

*To Hallmanack
Laura already has.
Virginia never saw copy
you read while there - send
them, too!*

Received October 10, 1990 from Daniel Hall Bartholomew - Guatemala

Dear Mom and Dad, (Cartoon in right corner shows a woman talking to a man, saying "Relationships come and go. But Chocolate is Forever.")

Thank you soooooooooooooo (smiley face) much for the Snickers bars, the chocolate chips, the Skippy peanut butter, the awesome Smuckers raspberry jam, the Binaca, the Frisbee, the Aerobie, the Nerf football, the classical and Mormon Tabernacle Choir tapes, the first-aid kit, the Halloween cards, and the awesome Pilot Razor Point pens that you sent me that can rarely be found here (that goes for all of this stuff--and when it is available, is so expensive.) MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM! Getting all that stuff was like receiving a huge enthusiasm pill. And then the next day I got a ton of letters from you guys and Laura. It was incredible.

My companion, Elder Sandoval (who is a fantastic missionary) and I and Jose and many other people here thank you from the bottoms of our stomachs (I mean hearts). It's sad to say, but the chocolate bars haven't lasted 2 days. There's still peanut butter and raspberry jam that I don't give much more time to exist. By the way, Mom, I know you're wondering why I'm writing you on this paper, but it appears you forgot to put the extra fine bond paper in the folder [no I didn't--I just ran out, myself, and kept borrowing it to print off Daniel's letters to get cheap airmail rates--because it took so long for his friends to pick up the package].

The chocolate chips I'm saving for later--if my patience lasts, I'll be enjoying them Christmas day, as that most important part of the chocolate chip cookie.

Once again--Thank you. Thank you. Thanks and once again, Thank you. Also a big thanks for the new tapes and the English Book of Mormon (that was for your friends who picked up the packet--guess they didn't want it)! Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Don't think I've ever been happier to receive anything in my life. (Smiley face).

I'm moving along in my Book of Mormon reading. I'm reading in Alma, Chapter 12 now. Alma and Amulek are telling off all the hippies in Ammonihah. The way they describe a lot of these wicked people in the Book of Mormon is kind of scary because the way they are described reminds me a lot of Esquipulas or the United States or whatever. We're certainly living in the last of the last days.

My comp and I went out today and played with the Aerobie. We were tossing it in front of a public school, and the kids went nuts. I'm not exaggerating here--there must have been a hundred kids all scrambling to catch it and begging me for a turn to throw it. I felt like the Pied Piper or something. Lots of them asked how much it costs. I don't know whether I should use the sucker to make contacts or whether I should ask Aerobie Co. for a job here

selling frisbees. The same kind of thing happened a couple of nights ago when we took it to where we eat dinner. We started tossing a frisbee around and pretty soon all the guys who normally just sit around smoking cigarettes and drinking beers and talking about things of temporal nature were tossing the frisbee around with us. I made an appointment to play with them again tonight, and afterwards we're going to have a discussion.

We're working hard right now. Right now we have three people signed up for baptism this Sunday, and we should have more than that. This month I started keeping daily records and having daily goals, and things are starting to roll forward. It's going to be an awesome month.

Dad, stop scratching your eye. Mom, stop eating chocolate. Nag, nag, nag. Enjoy yourselves. Stay happy. Don't get old (perhaps I should say, "too old") Ha Ha Ha (smiley face with tongue hanging out).

Dad, I'm praying you'll get a "happy" job. Don't let AT&T get you down. Just reading their name makes me think of machine guns going off (at-tat-at-tat-at-atat.). Eat some peanut butter and raspberry jam and toss the eggs and beans down the sink (but don't let the lady of the house catch ya doing it).

By the way, we're cooking for ourselves this next month. I'm about ready for some french toast (with raspberry jam - ha ha ha).

4 member visits, 3 discussions (1 first discussion, 1 second discussion, and one other)--that's the daily goal. Tell Laura that's a darn fine way to assure progress: set reasonably high daily goals and then keep daily records. It keeps yo on your toes and Satan is helpless.

I LOVE YOU GUYS. EAT A PIZZA FOR ME. I'm still planning on extending one month. Dad---tuck in your shirt---Mom, stop laughing--I've had it up to here with all that lightmindedness. Dad put a CD in the stereo system. My, we're blessed as Americans. We're got so much stuff--which reminds me, clean out the garage and the attic, and don't mow the lawn--I'm still going to bring home that machete.

Love, (draws a picture of himself eating a raspberry jam sandwich (actually, a couple of them) and with a much-increased girth and label: "Happy Bloated Flesh." [Talk about light-minded!])

It was so wonderful to see you both at Virginia's. I wrote a big letter to Daniel, telling him all about it. Tell me if you want a copy - I figured most of it is "old hat" to you by now.
Love, Sheldene ☺