

Hallmanack from Sherlene - July 23, 1991 (August edition, early, mind you)

Dear Family,

In honor of Pioneer Day tomorrow, I suppose I ought to remember those of you out there in the Valley. I pray it is not as miserable out there as it has been here, with eight straight days of 99 degree heat with humidity levels almost at the saturation point. It finally did rain yesterday, but not enough to yet revive our lawn which is looking like a field of straw. Even the weeds look dead!

I enjoyed this month's Hallmanack so much. Thanks, Dad, for sharing another chapter in your personal history. How about a chapter per Hallmanack? You write well, and you should keep up the good work. I had never seen that photo of you and surely would love to get an original for my collection (pulleaze!?). Virginia, I cried reading your letter--very touching. Mom is right. You should definitely save a copy of that letter for Jonathan to read when he has children of his own. Jonathan is such a good kid to have had his helmet on. When Virginia first called to tell me about it, I wanted to drive to Arlington and hug and kiss him over and over for being alive and for obeying his parents. He would have just loved that!

Not much is going on here. Lots of work--that's about it. The whole house is turned upside down with the painting which is now as finished as it's going to get. So now I just have to get up the layer of white dust that is all over everything from sanding the walls. The contractor did not put on the quality paint we specified and paid for or we wouldn't have to be doing this. I feel like sending him a bill. Anyway, it is now almost all covered with Benjamin Moore oilbase paint--and it looks so good, I don't think I'm going to move, after all. Isn't it just disgusting the way a home shapes up just in time to sell? Dan came home for 12 days recently, and we made a dent in the basement mess. We can now walk single-file all the way around it, and if we walk carefully the boxes on both sides (which are piled to the ceiling) will not tumble off on our heads. You think this is joking?

In spite of the ghastly weather, our daylilies have been one extravagant display of celebration. I dug up a bunch of them and took them to Scarsdale last Saturday when I went to the funeral of the mother of a friend of mine there. She asked friends to bring something she could plant in empty spaces where they recently cut down trees--she wants to create a sort of living memorial for her mother, rather than have a bunch of cut flowers which would just make her sneeze before dying, themselves.

It was one of the most beautiful funerals I have ever experienced. Diane did not hold a viewing, but instead held a memorial service which was more like a concert and included a brief account of her mother's life which she gave herself. Everything Westchester Ward ever did was an exercise toward perfection, and this was no exception, from the way the flowers were arranged to the effort put into the music. I want to record some of numbers which were presented because it was such a lovely funeral and those of you whose funerals I may have a hand in might want to tell me if you like these numbers or not or you might get stuck with them: Harp prelude: "Going Home" from the New World Symphony by Dvorak (played by my dear friend, Dinny Lewis); Vocal Solo by Dorothy Bench (Liz would be even better) "You'll Never Walk Alone" by Rogers and Hammerstein (this was more for Diane who is single, has now lost both parents, and has no siblings); Family (Ward) Choir: "I Often Go Walking in Meadows of Flowers," Luch/Lawler and "All Through the Night," Old Welsh Air, and "Because I Have Been Given Much," by Crowell/Landgrave; Vocal Duet (How about Barry and Virginia), "Hold Thou My Hand" by C.S. Briggs; another harp Solo "In

To Daniel, July 1991 - from Mom

8

Dancing Mood" by Marcel Grandjany; Violin Solo (Hannah, go to it--or how about David or Tracy, ho!), "Melodie" ("Dance of the Blessed Spirits") Gluck/arr. by Fritz Kreisler; Family Group Vocal "A Blessing" by John Rutter; Vocal Solo (another from Liz), "A Perfect Day" by Carrie Jacobs-Bond, and a Harp Postlude, "The St. Anthony Chorale" by Josef Haydn and "Abide With Me." Hardly a funeral to mourn over.

I had one saucy day this Sunday. First, Laura did not arrive home until 1:30 a.m. and did not even bother to call me ("The time just got away!"), so it was a bit hard getting up at 7 a.m., since we have the early worship session. Laura had brought her friend, Sally, to sleep-over, so we brought her home for lunch and while moving a 2 1/2 quart (full) casserole dish filled with a very thick, rich spaghetti sauce (1 lb. ground sirloin, etc. etc.) from the stove to the microwave, I managed with usual grace to lose control. It all landed neatly outside the dish in the middle of the Oriental rug I have in our dinette (of course, the light one with the cream-background). It was such a sensational landing, it even reached the opposite wall, the ceiling, and my right ear. Cleanup was an experience not-to-remember. You may have guessed we did not have much appetite for spaghetti sauce and sent out for some pizza. Yes, on the Sabbath Day. At that point Hell is not very frightening. Sirloin in ire and all that.

Laura is bringing in the big bucks. She has been spending like you would never believe, and she has still banked \$2,000 this summer--after tithing and taxes, too. She figures by the end of next month, she will have the \$3,000 saved for next year's housing--which was her goal. She works from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day but one and from 9 to 4 on Saturdays. She says she made a deal with the Lord that if He would give her two appointments a night at her telemarketing, she would read 30 min. in the scriptures every day, and she swears by it (that's what reading scriptures does to you). So, she has not only made the usual hourly wage telemarketing, but has<sup>been</sup> able to cash in on some of their incentives which brings her hourly return on her night job to more than \$9 an hr. Not bad.

I'd tell you about Daniel, but no letter since I sent his last to the Hallmanack. Dan the elder is living in the basement of Mom B's home, since his sister Carol moved in with her children between moves to New Mexico. He is enjoying his job and has made good progress toward learning the nearly 1,000 page manual on C-language which he needs for the "Scripture Crunch" program he is working on. I miss him and he misses me. Pray for us.

I have been allowing myself one day a week to do genealogy. Of course, then it takes one day to file and one day to put into the computer and one day to ruminate upon and one day to share. Genealogy is so much fun. When I went to the funeral, I spent half a day at the Ferguson Library in Stamford, CT. Did you know some of our ancestors helped settle Stamford? I have been chasing the Potters, Woods, and Parkers in honor of Elizabeth Wood Potter Parker<sup>rose</sup> and it has been deliciously scandalous. I keep adding more juicy tidbits--I think I sent the latest edition for Charlotte and Virginia to titter over together in Washington. The rest of you will just have to beg for it.

Well, you can tell my life is truly boring when I honestly can't think of one thing to add beyond two pages. Is there life beyond trying to sell a home in this market? Is there life beyond cleaning basements and clearing out junk, junk, and more junk? Next time I am going to get an exciting new job and make Dan stay behind to sell the house.

*P.S. Congrats to Greg! Be glad you will be in a country where the 4.5. postal system usually works! ☺*

*Joy,  
Shelene*

8 July 1991 (did not get here until August 15)

Dear Family,

I got a letter with 20 DOLLARS IN IT. WOW !!! I'M RIIIIIIIIICH! I've got it stashed away for emergency situations (such as Snicker bar attacks).

I'm in Puerto Barrios and liking it. So what if it's hot. By the way, I got a whole bunch of mail at once, and except for Zina's letter, it was all from you guys. I loved it. I haven't gotten that much mail for some time now.

I was really pleased to hear that they'll probably accept me at B.Y.U. I really want to go back and repent and study hard in the best classes. I sure hope that I can enter again.

We haven't been finding lots of golden people until last night when we met a young couple named Miguel Angel and Maria Luisa. They seem very receptive, and I have a lot of faith that they'll progress.

By the way, when I opened up the letter with the twenty dollar bill, I was on the bus, and when I unfolded the letter, it popped out, along with my eyes and those of my companion.

By the way, I was just reading one of the letters my companion, Elder Wheeler, got. Let me write one of those CHOICE LINES FOR YOU....: "I want nothing more than to be your wife forever." She signed it "Katherine Wheeler," and instead of saying, "Love, Katherine," she wrote, "Eternally, Katherine." Pretty darn psycho, huh?! He has 5 months. A year after Christmas, he'll probably already have a kid. He just showed me another letter. Some of these lines are so classic: "The most important things are my Heavenly Father, you, and our family." Whoa, baby. That's HEAVY!

I'm so glad I don't have a girlfriend waiting. GOOD GRIEF.

Anyway, thanks for the letters. I really enjoyed the talk at BYU that you sent me. It also scared me. I sure hope they accept me. If Dad can do it, have him fill out an application for summer term after I get back and have it in early for me. Pray for me hard.

By the way, folks, I was so happy to hear Matt Clayton's going to France. He's going to be one of those great missionaries. He comes from the greatest family.

Pray for me--that I'll be able to discipline my mind. Now that I'm nearing the fourth quarter of my mission, I'm finding that my focus and enthusiasm, etc., aren't the same. I love this work. The problem is just that I have to work harder to maintain the same Spirit.

'Love you guys, Elder Bartholomew

22 July 1991 (arrived about the same time as the previous letter)

Dear family,

I've been really miserable about getting my letters sent off, I know, and I feel bad, and so I've finally decided that I have to write a serious letter and actually SEND IT.