

Date: Friday, July 10, 1998 8:36:17 PM
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Hi, Ginger! [And the rest of you, I just decided again]

How'reyadoin'? I picked up some photos at Allen's yesterday and got all misty-eyed, missing you, as I mounted some right now, so decided to write you a note and tell you about it.

I've been trying to catch up on my personal family history a little, which means going through mounds of photos that have accumulated and also removing photos Mom mounted for me with rubber cement--mounting them achivally, before they get totally ruined. Anyway, I found this old passport photo of you--the top of the hair was torn off, and when I pieced it together with tape, it still left a white line across the top of your head. It had yellowed, and it had dirty smudges around the outside edges. Well, I took it to Allen's, and their employee erased the pencil I had used to try to cover the white part and used his artist's brush to touch it up better. They zeroed in closer to your face to X-out the smudges, made me a negative, and nine black/white 5X7s (one for everybody in the family for Christmas, plus one that is now in this blue-white-star frame a friend gave me that exactly

matches the stars on the
wings of that doll you made me--I place them side by side in my study,
and
now that I am catching
up on some filing, that cabinet is now actually clear enough to see them
and to remind me often of my
Sis.

Anyway, what a gorgeous photo of you! You may already have a copy (it
seems that I saw a similar one
at Mom's once), but anyway, I made you a copy so you can see what
everybody

else will be getting
for Christmas, along with some others. I ought to send Warren one now.
He
can tell his companions it is his girlfriend back home, and they will all
be plotting to beat him home and crowd your turf.

I also got a slide from Uncle Wendell of me holding you when you were a
baby, wearing a darling white
lace dress (lined in pink) that Grandma Langford crocheted for you. I
called Mom and asked
her where that dress is, and she said she hasn't seen it, and she hopes you
have it. Do you? What an heirloom--did any of your children wear it, too?
I was holding you in the photo, and you were smiling and turning away--I
was wearing the plum-colored dress Grandma sewed me that had a
rhinestone
brooch--I thought it was diamonds, and I felt so rich and elegant with
that
brooch (not old enough to realize the real treasure was that hand-crafted
dress)! Color prints are pretty expensive, so I only ordered prints of the
colored
slides for the ones involved (for Christmas), but these from Uncle
Wendell
came back looking like they were taken yesterday--clear and bright, so,
I'm
going back to get more for everybody. Dan says I should just scan it all,
but there's something about putting a photo in a book that I prefer (you
all need to let me show you Don Norton's "only true way" to mount photos).

Mother's Days photos of Mom and Dad (came here for dinner) turned out very well--as did some of those we took at Michael's wedding luncheon--will pass on the best, when I get them processed.

It's a treat to come across old pictures--especially when they capture so much personality--almost like visiting a past you didn't even know was there. There's one of me sharing candy with Liz--I'm holding out a whole hand for her to choose from, with a look that says, "Go ahead, you are my sweet

little sister, and besides Uncle Wendell is looking), and she is being very decorous and taking just one, with her sweet lips pursed up and a look on her face that says, "I covet them all, but I'll be nice and settle for one" (I'm in that same dress Grandma made, but we both have jackets on, so it's hard to see what Liz is wearing--I'll bet Grandma made Liz's dress, too). I've never seen one of Liz that age--about 2--just adorable--with more curly, blond hair than I've seen in other photos) and one of Tracy Jr. and David reading a book that is absolutely priceless--Tracy is glued into that book like he's discovering the world, and David is sitting by, obviously enjoying being near his brother and thinking he should be as interested, but not having as good a view, so just patiently and gratefully tagging along, enjoying the companionship. They are both dressed up for company and look absolutely darling in their bow ties. Anyway, I think you will enjoy them, come Christmas, though I obviously haven't improved much over the years at keeping surprises for later--'can't resist telling about my discoveries.

Well, 'hope all is well there. It is very, very hot here--our swamp cooler is as sluggish as usual, and I'm glad I don't have anything more strenuous to do than sit around and mount photos, though I'm committed to a strict exercise/diet plan that has left me feeling less than enthusiastic about doing more (actually I'm supposed to be meeting a deadline for getting my thesis revised a bit and to BYU Studies--apparently they are going to publish it after all).

We've been going to so many funerals around here, we hardly know what hit.

Among them are two young fathers who fell off the mountain and died (one of

them the son of our friends the Keith Claytons--Keith Jr. died--he was with

our kids at the Jerusalem Center--left behind a wife and two young children). The man Dan has walked every Sat. afternoon since we moved to Utah (because he had a stroke--was one of the three hoisting the flag in that famous marine statute) died (his wife died a year ago in an accident, so it was a blessing) -Dan gave the closing prayer at his funeral; and the brother of (Dan's) brother-in-law, who graduated in my high school class,

died of a brain tumor. I guess we're at the age, where we know enough people and have reached that stage where we'll spend half our life at funerals and reading obituaries. --Don't like it, though I'll take Mormon funerals any day over some we attended in the East.

I am in seventh heaven because Pres. Millet finally called a new Stake Exec. Sec. It's a student with a young family, so they plan to recruit several assistants for him (I'll just let you guess what my response was when Dan told me about that). This will be the first time in twenty-nine years, I think, that Dan was not Stake Exec. Sec. or ward clerk of some type, along with other church positions. Dan still has to train him for a couple of weeks, but after that, we might even be able to plan something on

a Saturday. Maybe you heard that we never made it to Las Vegas. I got all packed and then Laura and Brandon backed down because Dan wasn't coming (I think they thought he'd come along, if he saw we were leaving without him).

I was in quite a royal funk over it, as I unpacked, but can at least daydream about having some family time now--that is, until Dan gets called

to something else. He will retain his position on the BYU 14th Stake high council, which means he will at least be attending the same ward every Sunday (when he isn't speaking somewhere else), so I "resigned" my Relief Society chorister job (I've been doing it for three years), so I can attend Church with Dan, Sundays, over at BYU. I am retaining my job visiting teaching (three families--doesn't that sound meager to you in the

missionfield?) and as ward family history consultant (mainly because they've asked me to supply all the names for the ward from what I've collected in my own files, and it will force me to get it all checked against the IGI and processed). Fast Sundays, high councillors are encouraged to attend their home ward, so we'll still have a foot in our home ward, which will be great. I tried to talk Dan into visiting Zina and Dean in CA, and it is a sign of the times that he actually considered it, though could not commit in time to get cheap tickets.

Lisa, Daniel's former girlfriend who went to Stanford to work on a Ph.D. after having been at Hebrew U. a year, is back in Jerusalem right now for a couple of months. They are seeing each other as friends, but it looks like

both are intent on concentrating (mainly) on their studies. Daniel is working hard on his papers and has a new roommate (not LDS) who is wonderful. After our friends went through so much with a son who disappeared, not leaving a clue about where to even look for him, he has promised us not to take off on side trips, without at least leaving word about his exact whereabouts, which we appreciate--but let's just pray nothing happens. We appreciate your prayers on his behalf and pray for all of our nieces and nephews with their missions, coming marriages, and other enterprises.

We helped a young woman we knew in New Jersey, who recently joined the Church, move into her apartment yesterday (she knows we have bad backs, but the help she had lined up fell through, so she was stranded). After seeing the place and meeting her roommates, I realized how glad I am to be through with campus life. I guess it's fun at the time--but you have to be young--no thanks, now. We climbed with those (thankfully light) boxes up three flights of stairs, and I remembered how when we were first married, we lived in Wheaton Illinois at the top of three flights of stairs. Never again. But we thought nothing of it then. She has been at BYU since her freshman year, when her mother joined the Church in Basking Ridge and was encouraged by her home teacher to correspond with us by e-mail. We tried to fellowship her daughter a little, but she was quite distant about the

Church and did not show any excitement at all about the religion classes she had to take. She is an American Studies major, so I clued in her teachers about her circumstance and warned one prof. in particular not to be as cynical as usual. There was a big scandal in Basking Ridge in the Presbyterian Church, with ministers fighting and all kinds of bad feeling, which opened her eyes to the wonders of our Church, where leaders are selected by inspiration, with no voting, campaigning, side-taking, and generally unanimous support and approval. We had not seen her since she was baptized over the Christmas holidays in Basking Ridge--but you should

see her now--vibrant, happy, radiant, and one convinced, committed Latter-day Saint. I wonder if she knows how much she has changed. Her

grandmother has also since joined the Church. Now if her father can just get the vision of it all--ironically is descended from an early polygamist Mormon Idaho bishop, but did not find that out until his LDS convert wife did some genealogy research on his lines. Abby also did some research on this grandfather and told us how wonderful it was, after she got her testimony of the Book of Mormon, to read this ancestor's own fervent testimony of the gospel. Both her parents are part-Jewish, so there has been the Christian hurdle, as well as the sectarian, for them. I love it.

Laura is on cloud nine about her new job. She had serious doubts about working with teens, but is learning that she has gifts here, too. Her calendar is filled with appointments, and they come back, too, which is unusual for teens--she feels she is helping make a real difference in some of their lives. She has had some patients of prominent local background (she never discloses names and is very careful with confidentiality in these things), ask her if they could consult with her additionally--if she had a private practice--which she doesn't, but it made her feel good. It's fun to see how she turned this bit of a lemon (when she got transferred from the children's division to teens) into pink lemonade--it's great to see her loving her work. Brandon is still working at Novatek and enjoying it and has a very full load at school. He is spending a lot of time at the library these days--is determined to stay ahead in his very difficult classes. He is scheduled to graduate next August--a happy day for them--I'm sure he can hardly wait. Congrats to Huntington Tracy for doing so well in your orals--'hope your thesis is out of your hair by now, too, and you are enjoying a well-earned rest.

'Bye for now.

Love, Sherlene

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Received: from relay19.mx.aol.com (relay19.mail.aol.com [172.31.106.65])
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0400
Received: from scratchy.itsnet.com (scratchy.itsnet.com [192.41.96.2])
by relay19.mx.aol.com (8.8.8/8.8.5/AOL-4.0.0)

with ESMTP id WAA23003;
Fri, 10 Jul 1998 22:35:54 -0400 (EDT)
Received: from shb (88-13.dialup.cougar.net [192.41.88.13])
by scratchy.itsnet.com (8.8.5/8.8.5) with SMTP id VAA01907;
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