

NEIL HALLMANAC

June, 1990

May 26, 1990

Dear Family:

I know, I know. It's still May. But since I thought today was Fast Sunday, (I made the whole family fast today,) I thought I may as well get my letter written. Besides, we'll be on vacation next week.

Rain, glorious rain! (Sounds like a song I know about food!) It's been raining all weekend. Actually, rain is the reason I thought today was Fast Sunday. Last week in church, our bishop told us that this coming fast would be a special one for rain to help alleviate the drought situation we have here in California. So, I naturally thought he meant this Sunday. (The kids were thrilled with me when we got to church and discovered my mistake. Emily actually admitted that she sneaked some cereal, knowing that I was wrong, but not wanting to be disrespectful by telling me so. Sure, Emily, sure!) Other denominations are joining with us in the fast. I haven't been able to put in any new bushes this year, and we're not planting a vegetable garden either (Oh, darn!) Marty wants us to save water by not flushing 'you-know-what' as often, but I refuse to do that.

Greg graduates this week. His whole class is flying down to Disneyland Thursday night for "Grad Night." The park opens at 10:00 p.m. for seniors; they party all night and leave Disneyland at 4:00 a.m. The seniors are required to wear nice party clothes--no boys will be allowed in without a coat and tie. Greg wants me to add here that he's got "excellent" tickets to a RUSH concert in June. He says it will be the highlight of his summer.

There are some advantages to having a husband who travels frequently --and long distances, I might add. We're able to take the entire family to Hawaii on his Frequent Flyer passes, so that's where we're off to next week. We wanted to get our vacation in early so Greg could work most of the summer. We're grateful that we can still take him along. He's actually been very nice to have around lately. I'll miss him next

year.

Greg and Emily performed in their school play "Anything Goes" last night. Greg played the romantic lead and Emily played Bonnie, the gangster's girlfriend. She had a broad Brooklyn-ish accent and stole the show with her comedy number "The Heaven Hop." Greg and Emily each won the school drama awards this year.

Last week my students gave their last recital (with me as their teacher, anyway.) I feel quite relieved to have one--actually sixteen responsibilities gone. I'm keeping a few voice students on the roll, as they can come earlier in the day during their free study periods.

Little League is over for John. He'll miss the last three games while we're on vacation. Baseball has been humbling for John this year. This is his first year facing a pitcher his own age (coaches pitch in younger leagues.) He has struck out so many times, that Marty finally offered to pay him a dollar for every time he struck out--as long as he swung at the ball three times. He got two dollars for each hit. He had a coach who didn't teach him a thing about baseball and the practices were always scrimages with other teams, so John is pretty discouraged. Marty is going to take him to a batting cage to practice. I'm just glad the season is over. It is so disruptive to the family schedule for John to be going to Little League games and practices three times a week! I think sports are way overrated! (I know, I know--a very un-American thing to say!)

The house is open for visits this summer. Anyone want to send their kids this way? We'd love to see y'all. We'll try not to have any earthquakles while you're here. (I think I accidentally just invented a new word--I think I like it--yep, it stays.)

We love you all. Hope all is well at your house.

Love,

Liz

P.S. Marty is fairly fond of our fancy fonts. The above styling was his big idea. Alliteration is all mine.