

Mom, I sent this to everybody, since I missed this month.

NEIL HALLMANAC-July, 1991 (June 25)

Greetings to all!

We're plumb tuckered out from all the excitement around here. At least Liz is plumb tuckered! Greg and Emily are currently in the Soviet Union suffering through meals of cabbage and potatoes (at least that's what we've heard is the norm--we won't know until they return in two weeks.) They're on a three-week tour, singing and dancing and giving firesides to branches in three cities: Kiev, Leningrad (soon-to-be St. Petersburg,) and Moscow. Getting ready for the tour was so much work! I was sewing costumes up to the last week and getting travel supplies, which included plenty of granola bars and other snacks. The tour directors also took along three suitcases full of oatmeal, candy and other snacks so the kids wouldn't starve. I have plennnnnnty of complaints about this performing group, but the kids have so much fun together and the tour should be an experience-and-a-half for them, so I guess it's all worth it. Awards were presented to all the kids before they left for tour and Emily was given the "Director's Award" for being the best all-around performer and help to the group. She has really grown in her singing and dancing abilities and has a nice stage presence. Greg was given the "Director's Dream" award, for coming late to the show and learning all the songs and dances in three weeks. He really enjoys this kind of stuff, too.

I'm watching a 16-month old baby boy named Geovid (from George & David,) who belongs to a young couple who went along as tech-directors and chaperones. Even though I knew it was going to be a lot of work, I really had forgotten how all-consuming baby watching is. I think the poor thing is having a difficult adjustment, too. Not only does he miss his mother, but he is getting a new tooth, and came down with a cold on day two, which I promptly caught. Guess he doesn't like peas, 'cause he stuffed one up his nostril the very first meal I served him. It was too far for me to reach, so I made an emergency appointment at the clinic he goes to, but when we got into the car he began crying (he hates his car seat), which activitated the downward movement of the lodged object and we were spared a trip to the doctor. Only 13 more days.

Marty has been in Europe and the Far East as well. This time for a two week trip. He's really sorry he's missing out on all the fun.

I guess you've all heard about Greg's mission call to Houston, Texas--Spanish speaking. He was mildly disappointed to get a U.S. foreign speaking call--Greg said beforehand that really was the only kind he didn't want--but he is handling it really well and is generally pleased to be going on a mission. He has to be in Provo Aug. 7th. I'm going to fly up with him to say goodbye there. Erin is going to come with me and attend a camp at B.Y.U. These camps and tours are the kids' vacations

this year. Greg's "Farewell" will be July 28th, but he has to share the meeting with a returning missionary. We'll throw an "Open House" for him at our home that evening, too. Our ward has six returning missionaries and two leaving in August. Greg gets to have his wisdom teeth out on July 15th, a few days after returning from the USSR, then we'll have two and a half weeks to get him outfitted for the mission.

Erin and John are participating in the Los Altos Junior Theater production of "Peter Pan." Erin is one of the eight principal indian dancers, and John is Twin Two of the Lost Boys. They're having a ball, and I think it's a great way for them to spend their summer time. They're making all kinds of new friends, too.

John is going to a basketball camp at Stanford in July, and soccer camp in August. I really don't think he is going to be a musician.

Marty has become very interested in his genealogy and has hired a researcher at BYU to search his lines. The research has not gone really well, although some families have been found. Marty is going to have to go right to the counties in West Texas to search the records.

Erin's pet rat *Butterscotch* died last night after a very long life--two and a half years. We buried her in the back yard not far from Rat #1, *Snowy*. She wants another one, but I say no. When she got Rat #2, I made Marty promise to be in charge of funeral arrangements, 'cause I didn't want to go through the trauma of the euthenasia and burial like we had with #1, but he conveniently was absent again. Actually, we didn't have to have this one put to sleep, so it wasn't so bad. Aren't you glad I told you all that? Just some of the everyday happenings at our house.

Have a great summer. I'm looking forward to seeing some of you in August, and all of you in September at the Family Reunion.

Love,


Liz