

Subj: Fwd: I'm still alive  
Date: Thursday, March 2, 2000 8:20:10 PM  
From: Nathan44  
To: DorthyWood, HHallChem, IRHall, drb7@email.byu.edu,  
helenv@itsnet.com, Drhnovatek, neilfam@pacbell.net,  
en5@email.byu.edu, JNeil1029, magistrate44@hotmail.com,  
Bwie@hevanet.com, sarahweight@hotmail.com, GoghHyde,  
Wheelerd@uclink4.berkeley.edu, maryandpeter@juno.com,  
expandex@hotmail.com, HHall@math.berkeley.edu,  
dsb@burgoyne.com

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Forwarded Message:

Subj: I'm still alive  
Date: Monday, February 28, 2000 12:17:53 AM  
From: jww43@email.byu.edu  
To: Nathan44@aol.com

From: jww43@email.byu.edu (Jonathan Wood)  
To: Nathan44@aol.com

I noticed at the end of this letter how huge it is, so I would appreciate it if you would like to send it to people you think would like to get it, in part because I don't know most of the family's email, and I am too tired after writing this humungo letter to bother with it.

Hey, I figured that maybe I should write a letter, since it's been a while since I did. Still no mission call. They're supposed to come in on wednesday mornings. The central building here at DT has a tradition of "stealing" the mission calls before the rest of the mail is sorted/delivered, and calls the soon to be missionary at about 8 AM, makes him come down and sing "called to serve" before being allowed to receive his letter. I'm hoping it will come this wednesday, because I've started to get really excited. Amazing... I'm excited about

something... heh. Well, here's one of my reasons for being excited.

Last night (saturday), I had a dream that I was a new missionary serving in Africa. In my dream, I ended up speaking both french and english to the members there. The dream starts out with me going into their chapel and being taken into a room with a new mother and baby. The woman then asks me to give her baby a name and a blessing, which I reluctantly agree to. In my dream, I had forgotten my little white missionary book with all the ordinances in it, so I would have to remember what to say. After agreeing to that, I was informed that I would be conducting sacrament meeting. Now I was really nervous. I tried to remember the order for everything, but I messed up in a few places, and had to get some help from the bishopric. Scott Flamm (one of my friends growing up) was on the bishopric! Or maybe he was my companion. But I struggled through the meeting, and at one point a few of the people in the congregation (or maybe it was on the stand) made fun of my tie for some reason. so that's the dream.

As far as other things go, I went on three dates this weekend. I just thought I would put that in here b/c I read aunt Sherlene's email about Gpa's journals... I wasn't planning on having three dates, it just turned out that way. here's what happened:

Friday afternoon, I called Lena (pronounced LEE-NUH), and wanted to know if she would like to go to a volleyball game and a movie on campus. As it turned out, she was planning on going to the play "Good-bye Marianne" with her roommate, so I decided that I would tag along. When we went to get tickets, they were sold out! So they decided to buy tickets for the matinee on saturday afternoon. I did as well, and the three of us were left to find something else to do for the night. We decided to go to the volleyball game, and the midnight movie after that. Well, the volleyball game was VERY short. We quickly beat them in three games straight, with much little changes of possession than I had seen in previous games. Then we were left with about three hours until the midnight movie, so we decided to walk around and find something to do. We went to the Eyring Science Building, where they have lots of little museumy things that were fun to play around with. It was the first time I had been in the building at all, which was kind of depressing, because I had not taken advantage of the fun stuff in the building. So we played with the stuff for a while there, and then went out on the roof

observatory thing, after losing Amanda (Lena's roommate), and looked at the stars for a few minutes. I found Orion (It's like the only one I can find), and Lena (said) she found the big dipper. If I knew what it looked like, I suppose I could have verified her findings. But we decided we ought to find Amanda, so we went back inside. She was playing with a thing in the building that demonstrated super positioning of waves, as well as standing waves, and whatnot. So then the three of us went back to the roof, but clouds had covered the sky by then. After the museum, we went to the library's juvenile section, where we each took turns reading a children's book, while the other two sat on the floor and listened. Lena read the stone soup or soup stone book, whichever one it was, and then I read some story about a lady who sold bread, and was meaner than the devil. Then Amanda read one that was

about as close you can get to Beauty and the Beast without actually copying every single word. So then we went back to their hall, and dropped Amanda off. Lena and I then went to the midnight movie, which was Indiana Jones, the Last Crusade, which was fun.

The play we saw on Saturday afternoon was Good-bye Marianne, a play about a Jewish girl living through the years before the beginning of WWII. The play was alright, but I didn't think that it was long enough, or went into the individuals, themselves. More of just a generic story that was meant to make the audience realize some great stuff about how all Nazis and Hitler youth weren't all bad.

Then the third date was the Heritage Halls invitational, which wasn't too bad, but was over crowded, and way too hot, in my opinion. They also thought that it would be neat to have a place for everyone to put their coats, which was set up so you got a number with your coat, and had to have someone else get it for you. It seemed like a nice idea until everyone tried to get their coat when the dance ended. I was smart enough to keep my coat, but I still had to wait for everyone in my group to get theirs. Dinner before the dance was alright. The girls had made it, but I think I could have done a better job. They didn't even have cooked vegetables. Only salad and a main dish of rice and chicken. This weekend we have the DT invitational. I'm going to make something better, and more different things.

Oh... speaking of which. I need something to cook. I was thinking that I could do Lasagna, so I would need the recipe. I was also considering

stuffed peppers. I think that stuffed peppers would be easier. So if you would be so kind to provide recipes for both dishes, as well as some good ideas as side dishes, or other things to cook, I would be very grateful (Gratitude is the home teaching message for the month, by the way). I could also use an idea for a good dessert for the dishes. Maybe I'll see what Grandma thinks, and borrow a few pans, because I have only one rectangular cake pan thing, one pot, and one frying pan. It will be better, though, but I need some help from my family.

So I guess that's about all. I'm doing all right as far as school is concerned. I have a pretty big test on monday, for my engineering graphics class, but I think I'll be all right. after all, at ward prayer tonight, the prayer included the phrase "and bless us, as we take tests this week, to have the knowledge that we require," so why should I even waste time studying??? Hehe, just kidding.

Get me those ideas/recipies as soon as you can, so I have a chance to go shopping, thanks

You still owe me 10 dollars from when you bet me that the word weird was really spelled wierd.

-Jonathan

</XMP>

----- Headers -----  
Return-Path: <jww43@email.byu.edu>  
Received: from rly-yd04.mx.aol.com (rly-yd04.mail.aol.com [172.18.150.4]) by air-yd02.mail.aol.com (v69.17) with ESMTTP; Mon, 28 Feb 2000 01:17:53 -0500  
Received: from email2.byu.edu (email2.byu.edu [128.187.22.134]) by rly-yd04.mx.aol.com (v69.17) with ESMTTP; Mon, 28 Feb 2000 01:17:28 -0500  
Received: from email.byu.edu ("port 4645"@Jww43.rn.byu.edu [128.187.237.101])  
by EMAIL1.BYU.EDU (PMDF V5.2-32 #38588)  
with ESMTTP id <01JMF4B4WN2C8ZGEZO@EMAIL1.BYU.EDU> for Nathan44@aol.com; Sun,

27 Feb 2000 23:17:18 MST  
Date: Sun, 27 Feb 2000 23:14:45 -0700  
From: Jonathan Wood <jww43@email.byu.edu>  
Subject: I'm still alive  
To: Nathan44@aol.com  
Message-id: <38BA1255.EBFFCCB3@email.byu.edu>  
MIME-version: 1.0  
X-Mailer: Mozilla 4.7 [en] (Win98; U)  
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X-Accept-Language: en