

Dear Family:

July Hallmanack:

I can see we are going to have more and more fires this summer. It has been dry, dry, dry and Hot Hot HOT. Unseasonably so. Right now I am in Payson typing this and there has been a respite for a day or two--only 89 degrees instead of a hundred, but there was a nice cool breeze last night and as I am writing this (at 6 a.m.) there is a beautiful rosy sunrise which is rapidly being eaten up by the sun as it comes into its own.

Last night there was also a beautiful Sunset. The Lord is certainly the master painter, gardener, landscaper, Creator. If the Celestial Kingdom is more beautiful than this earth he has created for us, I certainly want to go there.

I don't tend Nancy's children often, DJ accomplished another milestone. Nancy and Doug went to the 4th of July extravaganza at the Stadium--had complementary tickets. It has been easy for DJ to go downstairs, but going upstairs has been a frustration to him. His cerebral Palsy makes it difficult for him to handle the (for him) intricate task of moving his knees to a step higher. He will go two or three steps, and then give up, exhausted. However love conquers all. He thought his mother was upstairs (she had left for work) and so he said: "Upstairs." I didn't worry about him because I knew he couldn't go very far up the stairs. Dad and I were looking at "towards a more perfect Union" which was re-run from the centennial year of the writing of the Constitution. All of a sudden I realized DJ wasn't around. He was two steps from the top. And he was exhausted. He was about to give up, but I went up and helped him get the rest of the way. We were as proud of him as parents are of the first baby steps.

Carli is at camp this week, and DJ and Chelsey were at our house a couple of days. DJ has explored all the downstairs and is very much intrigued with what is "upstairs". (I suspect that he knows that is where the food is.) I was outside and Dad said that DJ almost made it to the top of the stairs again. He doesn't do it at Nancy's because she had to take the bottom step carpet off to get the steps done correctly woodwise, and the carpet layer hasn't come back to put it back again. He doesn't like the feel of the bottom two steps which are uncarpeted. (even coming down, but he does come down.)

It's funny how you forget how messy little children are at the table. I suspect that Nancy feeds DJ most of the time because of just that reason. I

know I did. Also, when he feeds himself, he stuffs so much in that one is afraid he is going to choke. I sit there and say "one bite at a time" slowly, "don't stuff so much in". But just think--when you can't see whether the fork or spoon is up or down, and where the food is you are trying to spear,--try eating some time with your eyes closed. It's a major accomplishment to get yourself fed. Also if a glass of milk is on the high chair tray, it is fair game for a tip over because you are not quite sure where it is. Not having had him for a long time, I can see that he has made a lot of progress in almost every way. He is speaking more words at a time, although he does not say a whole sentence yet. But he can make his wants and needs met in a vocal way. He still has a sweet dis-position, and he and Chelsey romp and play hilariously. I used to hold my breath when Chelsey romped with him because she seemed to be so rough, but DJ loves it and seems to handle it well. Speaking of small children being messy. We were at the Sizzler last night and there was a nice family sitting next to us. They had two small children, and I'm glad I wasn't the waitress. The floor was a disaster. Think of it when you build your first home, grandchildren. A hose-able table and a concrete floor with drain in the middle of the room with a built in disposal. (just kidding).

He is also learning the subtle ways of handling people--. For instance he has found that it is easier to have someone carry him where he wants to go rather than get there by the tedious process of crawling. "Cawwy me." he says. That doesn't get him very far, though, because he will be five in September and is a load to pack around. Chelsey does it better than I can.

He loves to listen to stories and to records. I hope I remember that when buying gifts for him.

The apricots are not quite ripe yet. I almost hate to see them get ripe. There is a load of them, and they are small this year as there are so many of them.

How to get more on the Hallmanck. Reduce your font. You can get almost a half page more.

The fireworks were even better this year. Tracy and Betsy and family came over to view them on our back lawn. David and family were at the Stadium. They had a competition of fireworks between several foreign makers of fireworks, and everytime we thought they were through for the night, another display would come on.

Laura is here going to the Y. Mary is one of the leads in the Sundance play

"Fiddler on the roof" running this summer. We have yet to attend. Why is life so busy? Clipping duplicated here-in. We don't see much of Laura. She's different than Daniel. We have her monthly money--and she hasn't even made it over to pick it up. Believe me, Daniel would have. (Daniel, I am taking your name in vain.)

Thanks, Betsy for the digest of Tracy's letters. Sherlene take a hint. I enjoy getting his full letters, and your letters to him, but I am confused when I come to duplicating them for the Hallmanack--how about a like digest?

I am sorry to report the death of Virginia Allred. But we are happy that she has been released from her suffering. The older I get the more I realize that especially as church members--it is not so much the fear of death, but the means of getting dead that one dreads.

Myrtle Joy Free's knee replacement was just getting pain free enough that she was considering going in and getting the other knee done when she fell getting out of the car after a wedding in Panaca, and broke her hip. They had to do a hip replacement on her. She was so anxious to go to the setting apart of her missionary grandson, Sam, that she overdid and is back in the hospital with a severe infection in the hip. They did surgery again on it yesterday and we haven't heard the results yet. When oldies get together--the topic of conversation is grandkids and aches and pains. We've been very blessed.

Bill Pope's suit with GE is coming up soon, and Dad is busy going over affidavits, etc with him. We still haven't heard how our suit with Mega turned out. Hope it's soon. Don't spend any money--it is more apt to cost you more (since we went to court) than it is that you'll get something back.

We are looking forward to seeing Greg this fall. Watch out girls, here he comes.

Luv Ya.

Grandmother Hall

I didn't reduce my font because I had more than a half page.
Daniel: ~~Get your~~ B.P. talk to your pres. abt helping your pres. investigator. your instincts are correct, but your pres. may have ideas abt. methods, gram.

Received July 10, 1990 (not dated again)

Dear Mom, Dad, and Laura,

I'm sorry. I keep getting these letters about birds that leave their nest and don't come back to visit and how that makes Mom cry. I promise to write and send at least one letter per week from now on.

Right now I've completed 5 months in the mission, and I've been made a district leader which means nothing. All I do is help out and take dats (information) from 2 hermanas, as well as being involved in the work of my own companionship.

I've come to a new theory. The more contacts you make and the more Book of Mormons you give away, the more people you'll find ready to listen to the gospel and thus the more baptisms will be realized. The past two months I've been working with a companion (the old district leader who got a change two days ago) who frankly doesn't do much personal contacting. As a result, we only had 3 baptisms last month. I love the guy, but working hard isn't enough. One needs to work constructively, as well.

In the past week and a half I've personally given out about 65 Book of Mormons with some really pleasing results. We started the month of July (in fact on the first day of July) with 2 baptisms (2 parents with 3 very young boys--all of course future missionaries [draws smiley face]).

This family is very poor. The man (Hermano Hugo Rolando Piveral Medas) has good skills and has a job, but doesn't get paid what he should; and his boss (who drinks) lately hasn't been paying him on time. One time there wasn't anything to eat and he ended up feeding his kids sugar water.

Anyway, this stuff is really painful to watch. It's hard for us to do anything about it. We have money to give, but can't because when the news spreads that elders give money, investigators line up (for all the wrong reasons). Despite that, I'm seriously thinking of buying them a bag of the necessities (beans, rice, perhaps some honey, bread, etc.)

Please don't worry about me. I've never been happier in my life. All because of the basic principles taught to me by loving parents. I'm sorry I didn't write. I know you need to hear from me, and it was very irresponsible of me to wait so long before getting mail off. I promise (unless there's a mail strike) that I'll be sending regularly from now on.

Another thing about the work. I found that giving out Book of Mormons isn't enough. One has to extract a specific date when they can return to give a plot [he's starting to sound like he's translating Spanish to English!]. All you do is say something like..."Can we return on Wednesday at 5:30 to share a little bit

about our beliefs?" If so, they say "yes." If not, but they're interested, they'll change the time or day or both. If they're not interested, they'll say they don't have time or whatever, and you smile and politely say goodbye and look for someone else to share a Book of Mormon with.

I have a very strong testimony of the Book of Mormon. It is the perfect missionary tool. If a person reads it, thinks about it, and prays sincerely, he can come to a knowledge that not only the Book of Mormon is true, but that the Church is true, modern day prophets exist, and that baptism is necessary. It (the B.O.M.) is what sets us so distinctly apart from other churches. Of the thousands of other imitations of the truth, only one has the existing truth of modern day revelation. I love teaching others about it.

I can hardly believe I've just about finished a fourth of my mission. There's still so much I want to accomplish. I've really come to appreciate how precious time is (especially here under these circumstances).

Oh, by the way. President Romney has left. He was a great president. Very intelligent, very capable, and there wasn't a good missionary who didn't have respect for me. I'm sad to see him go.

The new president is here! President Frisknecht. He's young (35) with a large family. He has never been a bishop, bishop's counselor, or anything else big like that. He has been an Elders Quorum leader. He's a very good guy. He receives inspiration. I have a testimony of that. Last change conference, he spoke to us about how he did changes without having met the missionaries. The answer is inspiration. He's intelligent and he will get things done. He is also very humble (scared to death would probably be more accurate). His warmth and gentle humor made me love him right away. We are so blessed to have him for a pres.

I LOVE YOU! Gotta run. Love, Elder Daniel H. Bartholomew

Don't be around for my grandchildren. One was with should polish off my (Robert Hall Humphreys) Johnson Chapter (already 60 pages - all down-sator).

Hi, Mom and Dad!

Thanks Dad for getting the cash to Janna (check enclosed). All's well here - Dad's eye healing nicely.

I have decided to take Mom's advice and write up all this genealogy as a book. PAF 2.2 makes it so easy! I'm going to have a pedigree chart with corresponding fam. groups for each chapter and (for the adults) and narrative on each family preceding that, written for children. If I can't get a publisher, it will at

Barry and Virginia Wood, 4510 N. 35th St., Arl.,
VA. 22207 (703) 243-3690

July 2, 1990

Dear Family,

How can we already be seven months into 1990? It'll be Christmas again before you know it, and I'm still finding pine needles here and there from last Christmas. (A testimony to my good housekeeping.)

Speaking of Good Housekeeping...Barry's office has sublet a wing of their offices to the good ladies of Good Housekeeping Magazine. Their Washington D.C. outpost recently held a wonderful buffet at the American History Museum to highlight a display on women which they arranged. I had just spent the day at cub scout camp and hardly felt like a night on the town. We were just going to pop in for a moment or two, but the food was so good, the company very nice and the display interesting enough that we stayed for quite a while. My labors at Cub Camp put me in considerable pain for a number of days. I don't know if it was the hard rocky ground which I sat upon for more than a few demonstrations, or what--but I've been fighting a pinched nerve or a squished tailbone that has severely restricted how much I can accomplish. I was helping the kids pick up the basement, and sat down on a low table from which I was unable to rise. I had to yell for Warren to bring me the mop and the broom so I could pull myself up to a standing position. Four days of limited mobility are finally giving way to my being able to accomplish something around here.

Just in time, as on the 4th a Canadian couple are coming to stay for four or five days while they find housing in our ward. We won't be here on the fourth as Uncle Delbert is hosting a mini-reunion for all the local Halls at his daughter's place in Richmond, Va. Sherlene and Dan may be able to make it down if Dan's checkup on his eye surgery goes well tomorrow. There is a daughter of Wendell's living in Baltimore (Wendy, I believe) and it will be fun to see her and all of Delbert's kids on the fourth.

I am enjoying a one-week break from swimming lessons. The boys start theirs on the 9th. I have spent more time in the car this summer than ever before and am more than a little grumpy about it. Warren and Jonathan are fairly content to find things to do around here, but Sarah and especially Nathan like to be with friends at all hours of the day and night. Of course they are the two that are having quite a time with their asthma, and can't understand why Mom doesn't like to make emergency pick-ups in the middle of the night when they stay at friends. As a result, we seem to have an awful lot of friends spending the night here, so Mom can be around to give late night doses of medication. Sarah's allergy testing ruled out pollen and grass allergies, but confirmed dust, dust-mite, cat, gerbil, and feather allergies. Nathan had testing when he was two, but will have his allergies re-evaluated tomorrow to the tune of \$350.00. His has been especially bad lately, and I'm sure that this allergist will alter his medication from oral to a bronchial dilator, as he did with Sarah. Sarah has been much improved since the change in her medication. This allergist thinks we should invest in a Nebulizer to provide emergency inhalation therapy for these two. However, since Sarah's change in medication, I feel like we won't necessarily be making anymore wee hours of the morning trips to the hospital for inhalation treatments. The Proventil bronchial

dilator Sarah uses is extremely effective in reducing her symptoms and is hours faster than oral medications. I keep hoping that Nathan will outgrow his Asthma, but he's had an extremely bad year.

We had a kind of funny, panicky situation with Sarah just before the school year ended. Two weeks prior to this event she spent a night in the hospital with an emergency Asthma, of which her school was aware. I had just taken Barry to work and walked in the door when Jamestown school called. The office was calling to say that Sarah had fainted in class, that a Doctor was with her, and that they had called 911. To me, it sounded as though she wasn't breathing and when I asked the office that specifically they replied that they did not know at that time. Barry's Mom was here, so I was out of here in a flash. I beat the ambulance by a good five minutes. I left the car out in front of the school illegally in the fire zone and raced down the hall to her classroom. I had visions of CPR being administered and all other sorts of horrific imaginations. What greeted me was a very pale Sarah being escorted out of the empty classroom by a gentleman I didn't know. He turned out to be a doctor, and one of the parents of a classmate who just happened to be there at the time the incident occurred. As we came to learn, it was because he was there that the incident occurred at all. Dr. Chedda had been talking to the kids about their bodies and had progressed through listening to heartbeats and looking at eardrums to the subject of tissues and organs. He had picked up a liver and pig's heart at the local grocery and invited the kids to stand up, gather around the table and take a look at what a liver looks like. One of the kids said Sarah gasped and keeled over backwards. Dr. Chedda could hardly believe that this might cause such a reaction, and told me that he hadn't even gotten to the pig's heart when all this commotion occurred. I presume that when they buzzed the office to alert them to Sarah's condition, that the office just presumed it was her Asthma, and immediately called 911. 911 took her blood pressure, listened to her lungs and heart, and finally, finding nothing wrong with her released her into my care. I took her by the library where her class had gone to assure the kids she was OK. Sarah burst into tears, though the kids who had been concerned and crying were considerably comforted to see her on her feet and walking. I took her home, where she slept for about three hours. Dr. Chedda called, her teacher called, the office called, and the kids all sent hilariously funny, touching cards home from school. Sarah was embarrassed by all the attention. Rose-Ellen would have loved it. I don't think she's cut out to be a surgeon.

Today we have a break in the heat and humidity. I spent most of the day outside cleaning up the shed and other necessary out of doors chores. I think I'll bake bread, as the days are few and far between when I can stand to turn on the oven in the summer. How are all of you in Utah and California faring in the record-breaking temperatures you've had. It's been hot here, but I think you certainly have suffered the brunt of the bad weather.

We're toying with the idea of going up to catch the Pageant this year. It's a week earlier this year. Most of the children could understand at least part of what goes on there, and they are still young enough to not be cynical about spiritual matters. We'll see how Barry's work schedule goes. He has been extremely busy the past several months. A new attorney begins with their Communications practice today, and will hopefully help to lift some of the load that Barry's been carrying.

Well, our radio station has been granted new call letters. WFMI. Now if we could

just get a tower built, hire an engineer, a station manager, and a sales person, get them someplace to work and get on the air, we'd be in business. Then there is the small matter of paying for it all. There's always something to keep us busy and our bank account empty.

We trust you all can find some relief from the heat. It's a good year to come East. I was sorely tempted to take Liz's offer to send kids her way with instant tickets for Nathan to California. You'd better be careful what you put in print. We would seriously love to see all or any of you. Hope this finds you all happy, healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Love,
Ginger

Mom, I tried for 30 minutes to adjust the margins on the pages so it would all fit on 2 pages. I managed → ← but couldn't swing the ↑ ↓ changes I wanted. !!*#@*!!! I wonder if I will ever find this computer to be faster than my typewriter was. Feel free to cut and paste if you want. Sorry for the length - I tried!

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The classic Broadway musical "Fiddler on the Roof" opens Saturday, June 23, at the Sundance Summer Theatre. Directed by Jerry Ellison and starring Neal Barth, the story tells of a devout Jewish dairyman trying to uphold his traditions during the violence and change of Czarist Russia.

The original Broadway production of Fiddler was directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. The book is by Joseph Stein and is based on the Sholem Aleichem stories. Lyrics are by Sheldon Harnick and music by Jerry Bock.

Director Ellison says, "The reason I feel the story is so lasting and speaks to all cultures and religions is because it is about a family that is not only held together by love, but also torn apart by it."

The show also features some of the most loved music in Broadway Theatre. Favorites are "Tradition,"

"Matchmaker, Matchmaker" and the lovely "Sunrise, Sunset."

The cast includes Neal Barth as Tevye, Sydney Riggs as Golde, Janet Swenson as Yente the Matchmaker, and Stephanie Capener, Mary Hall, and Renee Hieftje as the three oldest daughters. Other cast members are David Barrus, Bruce Bredeson, Chris Brower, Emily Clark, Stephen Dimond, Nathan Keller, Daniel Law, Georgia Lee, Shawn Lynn, John Rowland, Kendra Ruzicka and Kristyn Ruzicka.

Director Ellison is assisted by Brent Schneider as choreographer and Merrilee Moran as musical director. Costume design is by Janet Swenson, set design by Stephen Dimond and lighting design by Doug Hoyt.

Fiddler alternates nightly Monday through Saturday at 8:30 p.m. with A Midsummer Night's Dream through September 1.



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Neil Hallmanac
July 1, 1990

Dear Family:

Today is Greg's birthday--18 years old today. How can I have an eighteen year old son. I thought I was still 18. We gave Greg a set of compact scriptures and we forgave a current debt he had. When John heard we were giving Greg the scriptures, he said, "Gee, Dad. Can I have some scriptures for my birthday, too?" (You had to be there to hear his tone of voice. I remember him saying something similar when we took him to hear a choral concert at Christmas one year--"Can we do this again on my birthday?" Actually, lest you think John is a total spiritual washout, he has been quite faithful reading the scriptures each night.)

We had a great time in Hawaii. The weather was beautiful and the kids stayed healthy. Marty signed the family up for some high adventure activities. Marty, Greg, and Emily rode bicycles 38 miles down Haleakala, a dormant volcano, from over 10,000 feet to sea level! They left our condo at 3:00 a.m. so they could get up to the summit to watch a spectacular sunrise before the descent. It was below freezing on top with 50 mile an hour winds, but once they were on the way down, the sun came out, the wind stopped and they had a spectacular ride. Video available to watch when you visit. The following day we went out on the ocean to parasail. (Actually, everyone but me went parasailing--I'm not one for "high adventure." I went along for the boat ride!) Marty spent a morning scuba diving and one day he took three of the kids snorkeling with an expedition to Molokini, a mostly submerged volcano. Erin and I stayed home to read. Marty and John saw a white-tipped reef shark, which gets bigger every time he tells about it. We ate lots of pineapple and papaya and generally had a nice time. The only drawback is that we had our vacation so soon after school was out, and with the whole summer ahead of us, we don't have a lot to look forward to. Won't somebody come visit us?

I picked Emily up at the airport this afternoon. She had a great time at the BYU Young Musician's Summerfest last week. We sent her up a few days early to spend the weekend with Mom and Dad, and, unfortunately, she got sick with a sore throat and fever and spent Saturday and Sunday in bed. Mom called the doctor and got Emily started on antibiotics. She felt well enough to start the camp as scheduled. She stayed up late every night, met lots of new kids, was able to see her cousin Heather Neil, who was visiting her grandparents in Orem, and may have even learned a few things about music. Emily has a summer job at Pinewood, playing the piano for the musical plays the elementary school performs for summer school. It should be a good experience for her, and it is only five hours a day. She needs the cash. Eating out is her favorite sport.

Erin was much offended that I didn't include a blurb about her in last month's letter when I talked about everyone else, so I promised to really brag about her this month. She is getting contacts lenses this month--has saved to pay for half the expense. Actually, she tried soft lenses, and one of them was torn after only two days --so she's going to try hard, gas-permeable contacts now. They're harder to get used

to, but they sure are easier to handle and don't have to be replaced as often. Erin's main activities this summer are learning how to type and sew. She promised to spend a half hour on the computer typing tutor each day if she didn't have to go to summer school for typing. You would not recognize Erin. She has grown so much this year! The doctor says she'll be tall like her Mom. She is quite concerned about going to girls camp--afraid she might meet up with some bugs and bears. "Not to worry," I tell her. Our stake has a wonderful girls camp program. They try to get me to go every year, but I always manage to avoid that experience. I don't like bugs and bears either--and I think I'm allergic to large swarms of the teenage girl species.

John tried out for a new soccer team this week. This league is much more competitive and John will learn better skills. The coach runs a soccer clinic at a nearby boys boarding school and wants the team to board for a week to have some intense soccer training. The nice thing is that he's going to let the team go to the clinic free of charge! They'll start practice every day starting in August. (I knew that once I quit teaching private lessons, something would come up to fill my time. Looks like I'll be spending some time in the car--the school he'll practice at is too far away for bicycling.) My dreams of an all-musical family are fading fast. John's skills seem to lie elsewhere. Actually, he likes to sing and act. He and two other friends sang and danced to a song from the musical Big River called "We Are the Boys" (the boys being Huck Finn, Tom Sawyer and friend,) for the talent-variety show at school. He was most disappointed that he didn't get the end-of-year Drama Award for his grade. He thought he had the award all sewn up with his performance of Robin Hood earlier this Spring.

I hope I don't bore you all with so much news of our kids. Besides being a letter, this is about the only family journal we have, so I want to include most of their activities. I'll try not to brag too much--but how can I not brag about such great kids!

I understand there is a new Book of Mormon program where instead of sending the books directly to a missionary, one can send money for books to a certain Church office with a picture and testimony which will be translated into the language requested, and books will be prepared and sent to a missionary that is requested. Tracy and Sherlene, do you know about this? If you know this is the case, we would be happy to send books to Daniel and H. T. Let us know which language and mission.

Marty was in Europe for twelve days this month. While he was gone Greg's car burst a water hose--not surprising. Things around here know when the boss is away. Marty had an intestinal bug this week and was home sick with a fever for three days. He can't remember when he's been so sick--he lost ten pounds, but he's feeling better now.

Hope y'all have a nice summer. Set up the hammock and kick back once in a while. Have some milk and cookies while you're at it.

Love,

Liz, Marty and the Crew

P.S. David, We'd love to hear from you every few years or so.

Daniel R. & Sherlene H. Bartholomew (201) 766-9771

180 North Maple Avenue Basking Ridge, NJ 07920

July 4, 1990

Dear Family,

The Fourth is always a time when we wish we were with family. Dr. Olkowski said Dan could travel now, so for most of the day yesterday, we put off calling Virginia, debating whether or not to attend Uncle Delbert's family reunion. We finally decided we had better take the extra precaution and take it easy here at home.

We did have a little ceremony this morning by ourselves, pledging allegiance to our flag after we placed it on the porch over the front door. It is a beautiful day here in Basking Ridge with true skies, pure clouds, and bold lilies blazing our national colors.

Dan and I watched through moist eyes as a gentle breeze caressed the emblem of so much national hope and suffering. Who can calculate the price paid so our sons and daughters can proclaim a gospel of peace to a less-free, hungry world. God bless our flag. And God bless you missionaries, students, and young husbands and wives in our family--all of you doing your best to live the values which made this country great. We're proud of our next generation and grateful for the rich blessings which make your activities possible.

Last week I put Jonathan Sortle Alexander's Revolutionary War pension application account into the computer and read much early American history on some other lines. The ghosts are working overtime to give me genealogical opportunities. Dan can drive now, but until yesterday it was verboten. So I drove him to work twice (he can work at computers, read, and make phone calls) and then went to the nearby Morristown Public Library (they have a marvelous genealogy section) until he was finished.

Yesterday evening, just as I was getting ready to leave, a Mrs. Cortessis (Phoebe) of LaFayette CA noticed I was counting copies of early Plymouth Colony records and asked if we could compare lineage charts. I didn't help her much, but she extended my records with two new names! She had the parents of John Warren (called John "The Middle" because he also had an older brother named John). He was one of our emigrant ancestors from England, whose daughter Mary (also our ancestor) married John Bigelow. The Puritans searched John's house a few times because he sympathized with Quakers. He came to this country about 1630 in the Arbella.

According to Mrs. Cortessis, John "The Middle" married Margaret BARRON. His parents were John Warren and Elizabeth SCARLETT. So now you who are still barron daughters can name your next beauty "Scarlet"--especially now that we are finding some ancestral southerners among these Halls.

I have filled four disks now on PAF 2.2--hopefully good progress will come this year in sorting out what temple work needs doing for our ancestors and getting it accomplished.

Most of the daylilies Dan took as splits from the White Plains Presbyterian cemetery are now old enough to bloom. We have had such a treat each morning, going around the house looking at the

*P.S. Sam's address is 6 12/19 Holman Hall, Perry, UT (801) 371-5667
David's still: La Misión de Guatemala, Ciudad de Guatemala, P.O. Box 4604, Guatemala, Guatemala, C.A.*

exquisite color combinations. It has been a big job transplanting them in complementary clumps each day (while the blooms last), but I'm sure we'll be glad for this effort next year.

Last week I tried to bargain with James Wood to come mow our lawn, since Dan is out of commission. He owes us two car washings which we bought at the ward auction, and I thought I'd get a lawn mowing instead. No deal, as far as he was concerned. But his sister, Michelle, overheard the conversation. When I came home from the library last week, I found a beautifully mowed acre of lawn. Dan said President Wood and Michelle brought over their mower and one of them did the front and one used ours to mow the back (a real pain with the slopes and the clutter of many little trees and shrubs, even though Dan marked them each with white sticks). A Stake Pres. and daughter who are "greatest among..." to be sure.

Another Wood daughter, Lori, came to me in Church Sunday and asked how Laura was doing. I said she had quite an adjustment at first, but seemed to be feeling better. I did express my concern that she did not have a roommate to come "home" and talk with. Well, most people would make some empathetic comment and move on. But not Lori. "I'm going to Utah next week to see my boyfriend and get my braces off. Give me Laura's address, so I can go see her. It can be very lonely at first--I know how that feels."

She also volunteered to take some things Laura needs which I took over last night and which she is going to try to fit into her already stuffed bags. (Laura I took over your running shoes, white flats, green moccasins, two pair of jeans, and two T-shirts). She did not have room for your hot curlers. Ask around the family. Maybe Grandma Hall has some hot curlers sitting around which she doesn't need (I hardly use mine now that my hair is short--but don't like to mail electrical appliances like that when I don't have the original packaging).

Thanks to all you grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins, who have done so much to help Laura adjust since she arrived! Laura thought that was some feast at Karen and Cal's Sunday!

Laura said my visiting teacher, Winnie Stobaeus, mailed her a generous check last week. What especially moved Winnie was she got a letter from Laura thanking her for her sweet example and kindness the day after she mailed Laura the surprise check. Winnie couldn't believe a young woman so busy with start of school would take time to remember "an old lady" (and not even knowing green stuff was coming). Thanks, Laura. You have no idea how you brightened Sis. Stobaeus' week (and I'm sure, she, yours)!

Apparently Laura wrote some other letters, too. Laura Lefgren told me it absolutely made Anne Marie's day when she got Laura's letter. Laura, did you know Anne Marie graduated from middle school top of her class? And this with her mother working and having to tend her sister every day after school. Her mother got up in testimony meeting and cried about what a blessing Anne Marie had been in keeping the home front going.

Laura Lefgren made an (ahem) point last week to let me know

how terrific she thinks Daniel and Laura are. I found out she graduated a year early from high school, so though she's a year ahead of Daniel in school, she's really just Daniel's age. Both Laura (Lefgren) and Michelle Wood are now biding time until they can go on missions. So, Daniel, there are still some lovely young women home, currently safe in Zion, and fond of Elder Bartholomew (but who needs this with such a mother!).

We enjoyed the recent Hallmanacks more than ever. 'Missed Betsy's this last time--I love your additions. Nancy and Doug where are your fun letters? Laura said your new home is amazing, D.J. is "adorable," and your daughters have grown beyond belief! Liz, how was Hawaii? What a well-earned vacation! Dan's air mileage is not so great, but did get Laura a free flight to BYU. Charlotte, I got out that great family reunion T-shirt you sent us and wore it for nostalgia's-sake. I don't wear it much because it's going to become an heirloom.

We've talked almost daily with Laura by phone. She seems to have some exciting, challenging classes and to have already made some good friends. She has an aerobics class which is threatening to kill her--'has to run 1 1/2 miles a day in addition to class exercise, keep pulse-rate charts, and memorize each muscle in her sore, throbbing anatomy. She has a quiz every day in religion and HUGE reading and writing assignments in English. Does not sound like she is going to be bored this quick summer term; and it does seem her "Effective Study" class is timely. Maren Mouritsen, bless her, got Laura into her already packed Honors Book of Mormon class fall semester and invited her to attend the leadership seminar which follows summer term and which Daniel found "awesome."

Meanwhile, home at the stanch, we are adjusting to our latest "rite of passage." After we saw Laura off on the plane, it hit! It was almost as bad as the first time I took her to kindergarten. I cried all afternoon. 'Refused to do a worthy thing all day, crashing finally with a Conroy novel Laura was assigned in English which I had been intending to review. I can't remember reading one novel since Daniel was born, unless it was one of their school assignments (lot's of "How-to" books, though).

It was an engaging book--Conroy's use of good language is exquisite. But he brought out such obscene conversation (and explicit example), it took a week to purge my mental and even physical vocabulary. How awful that authors think they have to be "realistic," that "reality" can be so ugly, and that English teachers feel it necessary to assign such exposure. I have thought about going back to teaching English, but wonder how my old-fashioned choice of reading material would clear the English Departments and today's youth who find little shocking and demand constant entertainment. I look forward to the day when our children are paradisiacally "taught of the Lord."

Anyway, that one day crash seemed to satisfy my need to grieve. Since then I've been too busy to doldrum. Every now and then we still mourn, but in general we enjoy the advantages of all this independence. Let freedom ring! We love and miss you.

Sherlene

Dear Daniel,

Wednesday June 27, 1990

I've got a new eye! A new (bionic) lens anyway. Some kind of plastic. The surgery yesterday morning went very well. Dr. Olkowski used the word "perfect" twice while talking with Mom. The blessing I received several weeks ago was in effect. Not to mention Mom (but I will)--who is temporarily chauffeur, chef, and chief baby sitter (a very strict and demanding one, I assure you).

Dr. O. took off the bandage this morning. As he had predicted, the new eye looks red and sees blurry, due to inflammation, which will clear up gradually. He says I have to be a leisurely gentleman for a few weeks. Mom re-phrased it, saying I need to be a gentleman.

The day before, Dr. Thompson (ear-nose-throat) said my sinuses look good, but he wants to check my hearing in 6 weeks. During his quick check, I wasn't hearing the low tones.

These Dr.'s like me too much. I've got to give them up. A little boy at the Surgical Center (there to have a tear duct repair) was very cute and friendly. His parents, temporarily in Jersey City, are from LA and Mexico City. They happily accepted the offer to have a Book of Mormon dropped off by missionaries. This morning, we also gave Dr. Olkowski a BOM. I had given Dr. T. a Bk of Mormon last month.

Before Laura left, she was going to have some one-on-one time with Mrs. Galloway, the bible study leader. I started to prepare some Bible Scriptures to go with the articles of faith. Laura never had the one-on-one, and I didn't finish the scripture excerpts. I still plan to finish some of them up and share them.

Laura has had a big week or two! Finals, last of Bible Study, a weekend in NY with Joy, Erin, and the Inouyes, Graduation, dinner afterwards with parents at posh restaurant of choice (Stromboli King--at least a notch above McDonalds--and we gave the owner a Bk of Mormon, probably for the second time), All-Night Graduation Bash at So. Plainfield YMCA with breakfast at The Store Restaurant, crash recovery, room clean-up and packing with help of friends who then kidnapped her and wrote her up (autographed her limbs), early morning family prayer & father's blessing & goodbye from Christine, farewell ride to Newark airport, fond farewells, and last camera clicks from parents, starting out in the strange land of Provo after being picked up by Grandmother Hall (with cousin Emily Neil), and starting classes at BYU. She reports her Effective Study class is good, Bk of Mormon too (though the first quiz was one ahead of what the teacher seemed to have said the first day), Aerobics extra tough (grading on pure level, not effort or improvement), and English heavy and tough. Laura has been WALKING (campus and the bank) and WALKING in the HEAT (100+° daily heatwave since before Laura's arrival).

Mom went through the empty nest blues for about a day, taking escape in one of Laura's school novels. Besides getting Laura off & me in & out of surgery, she has been picking peas (the great pea harvest of '90--our garden finally produced something you could spend some time picking!), coordinating goodies & providing huge

veggie plates for Rob Moen's after-farewell openhouse, shuttling an Ethiopian refugee couple to Church & fireside, and feeding the missionaries (they got to cook spaghetti while mom collected clothes to fit the Ethiopian woman), and getting her car tuned and inspection-stickered. (Besides, you guessed it, GENEALOGY).

Before the cataract surgery, I did last rites on the mowing and weeding (for a few weeks), trying to leave a cut lawn and finish off the worst of the weeds. After hunting down some bamboo sticks to mark the little trees all over the yard, I found the mowing (and spraying after dark) to be a lot quicker and easier. I also got out the gas chain saw, hardly ever used. It started! And I took out most of the thorny locusts at the bottom of the yard and the big dead walnut tree along the back border with Gray's. Some guys from the condos had just gotten their chain saw stuck in a big tree, so we used my saw to free it. It actually came crashing down just as their saw was nearly loose--it had some major decay that apparently contributed to that surprise.

Our neighbors, the Moen's had a wonderful and busy week before last. Emma Kay married Wade Holbrook at the WDC Temple. He's a very on-the-ball chem. eng. student who knows Uncle Calvin. Bro. Lester Rowe went through the Temple his first time that same day. We didn't make it to DC, but we did make the reception Sat 6/16, & it was very nice. Sunday, the next day, was Rob Moen's farewell. He is a changed person. Many prayers had been answered. He found friends and self and God during his senior year, staying with his uncle's family in Utah. His complexion cleared, and he enjoyed the skiing; his attitude is more open, sociable, caring, and humble. He even went to the prom out there. He seems well-prepared for his mission in every way--so back to Utah he goes (Ogden Mission).

The Workman's had a farewell fireside at Morristown the same night. They spoke of going on their own "regular" mission after their kids were raised and about how to prepare for a mission, particularly for couples, but applicable, too, to young'ns or singles.

Sister Workman: First, have your relationship right, so the spirit will attend. The smallest disharmonies will drive the spirit away. Two, support each other in team work--one companion's work is not done until the others is also, whether dishes, bill paying, or preparation for the work. The Holy Spirit thrives on love and harmony. Three, be Christ-centered in every effort and undertaking (everything flows from this: "Ye are the branches, I am the vine..."John 15:5). Four, move ahead boldly in faith, leaning on the Lord to bridge the gap. Despite fears, invite people to home for dinner, to lessons, Church, etc.). The Lord will help make it work in his wisdom. The successes are worth the risk and the failures. Five, pray for specific needs of specific people. No nebulous prayers.

Pres. Workman: First, prepare for missionary work by practicing missionary work--NOW. Second, feast on the words of Christ (scriptures), including daily BOM chapter. His words & the spirit will tell all things that you should do (2 Ne 32:3). Third, Pray in all things. You can't do missionary work without prayer.

At work, I enjoyed more trips to FAA regional headquarters at JFK

airport, helping revise a sale to the medical dept. down to \$75,000 granted vs. \$125K requested; dropped off network hub and cards for an ADP group experiment with Novell Software and AT&T hardware (Novell itself uses its own software on AT&T hardware in its Provo headquarters); confirmed that AT&T will develop an electronic mail gateway (x.400 standard) for the FAA, probably in Washington; attended a networking workshop for three days. It included 2 days on the new AT&T LAN (Local Area Network) software licensed from MicroSoft to satisfy AT&T's open systems standard and customers' security needs. The MicroSoft software has been recoded and enhanced by AT&T. The third day a true workshop. I loaded Asynchronous Gateway software on a LAN server.

It sounds like the Mayan stuff is tantalizing but taboo. I'm glad you're resisting the temptation. Fortunately, Joseph Smith resisted the momentary temptation to use the plates for the temporal relief of his family. I suppose it would have backfired (slightly).

In your letter that came just a few minutes ago, you successfully anticipated and summarized the contents of this letter. So why am I going to this effort. I could rewrite your summary and send it back. Your letter was actually good medicine and FUN. So you are ready for a change to the back woods then? Well, we'll be interested to hear what develops.

MUCH LOVE AND JOY AND THE LORD'S BLESSINGS IN EVERY WAY! DAD

P.S. to Laura: Future letters will be to both of you. I know you just couldn't live without them. So be good. LOVE, DAD

P.S. to Mom and Dad: Laura is at G1219 Helaman Halls
Phone: 371-5667 Provo, UT 84604

Dear "Elder 7-Up," *(Read Daniel's letter first to get that joke!)* June 27, 1990

No, we haven't seen that 7-Up commercial--but that doesn't mean we don't have it here. It's just that I seldom watch TV.

Was it ever great to get another letter! Two in a week after the long famine! I read it to Dad, and we laughed and laughed, you idgit! He's supposed to be recovering from his cataract surgery yesterday, but I caught him typing a long letter to you on the computer a while ago. That's what I get for thinking he was asleep so I could sneak downstairs and do some genealogy. I made him go lie down while I read him the mail (me, "strict and demanding?").

We miss you so much. Life will never be the same. 'Though I must say both of your parents' senses of humor have improved considerably since we got an empty nest. I think we both took parenting too seriously. Now that we don't feel we have all this responsibility, we have been behaving rather, well, ... light-minded, to say the least. I suppose things will settle down considerably now that your father can't lean, bend, exert, or get passionate.

Speaking of forbidden subjects, we had a great fireside on "Family Communication" at the Silver home Sunday night. Dad arranged it as an Elder's Quorum activity and got Laura Lee Edwards to speak. She is an excellent teacher. In getting the group to list important realms of family communication, she said their ideas were all good, but she had to assume they all believed they were "found" in the cabbage patch. So I chipped in and said "Good Sex" should be added, and there was a loud cheer from all. Meg Edwards spoke up and said "Only Sister Bartholomew would actually say 'The Word.'" I keep ruining my carefully-cultivated image as the dignified, discreet one in our ward.

We took Sarah, our Ethiopian friend, to the fireside, and I'm sure she left there a little dazed. It turned into a very open, candid, revealing, but helpful and upbeat evening. However, with all these people coming out of the closet in terms of revealing their family problems, she just might have thought Mormons are human.

By the way, you didn't say much about the sisters you said you recently baptized. This makes me wonder. What are you avoiding telling us about them? No, you may not fall in love on your mission. There's no such thing as "falling in love," anyway. You fall (down) into infatuation which is at the very least, dangerous and mostly stupid. Try to remember that, though it could not possibly be a problem, considering what I have read about your hair-do not changing much. So tell me about those sisters (I know there's nothing tender to tell--just teasing!).

Dad also helped arrange the movie night at the Church Friday, but we stayed home and tried to catch up on the yard work. We did, as Quorum assignment, provide some of the refreshment for that

*Laura's address: 61219 Helaman Hall
Provo, UT 84604
Phone: (801) 371-5667*

not in
Hallmark

Two letters in one King's Express envelope, with Los Angeles Date of June 18 on outside of envelope. 'Just guessing which letter was written first, since one letter had no date at the top.

May 23, 1990

Dear Mom, Dad, and Laura,

Hello from Guatemala! I'm reaching the end of my second month here in Guat and the fourth month of my mission already! What is going on! (sic!?)

So far this month we've baptized six people. I'm in an area called Tardinas (gardens) and there are a lot of rich people here. I must see fifty-hundred Mercedes Benzes and BMWs a day. Quite a contrast from Bora del Monte!

One of the guys we baptized is a 15 year old named Herbert. He is so cool! He's already talking about serving his own mission. Who knows how many people will receive the gospel just because of that one baptism the Lord gave us! The girls we baptized are also talking about being stake missionaries.

Tardinas is kind of weird. The people here are Guatamalteros, but they think they're gringos, and a couple of the members here don't do too bad a job. People always are practicing their English, and we get sick of people coming up to us just to greet us in English or something. But that's OK. Whenever they say "Hello" to me, I give 'em the time in Spanish, and whenever they say "What time is it?" to me, I say: "Fine, thanks!" Drives 'em nuts!

I tried Guatemalan pizza, and it's terrible. I think I'll stick to Burger King when I go out to lunch. My memories will have to serve.

I have two companions right now. Elder Sanderson (gringo) and Elder Montes (latino). We have a good time. Elder Sanderson went to BYU and knows Brother Hamblin in his "BYU Standards" role. Oh, oh! But he's a good guy and obedient and teaches with the Spirit, so I forgive him for talkin' so much about Mercedes Benzes (they're his hobby, and we're surrounded with 'em here). That'd be like me proselyting in music stores that only sell Beatles albums.

Elder Montes is, well...interesting. He got sick in Polochik and came here. Polochik is where the pure Mayan Indians live, and they are HUMBLE. Needless to say, he doesn't like it much here. The Indians are called the Quechi.

These Indians are very interesting people. They didn't have a word for Jesus Christ in their language, so they use the Spanish word "Jesucristo," and they didn't have a word for the word "God" (the one we believe in), so they use the Spanish word, "Dios."

*not in
Hallman's*

Dear Daniel, (Hallman's, too!)

June 15, 1990

I did call the mission home last week to see if you were possibly alive, but all I got was some assistant who assured me you were fine and he was quite sure you were not again in the hospital.

It has been three weeks now without any news from Guatemala. You also have a mission to your family, you know. Believe me, your mother would be much more cheerful anticipating the flight next week of her last gosling, if she heard from the other quack(er).

Last week all four baby birds flew away from their nest in our heart-shaped, bramble porch wreath. I checked in on them every day while doing my gardening, and it got so they almost welcomed me. I could not believe how fast they grew--they were out of the nest in no time. I was there to see one of them take his first flight. He had balanced himself on the side of the wreath for twenty minutes, trying to get up nerve, while his parents apoplexed at a distance. Finally, I helped by crowding his territory. Works every time!

Away he soared, joined in a chorus of swooping celebration by parents, siblings, and other neighborhood fuzz who had helped guard the nest all week. I threw in some of the proud sounds I had used to cluck at them all week, and the chorus stopped. They don't appreciate great harmony.

Now, while I type at the computer, adolescent show-offs do acrobatics on the branches outside my window, pausing from time to time to snoop in on me in my nest. Yesterday one of them hopped right up close to me in the garden, trying to crowd my territory. He seemed pretty disgusted that I didn't take off and fly.

Their parents seem to be adjusting quite well to an empty nest. Your father said when he came in the front door last night (I had removed all the restricting banners), he scared the parents out of the wreath where they had been "mating or something."

It took me a solid hour yesterday to clean all the bird mess off of the door and porch (this is how teeny-poopers make their desertions bearable, I guess). I waited a day to see if these freedom-seekers would come back to the nest to at least sleep when darkness came, but there was no sign of nostalgia. Not even a quill. There was a terrible squawk from surrounding trees when I took down the nest the next day, but they'll get used to it. It's their fault for not keeping the nest warm. But then, who wants to sit around and tend a stinky nest when there are skies to soar and far away branches in which to sing.

'Nice of the Lord to send me those birds this month. So why am I crying?
Love, Mom

Love, Mom (and Shellen)

P.S. I still haven't found a bird book with this type of bird in it - takes a strange bird to roost with us! :)

No date again. Arrived June 27, 1990.

*not
in
Hollman's*

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hello from Guatemala! I've received an absolute ton of letters lately from you guys. I've got to tell you that the thing I'm most grateful for is the love between you two at home. Mom sends me letters full of love and compliments towards Dad and Dad sends me a letter that talks about how happy the two of you are together.

What are you guys going to do with no teenagers in the house? Genealogy, back-breaking yardwork, Hawaii, Israel II, etc. (draws a happy face). I'm sure you two will figure something out!!!

The work here is still going strong. The work is harder and we've only had 3 baptisms here, but all 3 are pure gold. We got through with one family and the father said that he thought it'd be a good idea to wait until July to be baptized. I was mad (he's been listening to their big-mouthed Catholic friend who I had the pleasure of speaking to (shut eyes, put hands over ears, close mind, open mouth and let out a good long stream of pure....shaving cream)).

Dad, what's going on with your eyes? When did this start? Is everything all right? Good grief. I can just see the next letter....

"Dear Daniel,

Everything's wonderful. I love Mom. She loves me. Laura's going to college. Just finished putting in 500 trees. There are a lot of weeds. By the way, I'm dying of terminal fingernail cancer."

I know. Stop sassing. It really surprised me when you started talking about cataracts. I had no idea, and you were talking like it's been going on for years.

Mom, one thing. I love your letters, but the punctuation is driving me crazy. It's perfect. [He's one to judge?--I corrected three punctures in his last two sentences, which I wish I were sure were spoofs. For you historians who might wonder, in typing up his letters I usually go for authenticity, only correcting those items which might hamper readability. Actually, it's been so long since I read an updated punctuation guide, I suspect I need much patching, myself.]

The latest temptation that's been handed to me is Mayan stuff. The stuff fascinates me, and right now I'm finally getting on top of it and re-immersing myself in the work. I've found that even if you're working hard, if your mind isn't completely on it, you

Arrived 27 June 1990 from D. H. Bartholomew, p. 2.

don't get the same results.

By the way, do you guys have the new 7-up ads on T.V. with the drawing of the guy with spiked hair? We've got 'em, and my investigators all call me "Elder 7-Up" because in front it sticks up.

Another interesting story. My Spanish comp., Elder Veliz (one of my favorite comps so far) told me that one of his comps has pictures of golden plates. This comp of his was teaching a man about the Book of Mormon and the guy said (this part's kind of how I imagine it went), "Really written on golden plates, huh? Did they look anything like this (pulls out four thick plates of gold with writing on them)?"

Veliz said the guy got baptized. Anyway, this comp. of his (Veliz won't tell me the name because he wasn't supposed to tell me in the first place) sent a letter to the Prophet. The Church ended up buying them and NOBODY KNOWS WHERE THEY IS. Interesting story? I think so. The story is wild, but I have absolute, 100% confidence in Veliz. He wouldn't lie. He said he saw the pictures of these plates. STORIES FROM THE GUATEMALAN ENQUIRER...."People who can't mind their business want to know."

As I get stories, I'll pass them right on.

Dad, I have a copy of Gileadi's Isaiah here that I bought while I was at the MTC. Isn't it fantastic! Save me a copy, though, 'cause the one I've got will be rags by the time I return.

I'm very healthy. Don't worry about me. Fact is, though, I'm expecting a change this next change conference. Hopefully I'll be sent out in the woods. The place I am right now is spoiling me, and I'm ready for something new.

Thanks for all the letters! Stay cool!

Love, Elder Daniel H. Bartholomew

June 15, 1990

Mom
Hallmann
Dear Daniel,

I finally called the mission home last week to see if you were possibly alive and reached Pres. Romney's assistant. He assured me you were fine and were not again hospitalized by "the amoeba."

It has been three weeks now without any news from Guatemala. You also have a mission to your family, you know. Believe me, your mother would be much more cheerful anticipating the flight next week of her last gosling, if she heard more often from our other quack(er).

Last week all four baby wrens flew away from their nest in our new heart-shaped, bramble porch wreath. I checked in on them every day while gardening, and it got so they almost welcomed me. I could not believe how fast they grew--they were out of the nest in no time!

I was there to see one of them take his first flight. He had balanced himself on the side of the wreath for twenty minutes, trying to get up nerve, while his parents apoplexed at a distance. Finally, I helped by crowding his territory. Works every time!

Away he soared, joined in a chorus of swooping celebration by parents, siblings, and other neighborhood fuzz who had helped guard the nest. I threw in some of the proud sounds I had used to cluck at them all week, and the medley stopped. They don't appreciate great harmony.

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Their Mom and Dad seem to be adjusting quite well to an empty nest. Your father said when he came in the front door last night (I had removed all the restricting banners), he scared the parents out of the wreath where they had been billing and cooing "or something."

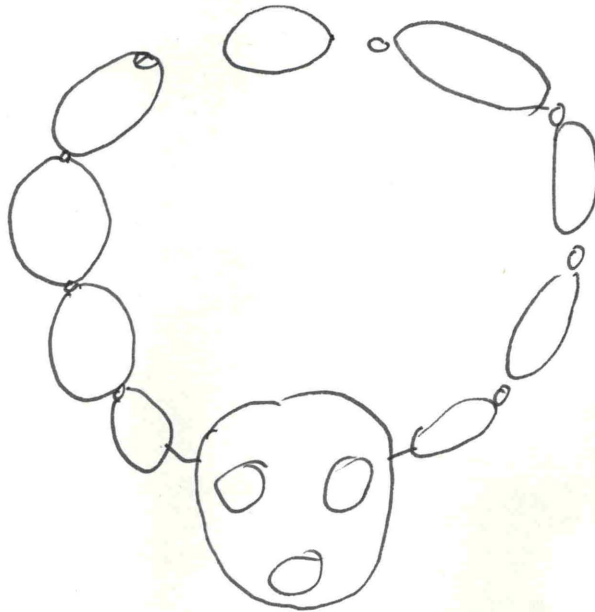
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There was a terrible squawk from surrounding trees when I took down the nest, but they'll get used to it. It's their fault for not keeping the nest warm. But then, who wants to sit around and tend a nest when there are skies to soar and far away branches in which to sing.

'Nice of the Lord to send me those birds this month. So why am I crying?

Love, Mom



This is a terrible rendition, but you get the idea. Anyway, it's alabaster, and he said you really can't put a price on it (I say you can--perhaps 5-10,000 American dollars--perhaps a lot more.

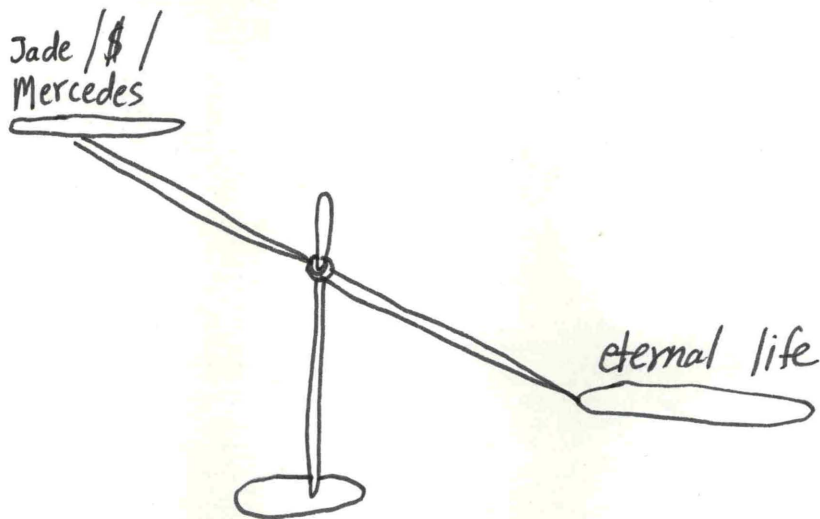
Anyway, his collection is perfectly legal. It's all registered, and if he dies, the will says it goes to his kids. Rules are very simple. You can have a huge jade collection on your back patio (that's right, your own personal museum), and it's your personal property as long as it stays in the country and it's registered (which costs nada). You can even sell it, but it has to stay in Guatemala.

Anyway, we left, and of course the first thing that happens is temptation. I start thinking about jade and how valuable it is, and how easy it is to slide through metal detectors with rocks worth more than gold, and how I have contacts in Peter (where Tikal is) who know where Jade is and etc. and etc.

That day I confronted the word "Greed" and realized that even Daniel Hall Bartholomew is capable of rationalizing away eternal life for a Mercedes Benz, a personal condo, and an all-expense-paid college education. But my patriarchal blessing plainly states two things:

"Be mindful that as you stand alone you are as mere dross (jade). The decisions you make must be weighed on the scale of eternal values." and

"Know this, that there is no power on earth nor in the regions beneath that can cause that you will not successfully fulfill the sacred purposes for which you have been born into mortality except your own power of choice."



"Scale of Eternal Values"

So much for quick and easy money. Don't worry. 'Ol Dan'l ain't gonna smuggle in green stuff, clay statues or pots or even a crummy ol' obsidian arrowhead. Dan'l is gonna come back integrity intact.

I'm really sorry I haven't written you more letters. I promise from now on, I will send you at least one letter per week.

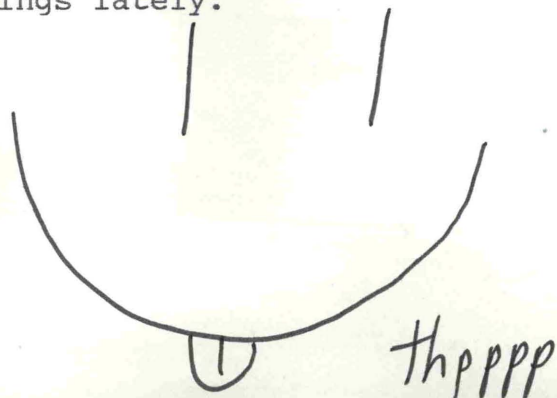
Yore lovin son,

Elder Daniel H. Bartholomew

Budget:

You're sending me plenny of money and I'm be doing fine. I'm eating pizza once a week, buying tela (cloth) to make shorts out of, and paying the rent. I need what I've got, but right now economics here are such that I'm able to pay the bills and eat out once a week.

I'll send next month's budget home because I haven't been keeping strict track of things lately.



*not in
Salmon*

activity (I took 75 cans of soda down to the Church and put them in the fridge early that morning--big deal). But I wanted to be at the genealogy library. I keep wondering when our ward is going to catch the vision of this new budget cut which was supposed to provoke a "course correction."

We also provided the punch for the fireside Sunday. I am through with doing refreshments for a while, if I have my way. Anyway, as we provided all this drink, I was thinking of you and your amoebic lemonade and wishing you could drink some of it.

Laura had quite a send-off from her friends. She went to some sort of celebration or activity every night, including weekends, for two weeks before she left and then thought she was going to pack in about three hours. I was having fits and making dire threats and predictions, but she fooled me.

At least eight friends showed up to help clean her room, pack, kidnap her away for tricks and treats, and send her off. When they took breaks, they lounged on her bed, reading your latest letter (which Laura retrieved as proof that Jesus was in America) and getting Laura's last-minute "I haven't taught them the gospel yet" synopses. Tracy Allen asked her for a Book of Mormon. Since she left, I've had a steady stream of calls from friends asking her address and phone number. I think Laura realized that she is very loved by a lot of beautiful people. With all their calls to me asking how Laura is doing, I haven't felt entirely deserted by the teen-scene.

Laura hated her first day at the "Y." Called us up and we could tell she was feeling a bit homesick and overwhelmed. She still is, but she has met some wonderful friends and respects her teachers, so that helps. She says she's lost five pounds already just walking all over campus and not eating because the altitude and heat take away her appetite (I'm moving!).

Uncle Cal and Janet took her to lunch the other day and they've invited her to dinner Sunday--add five, Laura! (She left me with nine patterns, all numbered in order of preference, and the deal is I sew one dress for each five pounds permanently lost). We talked with Cal on the phone the other night when he called to see how Dan's eye surgery went (thanks for "watching"). Cal seems to be feeling stronger every day since his own surgery and confident that this cancer is going to be a thing of the past, for which we are grateful and continue to pray.

Oh, by the way, Laura called Maren Mouritsen and Maren got her in her Honors Book of Mormon class next fall, even though it was already filled, and told her about the leadership seminar she can attend between sessions. Rah, rah! Also, Laura, (I guess we better start thinking in terms of writing both of you now), we got your grades yesterday--super job again--all As and a few Bs--honor

roll again. Your advisor wrote "Great job" on the report.)

Laura was not too enthusiastic about her roommate, who finally arrived Monday and turned out to be one of these pretty, too-peppy California girls who is a freshman at age 20 and there to get married. Laura said she knew it was too early to judge, but this girl reminded her so much of a phony at school who double-crossed her a few times, it made her nervous. So when she found out this young woman had moved out because they've made her a "floor leader" or whatever, we were relieved.

I do hope Laura gets another roommate, though. She has called us every day since she left Friday. It's hard to come home to an empty room with no one there to balance your thoughts. Tonight she's going to a dance. One of the most interesting items in Dad's father's blessing to Laura was a promise that she would date many young men "as friends," and thus enhance her social development. Laura liked that one!

I am falling more and more (down) in love with Dad's profession. No, this is the rich, warm, complete, mature love which comes from years of association, doubt, trauma, development, tolerance, experience, and finally appreciation and acceptance. That's what I'm feeling for Dad these days, too, as well as his profession. Of course it's easier to exercise acceptance when you have clearly defined and limited what is not tolerable, especially in self. Acceptance and exorcism: the perfect marriage combination. Marriage is definitely not for wimps, male or female.

I don't know if I ever told you Dad's Patriarchal Blessing told him his career would comfort many souls. He always wondered if he should have been a doctor. I told him the other day he should know he "did it." As you goonies would say, "Telephones rave." Is that the word? I can't remember what you loonies used to say (nothing like the tender, sensitive communications of a loving mother). It was a big comfort to call the mission home after five weeks of "no letter" to see if you were dead or just dormant, and realize Guatemala is only a few digits and three rings away.

Very interesting stories from Guatemala! I'm proud of you for overcoming the impulse to come home jaded (sorry, couldn't resist)! Just remember: Satan rules the waters on this earth, and there's no fish he would rather catch than an Elder (oh, I am hot today). Especially if he reminds people of 7-Up commercials. Seriously, I cannot express what joy it brings my mother-soul to have a son serving a worthy mission. Hang in there! Let's all remember Hunt Tracy in our prayers, too (I miss reading his letters).

When I took Laura to White Plains to say "goodbye" to Joy and Erin, I dropped in on the Mohrs and we had a long chat. Charlie and Marie both have serious health problems and Joan is taking