

Subj: Lili's 1st letter
Date: Tuesday, February 15, 2000 10:17:57 PM
From: expandex@hotmail.com
To: aalec@cryogen.com, hthalljr@yahoo.com,
maryandpeter@juno.com, IRHall@aol.com, HHallChem@aol.com,
helenv@itsnet.com, langbert@hotmail.com,
HTHall@math.berkeley.edu, Wheelerd@uclink4.berkeley.edu

[I tried to transcribe this just as she wrote it, but that wasn't entirely possible-- for one thing, I don't know how to underline words in hotmail, & have found it's generally not a good idea in e-mail anyway. So this is as close as I could get. eh]

Dear Mom, I tried a double carbon copy, but the 2nd layer didn't turn out well at all. I'm terribly sorry for the inconvenience [it's not an inconvenience!], but you'll have to share my letter.... Maybe I'll figure something out. Anyway, crazy scedule [sic]. Loves! Lili

Friday, Feb 11, 2000

Dear Family, (chere famille!)

First problem w/writing carbon copy letters, I'm already halfway down the page! (la page)

I can't believe how much French I'm already speaking!

This'll probably be a brief nonsensical letter [I tho't it was just great], but I thought you'd be upset if I write short letters (p 2) to friends & siblings & none at all home just because I wanted to write you a big fat letter.

Biggest news: there are 12 in my district, 4 sisters, 8 elders. I was in a threesome w/Sis. Kennedy & sis Northcraft, but my new comp is Sis. Zimmermann. She's kind and beautiful & I already love her. I feel lucky & blessed (I'm secretly thankful I don't have to be in a threesome).

3 elders in my district are going to New Caledonia (one of them is 27—that's rare!).

4 are going to Madagascar (including Sis. Kennedy & Northcraft), 3 to

Montreal (inc. my comp) & one to DC (All French speaking)

My comp is from Hawaii. She has a slight island accent and I find that sometimes I slip into it.

(p 3) Oh— And we had several non-American (incl. Canada & Mexico) missionaries come in the same day as our group:

A couple from New Zealand, a couple from Australia, one from France, and one from New Caledonia!

He's in a district of mostly Samoan elders (beautiful people!) They're going to the Philipeans (sp?)[sic] I met them at "the big map" and asked

where they were going. I pointed to NC & said, "That's my island, and elder (?- I'll learn his name— we'll both be here for 9 weeks) said, "That's my island!" "Oh! You're the elder! Let me shake your hand!"

So there, I met my first native (Melanesian) New Caledonian.

None of my teachers have sent a sister to N.C.

They do keep us busy. I've got lots to learn, and I love it.

The first thing they taught us was to pray en francais. Andy, come to the MTC!

Love, Soeur Hall

Get Your Private, Free Email at <http://www.hotmail.com>

</XMP>

----- Headers -----

Return-Path: <expandex@hotmail.com>

Received: from rly-yd04.mx.aol.com (rly-yd04.mail.aol.com [172.18.150.4]) by air-yd02.mail.aol.com (v67_b1.24) with ESMTTP; Tue, 15 Feb 2000 23:17:57 1900

Received: from hotmail.com (f245.law3.hotmail.com [209.185.241.245]) by rly-yd04.mx.aol.com (v67_b1.24) with ESMTTP; Tue, 15 Feb 2000 23:17:44 -0500

Received: (qmail 15976 invoked by uid 0); 16 Feb 2000 04:17:43 -0000
Message-ID: <20000216041743.15975.qmail@hotmail.com>

Received: from 216.190.12.204 by www.hotmail.com with HTTP;
Tue, 15 Feb 2000 20:17:42 PST

X-Originating-IP: [216.190.12.204]

she said. Maybe she just needed to have somebody believe her.

Then I had a visit teaching companion who regaled me with accounts of her husband's abuse until I finally felt I had to pass it on, through our RS president, to our bishop, since

I could not get her to tell him. The bishop called her in, and I later got a report from this woman that all was well now, because she got a blessing from our bishop telling her that what she was experiencing from her husband was not actually abuse, but she just saw it that way because of her unhappy childhood (this after I stayed awake nights, worrying myself sick over this woman). Her husband was a very prominent psychiatrist in the area (now retired)--from what this woman told me, HE was the one who needs psychiatric help! Another very convincing woman--the bishopric must, by now, call me "Sister Gullible," behind my back.

Right now I'm visit teaching a sister whose husband has been unemployed for over a year. At Christmas I got quite concerned about whether or not their children would have any gifts under their tree, so I asked the mother if we of the RS could help. She said that would not be necessary, that her experience had always been that her husband finds a way to work things out. Nevertheless, after listening to this woman tell us the woes her husband had gone through trying to get zoning clearance so he could set himself up in business, I felt I should pass on

We sent our renters a contract for an extended two-year lease on our Basking Ridge home (they asked for an 18 mo. one, but who wants to sell/rent a house during the holidays?). They make a lot of expensive demands, but at least we know they are keeping a very close eye on things. Our repair people who go in say they are in awe at the immaculate condition she keeps of things (they are from Holland and have one son who is a senior in high school). His company pays the rent--we took a deep breath and raised it, hoping to make this a better investment, especially since we have to paint the whole exterior this year and new school taxes are going through the roof. It will be interesting to see what happens, but for now it's a relief that we don't have to face trying to sell it this spring, especially since the baby is due about the time our current house lease expires.

Dan got up very early this morning to speak at an early priesthood meeting on campus-- he really put in the preparation all week and got some very positive feedback. I wish I could have heard it. Poor man must have been running on air. The doc put me on a new medication that makes me feel much better than did the old hormones, but this prescription also gives me terrible insomnia. I can't sleep all night, which means Dan isn't getting much sleep, either--somehow he manages to stumble on. I finally decide I can sleep during the day, so then by evening I'm ready to stay up

