

Date: Wednesday, January 7, 1998 3:34:17 PM
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Subj: One of my resolutions was NOT to write long letters this year.
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Hi Halls! Happy Week After New Year!

The above "To" addresses are my latest up-date list, though so much was coming in during the holidays that probably got filed in all the wrong places, I'm not all that confident about it--please send any changes, if the above e-mails are not correct. I don't know what I did with Zina and Dean's e-mail (I know it's at his work)--if any of you out there have it, please send it along.

'Hope all your holidays were merry. We had a lazy time, if I've ever had one. I slept like I hadn't in a whole year--which is pretty close to the truth--it felt so good to catch up on some rest. A highlight was Christmas Eve, when we had Mom and Dad, Tracy Jr., and Laura and Brandon over, and a request I had made through Betsy was blessed by the appearance of all of their children except Suzanna and Patrick (and we missed Libby, too) to sing carols. It was

great to have Zina, Dean, and Isaac here, as well. And what music! It was marvelous-- especially for Tracy. THANKS, THANKS, all of you! We did think we heard angels sing!

Tracy tells me Mary is going to rent the Springville Museum and do a concert in March--please let us know when you get the date set, Mary--we want to plan on it. She and Hunt. Tracy sang together at our place, Christmas Eve, and those two are amazing. Let's face it, all of you are--what a talented bunch. Come again next year--do I sound greedy? (If we're still here--we are making the decision soon about whether we should move back to Basking Ridge for two years for capital gains reasons--before selling our house there). We tried to call

Daniel on Christmas Eve, and his roommate told us he was in Bethlehem with some other Church members! How did you carolers like those Prestwich Inn Jumbleberry pies I sent you home with? I wish I'd never tasted those things--course, if I'd known before then that you were on your way to Suzanna's, after us, I might have chosen something else--she is the pie master!

New Year's Eve Dan felt pretty rocky (he's had a terrible cold for a couple of weeks), so we stayed home from a party some friends planned and had a quiet night of chips, salsa, reading, some board games, and, in general, a pretty sedate celebration. I think I enjoyed it much more than I would have the party--must be getting old. This year I broke every resolution sooner than ever! I do get more efficient with the years.

'Went back to work on my thesis yesterday. I walked around campus quite a

bit, on various errands, and it was amazing to see how much all the faces had changed. Last semester I couldn't walk across campus without bumping into several familiars--this time, I thought I was in a totally new landscape. It made me feel like the first time I attended the Provo Temple, after having lived back East for a while. It used to be I knew practically everyone I saw in the temple-- I remember how strange and yet exhilarating it was to go to the temple and not know one person there! It is exciting how the Church is growing and how all these new replacements continually feed into our educational system and Valley. Then there are those of us who refuse to fade away!

But I hope to get my thesis done in the next couple of months and then go on to some new experience.

Today we're praying for Pres. (Alan) Ashton, who is having surgery in both eyes to correct his near sightedness--so he can play tennis without glasses. We also fasted twice last week at Lynn's request (Reid, Dan's brother's new wife) for her--she had surgery and tests for anticipated cancer--but the good news was, she's "clean." She is one happy woman right now! We are invited to an open house at Thanksgiving Point for Spencer Ashton's wedding in a couple of weeks.

I wanted to line him and Mary up, but I moved too late--after he was already going steady with this young woman. Anyway, she'll get someone better! If this is anything like their last wedding, this is going to be an amazing feed--probably the closest I came to a Roman eating orgy was the last Ashton wedding, in the gardens of their Orem home. I'll have to fast the next two weeks to even dare go there. We also had a good time last week at the invitation of my former mission president, John K.

Fetzer. We about got killed trying to drive to Salt Lake in fog, but once there, got a treat. He took us to a local display of some of his water-color sketches, then to his home, where he played us some cello solos and, as usual, quoted at length some of his favorite German poems (he can go on for hours, from memory). He turns 83 next week. Sis. Fetzer gave us homemade treats, and then Pres.

Fetzer presented us with a large print of a watercolor he did of a view of the Salt Lake Temple--he had remembered we were married there! I am looking for the right frame now--it will certainly be a treasure.

We're looking forward to Daniel's visit soon. He's making arrangements today, but the plan is that he'll arrive about Jan. 26 and help us get ready for Lisa's visit here, the weekend of Feb. 7 (since I'm working for a Feb. 1 deadline on my thesis, we'll really need him to help empty and clear all those moving boxes that are still in the basement--plus we have to re-paper the bath down there, now that we put in a new cabinet, and otherwise try to do a year's work in a week so she won't be too scandalized by what I've let pile up down there. Mom and Dad, Daniel says he really wants Lisa to meet you, so don't be surprised if you get a call. We have been doubly, triply, quadruply warned not to assume that the visit of Lisa here, and Daniel's traveling to meet her family in Corvallis, Oregon (and to scout out Lisa's Stanford terrain in California on the way a little later), means ANYTHING AT ALL. No decisions made, none anticipated. In that case, since they're not at all serious, I'm sure they wouldn't mind your all dropping by and staying late through the evening all that week, and trailing them around on their deates--to make sure they don't get any time alone, as there's NO CHANCE any significant questions or answers

could happen while she's here. Now you all, listen up. I'm too old to do all this chaperoning by myself. I need my sleep. So, come on over and bug them to death. I'll make sure there's lots of food around.

Laura and Brandon say they plan to grab Lisa early and warn her about my terrible interviews, but Lisa is safe there. There is a difference, you know, when a couple has dated for over a year and when, like when there's a Texan in the equation, he's talking marriage after a whirlwind courtship of only five weeks. You'd better believe I asked Brandon some good questions. The answers were all pretty boring, though--thank goodness!

I'm mad at "This People" for not keeping their promise to get you their "Holiday Issue" with my story before Christmas (I took subscriptions in lieu of pay and was able to send those of you whose addresses I had at the time and who I thought would enjoy the ancestral stories). I got a disk of the addresses to them three weeks before Christmas--you'd think they could act by now. They also promised to send y'all cards saying the issue was coming. Maybe for next Christmas? Oh, well--we'll just hope they make it by April 6.

Don't ask Laura about her grades this term. After all, she only took seven classes, worked, had a pile of clients to counsel as part of her internship, and managed to have a lot of fun last semester, besides. She did better with her seven classes than I did with my one--it's insufferable and disgusting, but we're proud of her. I tell her Brandon gets all the credit--what a wonderful support he is, in every way, and with the heavy work and course load he has! They just got back from Texas in time for the start of school (they