

Don: It seems to me I submitted this. If so, just skip to the 4th page, which is a copy of the play that went with the "bears". I know I did not submit that. Ida-Rose

410-R

Ida-Rose Hall Journal entry dated December 28, 1983.

Note: This so-called journal had so few entries in it, that I will gradually retype all of those entries into my computer and incorporate them into my personal history file. Retyped February 28, 1994.

December 28, 1983

Goodness, I had decided to write little short anecdotes once a week instead of making daily entries into a journal. However, as usual, my intentions do not always turn into reality. I notice that my last entry is dated September, 1983. Anyway, I thought I would write some of the nice things that have happened to us during the Christmas holidays and add to the so-called, and sadly neglected, journal.

We have certainly been busy. Our Christmas party was--I think--fun. Charlotte came up from Delta with her husband and children, and Tracy Jr. and family, and Nancy and family, who live in Provo, were all there. For dinner, we had baked chicken breasts with pineapple and brown sugar, brown rice, a red and a green jello salad, and hot rolls. We also had a hot spiced-cider drink, and eggnog.

I ran out of time, because at the last minute I saw some large (30") teddy-bears in Reams, and decided to give all the younger grandchildren one of them. I wrote a story to tell about "bears," and used the older grandchildren to pass out the bears to their younger brothers and sisters, as the story unfolded. That involved a rehearsal.

Nancy--bless her heart--volunteered to make the pies for the dinner. She made five pumpkin chiffon pies and one lemon chiffon pie. They were delicious. I had some carrot pudding in the freezer which I heated and served with a carmel sauce, but we ~~all~~ had so much food that we forgot all about the pudding.

The party started at 5:30 p.m. and some of the family members wanted to see the bowl game, which started at 7:30. We were trying to get the party essentially over with by then, so those who wanted to could see the game. We missed our goal by about an hour.

After we had eaten, we had each family give their part on the program. It turned out that all of them had their children sing, then we had some group singing. I told the story and passed out the bears. We also passed out new ten-dollar bills to the older children and gave each of the couples an envelope containing a check for one hundred dollars.

We then had a treasure hunt for the older grandchildren, who we divided into two teams, and while they were looking for the treasure, we put little cloth bags made of scraps of the green and red cotton material which Sherlene had brought home from her mission to Germany for me, and which I had made into a long Christmas dress. There was a bag for each of the grandchildren containing candy and a silver dollar--not real silver, however. Unfortunately, real silver dollars are no longer obtainable. While the older children were on the treasure hunt, we had a "pin-the-star-on-the-Christmas tree" for the younger children. Charlotte made the tree and the stars for the game. I let the team that won the treasure hunt have first choice of the homemade chocolates, which I had packed in one-half pound individual boxes.

We had used paper plates and paper cups, but there were still quite a few dishes, so the girls helped me clear up the dishes and put the left-over food away. Then they all ran home to

catch the rest of the bowl game--except for Charlotte and Bryan, who were staying for the weekend. We all settled down around the T.V.

The only thing wrong with the evening was that we missed Sherlene and Dan and family, Virginia and Barry and family; and Liz and Marty and family. We had previously mailed their Christmas to them, but we missed their presence. We also missed having Grandfather Langford at the party. He was ninety-five years old when he died.

We received a letter from Liz. She said Marty got his expected advancement at Hewlett-Packard. He now has a company car and other management perks. He has done very well. Liz was one of the soloists for the Messiah, put on by the three San Jose Stakes. They had a double cast, alternating soloists every other night for four nights in a row. I would have loved to hear Liz sing.

Our sons and sons-in-laws are all doing well in their professions. We are proud of them. Nancy's husband, Doug, has got to the stage in his job that he doesn't think that Nancy needs to work any more. He wants her to have another baby right away, but she isn't sure she wants to.

Dad bought himself a book on minerals and also gave me three "escape" novels. I like to spend Christmas day reading and just lounging around doing nothing--except eating, of course. Betsy and Tracy gave us a bunch of home-made T.V. dinners to freeze--a great idea. Charlotte and Bryan gave us a box of Delta cheese and a picture of their family, which she put in a frame she had made out of a small blue and white printed cotton fabric with an eyelet ruffle around the whole frame. Nancy and Doug gave Dad needed white handkerchiefs--he can't keep me out of his hanky drawer. Virginia made us a beautiful cloth wreath of red and green fabric, with eyelet around each of the ruffles. We hung it on our front door for the season. Liz and Marty sent a beautiful table centerpiece made up of red carnations and white chrysanthemums, and red candles, which we used as a center-piece for the party. It lasted for a whole week. Sherlene is sending genealogy, which hasn't come yet. (Added 1995note) Liz and Marty lived (and still do) in Los Altos, California. Sherlene (I think) was still in White Plains, New York, and Virginia lived (and still does) in Arlington, Virginia.)

However, I didn't get the four ginny-gowns finished that I intended to make for four of the granddaughters. Also I didn't get the wedding dress made for the doll I gave Emily on her eighth birthday while we were in Zimbabwe. But I did get Susanna's eighth-year birthday doll dressed and given to her. I will finish those soon.

Another thing that took up some of my time was that Grandfather Langford died on the first day of December, and the day after his funeral, I came down with intestinal flu and was sick for four days. Then Tracy went into the hospital for tests, and was there for a week. I spent most of my time at the hospital with him, so that my time to do Christmas projects was cut somewhat short. Fortunately, they did not find anything seriously wrong with him. The doctor said if he didn't get better to come back, and told him to get an appointment for a month later. (I just asked him--and he hasn't got that appointment yet.)

Christmas day I came down with a bad cold, which I am still nursing. I guess missing those two winters while we were on our mission in the warm weather of Southern Africa spoiled us.

The weather is terrible. A lot of snow. The local political leaders are worried about what they are going to do with all the run-off next spring. It was definitely a white Christmas. Beautiful--if we just didn't have to go out in it. In the mountains they had three feet of new snow over the Christmas holidays. It may be they have more snow than they know what to do with. Avalanches have closed many of the canyons. 1995 note: (We had flooding the next spring and our farm was flooded extensively. It brought in a lot of rocks and a lot of limbs, garbage, etc. We are still cleaning up the land from that flood. One plus. The flood dumped a foot or two of sand on our lower farmland next to the thruway.)

Tracy's brother Wendell was sent home from Argentina because of heart problems. The doctors thought they may have to do open-heart surgery on him, but the problem was a blockage in a minor artery of the heart and the blood had already started rerouting itself, so he was able to go back and finish his presidency. He will be through in July. Tracy and I know how some of these mission presidents need a little untied-up money to use when they need it, so we gave him a donation to take back with him. I know it will be put to good use. We told him he could use it for anything he wanted--even personal stuff.

The following is a copy of the story I told to go with the distribution of six thirty-inch teddy bears plus three small teddy bears, at our Christmas party, December 1938. I had six of the older grandchildren who were brothers and sisters to younger siblings, help me. The older siblings held the bears in front of them and acted out the story. On cue, each bear went to the proper child. This was before "dressed" bears came into vogue. I dressed them from children's clothing purchased at Deseret Industries.

THE TEDDY BEAR'S CHRISTMAS

The following Grandchildren are going to help me tell our story. They will act it out while I tell it. Our bears are:

Bearnard Bear: Robert Hall
Debearah Bear: Mary Hall
Barbeara Bear: Michael Hall
Bearyl Bear: Carli Anne Mecham
Beardine Bear: Susanna Hall
Robearta Bear: Alexander Hall

(The bears come out one by one as I introduce them and have their bears take a bow. Besides the above six large bears there are three small ones. One tied on the back of one of the large bears, Zimbabwe style, and two in the pockets of two of the other bears.)

The story:

Once upon a time there were six great big Teddy Bears named Bearnard, Debearah, Barbeara, Bearyl, Beardine, and Robearta. Living with them were three little baby Teddy Bears—one who was a Zimbabwe baby bear, who rode on the back of Bearbeara, and the other two bears lived in the pockets of aprons worn by Debearah and Robearta bears.

(each child wore a heart that was broken)

The bears lived up on the top of Rock Canyon in caves in the rocks and would often look down longingly on Provo City below them, where they could watch the houses, the cars going down the roads, and especially the children as they played in the yards of the houses and on the school playgrounds.



At night they slept on the hard rocks in the caves, and frankly, they did not like that at all. Then, too, there was a strange thing about these bears. They all had broken hearts! This was because of a secret longing each heart had, but the bears were not able to discover why they had this secret longing. They only knew their hearts hurt unbearably. Let us look in on the bears now.

Bearnard bear was the leader of the bears—maybe because he was the oldest boy bear—maybe because he was the *only* boy, but whatever, he seemed to be the leader. Bears are supposed to hibernate in the winter. Everything the teddy bears had been able to learn about real bears who live in the wild said that was the case. They also found out that wild bears were supposed to live on nuts, berries and insects. Well, the berries and nuts were all right, but try as they did, they could not learn to like insects. They were also having a hard time going to sleep all winter—maybe because the rocks in the caves were so very hard.

"I don't know about this hibernating bit," said Bearnard bear, (points to his pajamas,) I've even dressed in pajamas to hibernate, hoping it would help, but I still can't get to sleep."

"Well," said Bearyl bear, "It's sure boring. It's much more fun watching the people down in the valley. Besides, my heart hurts!"

"You know," said Beardine bear, "my heart feels a lot better when I look at the little people, and the homes, and the city lights. Are you sure that Teddy Bears should live up here all by themselves?"

And Robearta said, "My heart feels better when I see the little people, too. Other animals don't have broken hearts like ours. Besides, it's cold up here, and I can hardly bear to sleep on these beary hard rocks."

"Quit complaining," said Barbeara, "with this baby on my back, I can't even lay down. Even sitting isn't very comfortable."

"You should complain," agreed Debearah, "I'm tired of playing Kangaroo. If I don't find someone to give this little bear to soon, my pocket's going to split."

"And this baby in my pocket," said Robearta, "gets heavier every day."

At this all the baby bears began to cry. (All the bears crowd around them, comforting them.)

"I'm sorry," said Debearah and Robearta and Barbearah, "we didn't mean it--we really do love you." and so the baby bears were comforted and settled back in their various nests.

"What these babies need," said Bearnard, "Is some children to love them."

"Children!" said all the bears, "What are children? When you said that word our hearts almost healed together."

"well," said Bearnard, "It's an old Teddy Bear tradition, passed on to me by my father, Old Teddy Bear, before he disappeared. He said that in the old days we Teddy Bears didn't live in the wild like other bears, but lived in warm houses with people, and had special little people who we belonged to; who loved us and played with us and even slept with us--and they were called children."

"You mean the children have to sleep on rocks, too," cried the bears?

"No--Old Bear said that inside the houses it was warm and cozy, and the children and the big people slept in something called beds; which are soft and warm and up off the floors."

"That's right," said Beardine, "Old Bear said that all Teddy Bears should belong to one of these little children. But I remember, too, that he said that sometimes the children left the bears in the wet mud and the Teddy Bears would get all wet and dirty."

"Maybe so," said Debearah, "But old bear never mentioned even *those* bears having broken hearts. I wonder when we got *our* broken hearts?"

"Maybe," said Debearah, "it has something to do with being loved by those children. My heart

didn't hurt nearly so much while you were talking about those little children."

"I wonder," said Barbeara, "If there are any children down in the valley who don't have Teddy Bears? And I wonder if those houses are warm and cozy?"

"Yes" said Bearnard, "and have beds to sleep in instead of sleeping on hard rocks?"

Then Bearyl said: "Why don't we send someone down into the valley to spy out the place. If there are any little people down there who don't have Teddy Bears-----"

"Oh, Yes! Yes," said all the Bears excitedly. And so, because Bearnard was the bravest of all the bears, he was sent down to the valley to see what Provo City was like; and if there were any little children who needed Teddy Bears to love. Besides, he didn't have an extra bear to carry like some of the others did. He agreed to go, but told them, just in case the tradition was all wrong, they had still better practice hibernating, so they could be like the real bears who lived in the mountains.

It seemed forever before he got back, and the other bears were beginning to worry that something terrible had happened to him. How happy they were when he finally came back into the cave. The bears crowded around him, all of them asking questions at once. Finally he held up his arm for silence.

"Hey," he said, "One question at a time. Sit down! Sit down! and I will tell you all about it." So the bears gathered around Bearnard while he told of his adventure.

"Believe me," he said, "when I got down there it was dark, and there some big furry animals somewhat like us, who went 'woof! woof!' and I thought that they would eat me alive. Fortunately I escaped without being hurt a bit."

The Teddy bears were so excited! "Were there any children? What are they like? Did they all have Teddy Bears of their own?"

"Yes, yes," said Bearnard, "I saw children. And do you see my heart? It's all mended. As soon as I saw those darling children, my heart became whole and I was so happy I could have danced."

"Where," asked the bears, "did you see the children?"

"Well," said Bearnard, "There was one house on a street called Lambert Lane. I looked through the window and they were having a party or something, and there were a lot of big people, but more little people."

"Were there any Teddy Bears around?" the others asked fearfully.

"Not a one in sight," said Bearnard, "the house looked warm inside, because no one had sweaters or coats on, and there was snow on the ground outside. I think I found a home for our three baby bears who are now in pockets and on backs. There were three darling babies in that family that need our little baby bears.

"Oh, goody," said Barbeara, Debearah, and Robearta, "Let's take them down right now."

(Alexander gives the yellow bear to Hyrum, Mary gives the blue bear to Spencer, and Michael gives the white and pink bear to Barbara.) (The big bears turn their backs to the audience and put on whole red hearts, and take off their broken hearts.)

"Oh, that was wonderful!, said Debearah, "Just doing that made our hearts whole again, see? The only thing that would make us happier would be to have a child all our own to belong to."

"Well," said Bearnard, "There are plenty of children in that house for everyone. For instance, I think that each of you bears who had babies to care for, should go to a child in the families where your baby bear is. The children would love to give your babies a ride occasionally in your pockets, or on your backs!" He smiled at them. "How does that sound?"

"Beary nice!" they shouted.

"O.K.," said Bearnard, "There's a cute little girl named Emily that is the sister to the baby who got your bear. Why don't you go to her?"

"Oh, she's so cute," said Barbarah Bear as she started out. (She gives bear to Emily.)

"And you, Debearah--" said Bearnard--

"Wait a minute," said Debearah, "I want a little girl, who will love me and not throw me in the mud."

"You didn't let me finish," said Bearnard, "Your baby is in a family who has a cute little girl named Elizabeth."

By this time Robearta Bear was going absolutely wild. "How about me? How about me? Do I get to go with my Baby? Is there a brother or sister in my baby's family?"

"Yes, there is," said Bearnard. "There's a little girl named Hannah who will love you and take care of you, and she is the sister of the baby who got your bear." (Alexander gives his bear to Hannah.)

Then Beardine, who was a very observant little bear said, "See that cute little girl over there? (she points to Sarah) I'll bet she's Hannah's sister. She doesn't look so happy right now. I think she needs a bear. Could I go to her?"

"I was just going to suggest that," said Beardine. (Susannah hands her bear to Sarah.)

"Oh, dear," said Beryl bear, crying beary big tears, "The pain in my heart is terrible. There's not going to be any children left for me."

"Oh yes there is," said Bearnard. There is a cute little brown-eyed girl named Chelsie Kae. Her arms are just aching for a bear. You can go to her."

"Oh, that's lovely," said Beryl, "but what about you? I can't leave you all alone up here in this cold cave, even if you do have those warm pajamas."

"Don't worry about me," said Beryl, "There's a rambunctious little boy named Anthony. I don't want a little girl to belong to--I want to wrestle and romp with a little boy, and I can hardly wait to get to him. Let's go."

(Robert hands his bear to Anthony, and Carli Anne hands hers to Chelsie Kae.)

So-- it turned out, after all, that Teddy Bears, ARE different than real bears. In order to be happy, Teddy Bears have to have a child to love and who will love them. And that's why their hearts were broken, and that's why their hearts are whole now. They each have a child of their own to love. Now, instead of living in cold caves in Rock Canyon, they live in the warm homes of the Halls and the Mechams and the Weights. Those bears will probably sleep in warm beds this very night with children to love them, and they will live happily ever after. Thanks for bearing with us, and thank you, children, for helping with the story of the "Teddy Bear's Christmas".