

*4.5. Laura graduates from 594 (Social Work) this August.*

July 11, 1996 - 1062 East 1010 North, Orem, Utah 84097 (note new ZIP) - 801-223-9911

Dearest Family,

Congrats to Nathan on his mission call and to Alex, who was recently ordained an Elder. Nathan--if I got it right--will go into the mission home two days before Laura's wedding. Darn! Alex, will you have your endowments by September 6? If so, we'd love to have you with us in the temple, too. Rose Ellen, are you ready to lead the singing in Relief Society with both mended arms? I've been trying to learn how to lead with two arms, but my left arm always wants to go the same direction as my right one. Liz, come and coach me. Of course it doesn't really matter what I do up there. We are first on at 9 a.m. and most of the Relief Society arrives after the music appreciation time I spent all week preparing. Those who are there are so tired, their heads are sunk into their laps and their eyes for sure never look up. Next week I think I'll take along some tamborines and dance in rhythm, just to see if it provokes a blink among the nods.

I can't believe another month has fled. Zina's wedding is practically here, and Laura's is only seven weeks away. Hard to believe! Isn't love wonderful? I have so much fun watching Laura with Brandon. So much happiness--too bad you can't capture it in a bottle to release, time-capsule fashion, in steady increments over the rest of their lives--especially during the hard times. Laura dropped by tonight on her way home from her job at the prison (a prisoner escaped today, causing a lot of excitement and what they call a "red alert"). Also, something happened at the prison that scared Laura enough that she would not tell me about it--said prison officials said it had to be kept confidential, too. I'll be glad when she quits that job. She called Brandon as soon as she got here, and I am still basking in the fun of their conversation. Ah, such devotion and euphoria. We've been spending a lot of time this week pricing announcements, photographers, putting down our deposit on the Bungalow, and etc. That takes care of my euphoria in a hurry, but if we get most of the expense over now, maybe I can recover in time to enjoy the wedding. Did I tell you two of Laura's non-member friends from White Plains are coming to Texas to be her bridesmaids there? One of them is the daughter of that Lutheran minister across the street who showed that awful film about the "Godmakers" all over town, and especially to his daughter, so she wouldn't be corrupted by that Mormon who moved in across the street.

I am excited about this Bungalow place for a wedding. It has English gardens that are absolutely delightful right now--and they tell me it will be that lovely, with some additions, for September 6. We will plan for the garden reception, but if it rains, the facilities inside are lovely, too. If we decide we can afford it, we'll get their middle package--which is not a buffet, but does grant a three-tiered platter in the center of each table that has lots of fruit and an assortment of genuine English sandwiches and pastries to simulate an English garden party. This, of course, tickles my fancy, since I'm devoting these few years to a thesis that involves Helon Henry Tracy and his three British-born wives, his being jailed for these English connections, and his journals that went with him over to England and many a garden tea. Since Laura is not quite as excited about ancestry as I, I am resisting the impulse to put a photo of her British ancestors on each table--even though I found the most wonderful sale on these English-style ivory colored, ceramic, stand-up frames--just perfect!. We may decide we can't do the English menu because our big problem is that we have no idea how many people will be coming, and it's a lot easier to compensate for a smaller or larger crowd if we stick to the simple, frappe-thaw first package they offer. Decisions, decisions!

Today was quite a day. I told you how I used coke to dye the lace for making Laura's dress temple-ready? Well, I don't recommend any of you try it on your wedding dresses. The woman who told me about it said she had used it successfully for years. Well, Laura called last week after after ZCMI said the lace-alterations were nearly done, and she could come in for her final fitting. How to cry. The part I dyed looked much darker than the rest of the dress--it looked DIRTY. The women in alternations all insisted the lace was dark like that when I brought it in--but I tried it in every light, and it looked like a perfect match to me. I

think the Coke was sticky and attracted finger juice and other debris. What's more all the beading on the added lace was finished, so it was too late to remove the lace from its raw silk backing and clean it.

So today I took some sample beads and sequins, some left-over, dyed lace, and a piece of raw silk from the bustle (which they took off and used to line the added lace) to an Orem cleaners my visit teachers recommended as the best around (Fashion Cleaners near Macey's on State Street). I asked for the owner, told him my dilemma, and left the samples with him to experiment with while I ran some other errands (a lamp in for repair, scissors and knives for sharpening, my IBM Selectric for an overhaul, Dixon paper to buy stationery we will take to Alpha Graphics for printing of announcements, temple session and luncheon invites, envelope addresses, and thank yous--save about half that way by doing my own computer design and then taking the stationery to the printers). Then I picked up the dress at ZCMI and made it back barely in time to the cleaner's. Darrell, the owner, took me in back of his workplace and got a device that looked and sounded like a drill and turned it on the top of Laura's dress, while my stomach knotted. He said it was an innocent steam and water mixture, but it sounded like cement blasting. Bless him, the blasting seemed to work. He said he'd work on it some more after-hours, this evening, and have it ready for me tomorrow.

The woman doing the alterations is not through adding shoulder lace, so tonight I get to rinse out all that leftover lace, dry it, press it, buy another type of lace needed to make the part under the bustle look normal, and get it all back to ZCMI's while the woman who is doing the alteration's is on duty for the week. Darrell said he thinks the sugar in the Coke carmelized, probably when she ironed it--and that's why it looked "dirty." So much for the Coke formula. I am just praying that we now didn't get the top too white, so the rest of the dress looks dirty. Moral to this story--don't try altering a wedding dress. Buy one that doesn't need altering or make your own. Now I need to get going on the head-piece/veil. One thing I had not realized is that white in clothing is often an added color. The natural fibers--even cotton--are usually more off-white or cream, so there are a lot of whites you can't bleach.

Laura and Brandon got their apartment through a friend Laura works with, who lives next door. It is a half-basement apartment with lots of light, but buried enough to be cool, even in this weather--down near Timpanogus School--about 616 West, 500 North in Provo. It has two bedrooms, a storage shed, good-sized kitchen, livingroom--new furnace, new painting--double windows, and is of double insulated, brick. It's on a corner, fenced-in lot, and compared to other apartments they saw, they think they got a bargain deal on price. They had to rent it as of July 1 to get it for fall, but only had to put \$100 down, and they can rent from month-to-month, because the owner has never had trouble immediately renting it by word of mouth--so if they get into Wymount, they can move fast. Brandon's family is going to stay there when they come to Utah for the wedding, so L&B are actively looking for some sofa-beds to set up and Laura is all excited about getting it furnished and organized. It doesn't even have a washer or drier--though it has a place for them. They will probably move in two years, so they're not looking for anything they can't dump or give away in two years. Any of you getting rid of anything, they'd love to hear from you (Laura's phone: 371-6689). I wish I had all the stuff I didn't want to move before we left the East to give them now. Their neighbor will also be going to grad school at the "Y," so it's a great location for car-pooling, too, since I am adamant about getting back my car, once Laura's internship is finished and she is married.

Hebrew U. called Daniel this week to say some grant money was "freed up," so he was next in line to get \$4,000 to spend any way he wants to help him get through next year at school. That was a relief, since he's making less than he hoped to this summer (though sales are up)--he was getting ready to apply for some loans. I just helped him arrange his round-trip flight to Tel Aviv (he will take a bus from there to Jerusalem--saves a lot), and even at special student rates, that alone will put a significant dent in his grant. . We miss having Daniel around and look forward to his coming home for the wedding, even if it is only for a couple of weeks. We talk with him often now by phone--but if our phone bills are so awful now, for sure we'll be able to do less of this once he's in Jerusalem. It's hard to reach that point where your children really leave the

nest--but at least we'll have Laura and Brandon here for two more years--I can't complain, I've had my adult children around more than many.

Brandon is trying to figure out how many will be at the temple session (Jordan River) and the luncheon following (on Friday, September 6) so he can make reservations--so please send us any regrets, even before you get our official announcements--if possible. If we don't hear from you, we'll assume you're coming--and if you can't, we'll miss you, but we understand. Brandon originally scheduled a temple room for 40 people--but with all the Bartholomews, too, and so many recently married cousins we hope can come, and about 15 who are coming from Brandon's family--he's going to need to find a larger room

David has done the most wonderful thing--he's hired a BYU family history graduate named Lori Lily to sit at the computer David got Mom set up with and input material as fast as Mom can decipher her own notes and feed them to her. Mom told me today that now that they've tried Lori out for a while, David has decided to hire her full time until she has gone through all Mom's files and put in the Langford genealogy. She's doing it on top of my PAF program, so all the Hall and Langford material will be organized together. This young woman strikes me as being absolutely on the ball, and Mom enjoys working with her. What a blessing! I thought I was going to get stuck with that job. But at this point I have a hard time getting my own research on disks--it's so much more fun to search than to record--at least for me.

Dan just came home with two grocery bags filled with apricots from Mom's tree. Yum! Last week Bro. Lunceford invited Dan to pick from his bing cherry tree, too, and we enjoyed those all week. Dan found out that Bro. Lunceford used to be a marine and was, in fact, one of the three soldiers in that famous photo (now a statue) of Marines putting up the flag at Iwojima (he was the middle soldier). Now Bro. Lunceford is partially disabled by a stroke.

We went to the Alan Ashton wedding a couple of weeks ago--what a feast and what a celebration! They even had magnolias floating in chains around their swimming pool. They set up a raised hardwood floor in the middle of their tennis courts and had a ten-piece live band on a stand. Their gardens were absolutely magnificent, but that did not stop them from having bouquets with dozens of fresh roses at every table. The food was unbelievable. It was a little deflating to figure out what we will be serving, compared to that--but Laura and Brandon are so happy, they won't know the difference. The rest of you can make-believe.

We went to Nephi last week to the funeral of Dan's uncle on his mother's side. Now there are only two children in that family left. We also gathered at Mom B's for a picnic on the 4th. I ate something that made me violently ill all night--thought I would die for sure--so we didn't get over to Mom Hall's to see the fireworks. I seem to be allergic to picnics--I get sick every time, though nobody else in the family, who has eaten the same food, gets ill. I think I inherited Dad's more sensitive system.

I've been going through moving boxes day and night, trying to organize this household, so we can have handy all the gadgets we're used to, without having a cluttered house or feeling crowded. I don't want to ever, ever move again, so am trying to convince Dan that we can do it all from this small home, even if we sell our New Jersey place. When I can't stand household work anymore, I take a break and read in Hugh Nibley's fabulous book, *Approaching Zion* (I still haven't figured out how to use the underline on this Microsoft Word program). Nibley says we Mormons are missing the true wealth we can take with us (learning, development of skills and talents, meditation, enjoyment of the simple pleasures, service building the Kingdom in terms of mission and temple work, time with family, etc.) in our frantic pursuit of the more tangible evidences of prosperity and the abundant life. He seems to think it is next to impossible for a rich man to get to heaven, because if he is wealthy enough that others know it, then he will spend all his time managing that wealth, preserving it, and sharing it--when he could be amassing the kinds of wealth less subject to the world's adoration and therefore less enslaving in terms of attracting the world's beck and call.

Good fodder for thought as I spend this whole summer organizing and storing all my idols and graven images, instead of giving or throwing them away. And now that we're going through this wedding, I don't know how Nibley thinks Mormons, no matter how wealthy, with all their marrying children, could ever manage to keep any of it. Another book I can recommend is Catherine Thomas' SPIRITUAL LIGHTENING.

I gave a talk in Sacrament Meeting two weeks ago and spoke to the combined Young Women of our ward last Sunday for thirty minutes about "Knowledge." I realized in both cases how attached I am getting to this ward. I think I could stay here the rest of my life and be very happy.

We had to back out of the activities we signed up for regarding the upcoming Mt. Timpanogus Temple Open House, because Laura moved up her wedding date to September 6. So, instead of attending all the preparation meetings, I am spending any free time Sundays, preparing names in my computer for members of our ward to take through when the temple opens. I decided that to be absolutely thorough, I had to start with MRIN 1 and go straight through the over 6,000 marriages I have now entered. I was amazed at how many I missed sending to the temple, along the way. I'm also erasing all the "Submitted" notations, so the computer can fill in the dates when the work was completed that either David or I did send in (several years ago). So this ought to keep me busy for a while.

I'm also planning to attend the BYU Genealogy Conference in a few weeks and am especially interested in the courses on using the Internet for genealogical research and also those on helping clients with their research, doing genealogy business, writing client reports, etc. Once I get my M.A., I am thinking of putting out an ad that I am willing to do Leicester, England research. That way I can spot our family names along the way and get paid for it, at the same time (while of course deleting any time I spend recording our information). Our two old cars spend half their lives in various shops, and if our house does not sell again, we're going to have to get new cars or get some horses--so that is part of my impetus. We are also hoping we can afford to keep all my Kennedy assistantship dollars and earmark them for a trip to England to do on-site research. David says that in this day of the Internet and computers, travel to places of origin is an unnecessary extravagance--and he is probably right. But I really want to be there where our people lived and see what I can scrounge up in the process. I have seen miracles happen genealogically that come out of one-on-one contact that I don't imagine happening as well on the Internet. But I hope I'm wrong, since I'm sure after a couple of jaunts abroad, I'll be too tired and old to want to do that much of it.

I am still debating about whether or not to do research for hire next year. I think it would help me focus better on a specific goal and give me some good experience. On the other hand, I think it would take a lot of the fun out of it if I had to limit my search to achievement of a specific goal, did not have the freedom I now have to sidetrack on interesting channels, and worst of all--had to fill out reports, justifying the amount of time it took to come up with some little piece of information. I think I like things just the way they are. When it comes to research, I hardly ever come out of the library with what I went there to get. I think my client reports would look like a jungle maze of some sort. My client would expect me to bring back a panther skin, and instead, I'd haul in a rainbow-tailed cockatoo and claim him as an ancestor, too!

At the Genealogy Conference, I'm also taking some introductory courses in Scottish and Irish research and doing some brushing-up on American research. Mom, are you coming too, this year? Did I tell you Brandon's mother is descended from a black? She's from North Carolina, and his father is from Alabama. It's many generations back, but that does not eliminate the possibility that Laura could have some chocolate babies--a hope Laura delights in and that doesn't bother us at all. She thinks all this western blond, blue-eyed propensity gets a little boring. Laura adores Brandon's mother, who is an elementary school teacher (fifth grade, I think). Laura went to Texas to meet them and found it easy to love them and to feel loved in return. She says his mother has an olive skin and is one classy, gracious woman, who has a very warm, open, loving, and friendly personality. After Laura got on the plane for the return trip home, his

mother told us they think Laura is all they would have ever wanted in a wife for Brandon. We were happy to be able to say the same about their son. Brandon looks like all the rest of us--like he could be a Scandinavian--fair skin, light brown hair, blue eyes. He says that when he was a child he looked so different from his parents, he kept going through their papers, trying to find evidence that he was adopted or something. Funny, Laura did the same thing with us.

This past week I attended a two-hour introductory course at BYU on using the Internet--fascinating stuff. I noticed in "U.S. News and World Report" last week that they devoted an entire article to research on a controversy being generated on the "Net." I heard a talk at BYU last week, where it was projected that the day is not far distant when many more students will be able to get degrees from major universities and be tutored not by a dozen professors, but by hundreds of the very best from universities all over the world--right out of their own homes via the new technologies. Mind boggling!

Dan also got me a new genealogy-organizing program by Infobase called Family History Suite--which David recommended to us when he came over to download my info. before hiring Lori. He and Lori say it is much more convenient to use than PAF--I hope to learn how to use it before this summer is over. The best thing I've heard so far about it is that it has more room for notes and some word-processing capability, though not as good as Word-Perfect--but bounds beyond the dinosaur PAF notes capabilities.

I got in a couple of days at the Family History Library in Salt Lake, but in general, this summer is dedicated to the wedding and to getting our home in order. I dropped the thesis preparation course I was supposed to take summer term--enough is enough! By the way, there's a delightful article about mission presidents by Dr. Cracroft, who is head of my thesis committee, in THIS PEOPLE magazine, this quarter. In fact, I think the whole issue is terrific. I'm sending an issue to Rabbi Wohl, because he once asked me how Mormons define "Zion." The perfect answer is in this issue in an article by Daniel Rona, which celebrates the 100th and 3,000th birthdays of Utah and Jerusalem, both situated in the "tops of the mountains," as he emphasizes. Fascinating stuff that made me even more excited about Daniel's going to Hebrew University, though I get scared when I hear about terrorist bombs. Daniel isn't worried. He seems to think that if you know what you're doing, Jerusalem is safer than Provo, Utah.

We may head one night this week for the Manti pageant. Any of you coming?

Well, that's it for now. I'm very tired. Our swamp cooler doesn't work very well, and this heat is absolutely draining. It does draw out some gorgeous day lilies, though. This year those bulbs we brought from New Jersey have come out in full force--when I see them I can't help but think of how the Lord arrays us, even when we don't spin. We have so much to be grateful for in this beautiful world. I am grateful for all of you and pray for you, as I hope you do for us.

Love, Sherlene

P.S. I'm enclosing copies of a list of "Celestial" dating rules Dan found in a cabinet he was organizing for the 14th Stake. The bishop who worked these out is no longer a bishop at BYU, but President Ashton liked the list so much, he's having it printed up for all the BYU students in their stake. My bishop cleared it for distribution to all our young women, and I used it as an example of my basic theme which was that the more knowledge we have, in detail, the more free we actually are--especially in the long run.

Bryan Weight Family Letter--July 16, 1996

Dear Family,

Congratulations to Zina and Dean on their marriage!! We wish we could have been there!

Nathan Wood received his mission call to Tucson, Arizona/Spanish speaking mission. He leaves September 4th. He did really well at Ricks and is now working at a data entry job that pays really well.

Sarah had her tour of BYU Hawaii campus. The tour guide was a student from New Zealand who just returned from a mission to California. She was really nice and gave Sarah the scoop on the best dorms and etc. Sarah also talked to a student in the music department and attended a campus ward with Hannah. It will be interesting to see where Sarah goes to college. She may not end up at BYU Hawaii--but we gained a great family vacation out of this college visit!!

The Polynesian Cultural Center had incredible displays and programs. We had a lot of fun there but we needed another day to see and do all that we wanted.

We visited the Arizona Memorial in Pearl Harbor. Every time they mentioned dates I couldn't help but think that Dad could have been on one of the ships in the harbor that day. It was so sad to think of all the families that lost sons and fathers in those few hours. Hyrum said to me, "They did all this--for what?" I hope my sons will not have to go to war--it's so sad.

Probably my favorite part of the trip was the snorkeling. It was so peaceful floating around in the water and watching the fish. They live in such a quiet environment! We went on some great hikes that had spectacular views and the kids loved boogie boarding in the ocean.

Bryan and Hyrum headed to Scout camp just a few hours after we arrived home. We are having a heat wave right now but they are at a camp near the beach so hopefully they have some ocean breezes to cool them down.

That's all from here.

Love, Bryan, Charlotte and family