bishop's interview just before the new recommends and questions came out, so missed out on getting the new design on my recommend—at least for this year—and first heard the questions at the stake level. Anyway, I appreciate the new emphasis—more about our relationship with our Savior and understanding of the Atonement and less on meeting attendance, other than Sacrament Meeting, as I interpret what I heard. 'Course I was disappointed that my campaign that all priesthood holders should be required to attend Homemaking Meeting, too, doesn't seem to have carried. It was gratifying, however, to hear the CLEAR implication that I don't need to continue including the confession at the end of every temple recommend interview that if I could, I'd schedule my dental appointments for Homemaking night! I got the same stake interviewer this time as last, and I do believe the man had a sparkle in his eye as he emphasized the word SACRAMENT meeting when he got to that question. 'Saved himself five minutes.

This Sunday I've been asked to speak on the topic, "Temple Blessings Through Family History." I don't think I've given a talk on a topic that did not involve Family History in ten years, so I have a lot of old talks to go through for ideas. We have tickets for the temple Open House on August 21, so Mom and Dad and Laura and Brandon could go with us, and hope to take off a couple of days later for the Martin Harris Pageant in Logan, for which we also have tickets (Dan had to reserve them about six months ahead to get some) and when we hope Daniel can join us. Any of you want to come, too? I think we're going to go to the "Stadium of Fire" Provo 4th of July Celebration this year, too, for a change. Provo probably has one of the best Independence Day celebrations in the nation, so we ought to take it in from time to time.

Happy Birthday to Liz! Which reminds me, I finally remembered why you didn't get my last letter, which I told you I mailed everybody privately, because it was (ahem) more than two pages. When I brought by Mom's copy, I gave one to Marty to take to home to you. He took one look at the six pages and asked for an executive summary—of all the nerve! Since he hangs onto each word I write, it probably got all distorted and therefore dispatched to the round bin. No appreciation for the finer joys of life! You all ought to ask John about his prowess with the stock market. He has multiplied his savings from lawn-mowing so much, he's retired his lawn mower. If I ever get any funds to invest, my first call will go to John Neil.

Dan and I celebrated our 27th anniversary last week by going to see the BYU musical "Jane Eyre," which was wonderful—Brandon and Laura saw it the evening they got engaged. The music and acting were memorable, and I was thinking how much Liz and Marty and the rest of you would have enjoyed being there, too. Our prayers are always with you and specifically, daily, with those of you who have asked us to pray about your directions and decisions. As a matter of course, we remember especially our nieces, and nephews who are preparing in school and making important decisions in your romances, marriages, and careers. It's such an important time of decision for you. Every time I see you, I feel so proud of you and all you represent. Whatever problems we have as a family, I feel the Lord must love us incredibly to give us YOU!

Much love, Sherlene

