

December, 1991 Hallmanack:

Why is it that the things that are good for us seem to be the things that are hard to do? Especially if it requires constant and consistent attention--like exercising. Every week we start out to go over to the BYU indoor track too exercise, and something comes up. For instance: Last week we exercised on Monday, but Tuesday morning I woke up early (that's dangerous for me--I get all kinds of ideas. Usually these I don't carry out, but this one I did.) I decided that we needed a tax deduction, and since Dad was so determined to let the farm appreciate, I decided to give some of my Novell stock to the BYU to go to the Chemistry chair dad is trying to establish. So that involved going to the bank and getting the certificates, and then going down to Piper Jaffrey etc to get a signature guarantee and then back to the BYU Development office. This was the day when the stock shot up three points and I wanted to get it in at the high price. So what? The next day the development office called and said that the stock certificate I had given them was dated too late (it has to be held a year to get tax advantages, I had plenty of early ones, so we started all over.) This was now on Wednesday and I had a party for our fireside group that was on at 6 pm that evening and I was busy. However, the stock had gone up even more, so the development man came over and got the new certificates and returned the old ones and I got that ~~one~~ taken care of. However, I found that the church (and the BYU) ^{don't} take the stock at the HIGH but on an average between the HIGH and LOW for the day. I will wait until I get my receipt from the Y to see what I finally gave them. I may have to give them some more to bring it up to what I intended. There was another reason for my action. Everyone worries about Novell stock because it has been so consistently good and because the stock is worth a lot more than it should be according to standards which I don't understand. However, just to be sure, I decided to give enough stock to the BYU to take out almost everything I had invested in Novell of my own money, and then just let the profit float. As it was, the stock would have had to go down to \$9 before I would have started to lose on it. Anyway I would rather the money go to the BYU than to the IRS. They get enough anyway.

Back to exercise. Anyway by the end of the week Tracy had exercised twice and I had exercised only once. I rationalized that I got a lot of exercise cleaning the house for the party. And judging from the sore muscles which I got that was partially true--I just don't think it was aerobic enough. Once the party was over I didn't feel very good for the rest of the week. Feel better today, so we started over again today (Monday). Hope we do better this week.

What am I doing wrong with this computer? If I leave a space out or make a mistake that involves putting in an extra letter, the line does not move along, but erases as I add. The Mac doesn't do that. This is going to be another crazy week as I need to ship off some Christmas presents. Note Charlotte's enclosed letter for the member of the family you are supposed to send gifts to.

By the way, fill out the lists I sent you and get them back. Tracy filled his out, and it was obvious that I did not make myself clear. For the WHOLE list, go through and mark on the right hand margin next to the items the number that item is of importance to you. If from the whole list, for instance, the china is the most important, that would be #1. do this through ALL the list even those items we listed as "sentimental". If you reach a stage where you do not care how the rest is assigned, make a note to that effect. Remember that others might want the same thing that you desire so be sure to give us enough alternates that if you don't get your first choice you might get your second or third. Is this still as plain as mud? Call me if you don't understand. Remember, too, that if there are items you don't especially want but that you think your children might want, mark them because the grandchildren will receive only through you, unless there are an awfully lot of things that you children leave unmarked and we decide the best thing to do is just put them in a hat and draw them out for the grandchildren. Or for you.

what a pain. The easiest thing to do is to be poor & on welfare & then you don't have to worry about that. By the way, I was able to fill out Mother's china so there are 12 dinner, salad, bread & butter, fruit. & 8 cups & saucers. The rest of the set is complete.

For those of you who live in Provo, the family Xmas party will be Sat. Dec 21. We will meet a chuck-a-rana at 5 PM.

This Is A Promised Land

HTH-November 6, 1991

(Taken from a Sacramento Meeting talk delivered on Sunday, February 6, 1976. Bishop Baird had asked me to speak to this subject from a *scientist's point of view*).

Most of us have seen the painting of Jesus gently knocking at the slender United Nations building but is refused admittance. It has no place for God or our Lord and Savior. The creators of this institution held that only history and society shape the destiny of mankind. Contrast this with the founders of our own United States of America who gratefully acknowledged God's hand in the creation of our Constitution and Bill of Rights.

Surely, a society's overweening confidence in its ability to be the collective "captains of our collective souls" is admirable but it must be tempered by the sure knowledge that God exists and that he has a plan for this world.

Our country, a promised land, figures in that plan. The prophets have told us so, particularly with regard to its constitution and its founders.

Consider the founding father Thomas Jefferson. A leader of such stature, breadth and vision is rarely born. Did you know that this genius had active interests in higher mathematics, mechanics, literature, geology, botany, paleontology, architecture, geography, zoology, medicine, surgery, aeronautics, and agriculture and that he corresponded with the intellects of the day on these subjects?

Besides that, he had a good knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian and as a youth learned Gaelic in order to translate Ossian (an Irish hero of the 3rd Century). Not only that, he played excellent violin, sang well, and was a good dancer.

Additionally, he was a great statesman and philosopher (he was president of the American Philosophical Society for many years and gave forty years of public service to our fledgling nation). Perhaps, more important than all the rest of his accomplishments, was the fact that he was the author of the Declaration of Independence.

Would that we had men of his character and ability walking the halls of congress and serving in other branches of government today!

The founding fathers acknowledged the existence and power of God. In his first inaugural address, April 30, 1789, Washington declared: "It would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that almighty being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations and whose providential aids can supply every human defect..." The last line of the Declaration of Independence reads "And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor".

Earlier in 1774, Jefferson wrote: "The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time". Jefferson's vision encompassed limited government providing the maximum possible freedom for its people in order to unleash their creative ability. I repeat: "*...to provide maximum freedom in order to unleash the people's creative ability*". Science, in particular, thrives best under this maxim!

On Sunday, July 20, 1969, Neil A. Armstrong hovered the "Eagle" for about one and a half minutes beginning at a height of 500 feet above the lunar surface. At the end of that time, probes indicated contact with the ground. One second later, the descent rocket engine was shut down and the entire world heard, "The Eagle Has Landed!"

What I say below, was not said in the February 6, 1976 Sacrament meeting, but with the passage of some twenty-two years, I feel free to say it now. I was the stake clerk and auditor of a certain BYU student stake at the time of the moon landing. This Stake Presidency and a number of other BYU stake and ward officials in this stake were outspoken in their opinion that the Lord would not allow men to set foot on the moon. As a test of faith for skeptical stake and ward leaders, the stake presidency called a special meeting to be held during the scheduled time of the moon landing since they were certain that the attempt to land on the moon would fail.

I hope that this does not presage where I will be at the Lord's second coming, but I walked out of the meeting and hurried home to view the landing on Jens and Helen Jonssons' television set. You see, I had read, as a young farm boy, that men might land on the moon someday by using rockets to propel a vehicle, and I was absolutely not going to miss an event that I had looked forward to for 41 years.

The moon landing succinctly symbolizes Jefferson's idea concerning unleashing the creativity of the American people. The results of this creativity started slowly, gained momentum, and now comes in such a flood that it almost escapes attention. Polyethylene, high octane gasoline, penicillin, Boeing 747s, pocket calculators, computers, hybrid corn, five gallon cows, 20¢ coast to coast phone calls [a penny used to be worth a lot more], central heating & air conditioning, electric light, harvesting machines, textile machines, and printing at a mile of paper a minute. I have listed but a trickle in this flood.

The constitution encouraged creative endeavor. Article 1, Section 8, clause 8 states: "The congress shall have the power...to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discov-

eries". From this, came the patent and copyright laws of 1790.

Today, a new U.S. Patent is issued every 10 minutes and the total number of patents issued is over 3 million [today (1991) this number has tripled].

What are the greatest patented American inventions? It would be difficult to decide, but in 1940 twenty-five scientists, industrialists and statesmen were brave enough to make a selection from all the patents issued up to that year. They chose eighteen, the earliest being Eli Whitney's cotton gin (1794) and the latest William Burton's oil-cracking (to produce gasoline) (1913). Some other selections were Cyrus Hall McCormick's reaper (1834), C.L. Sholes typewriter (1868), Edison's phonograph (1880) [by the way, Edison considered this to be his greatest invention], Charles N. Hall's production of aluminum (1889), and Baekeland's Bakelite, a thermosetting plastic (1909).

Jefferson, I am sure, would be pleased, for he was remarkably apt in the practical application of mechanical and scientific principles. He, himself, discovered the exact formula for "mould boards of least resistance for ploughs", which required the use of geometry, trigonometry and differential calculus.

I have emphasized invention as creative endeavor because of my acquaintance with it. Nevertheless, creative endeavor in all fields has truly been unleashed as a special blessing to Americans.

Will we accept this blessing as the sole product of history, society, and man as many intellectuals of this day do? I aver that we accept it with the "faith-in-God vision" of the Founding Fathers of the United States of America who saw His will guiding the destinies of men?

Invention and other creative endeavors can be for man's good, or unfortunately, for his destruction. One could write a large essay on the latter.

Nevertheless, I place my faith for our future in institutions where the leaders genuinely believe in what we print on our money; namely, "In God We Trust".

September 30, 1991

Dear Mom and Dad,

We had such a wonderful time at the reunion! The children have memories that they can carry and pass on to their own children. I was grateful that they had the opportunity to bask in the company of their grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins.

Hryum had to report on his trip for school so I had him dictate his remembrances of the reunion and this report follows:

Hyrum Weight September 25, 1991

"I went on a trip to Utah. It was really neat! Going on the plane there was fun. You could see farm lands, deserts, even the Great Salt Lake. You could even see ponds and lakes and a factory next to the Great Salt Lake. The cities looked like towns. Mountains looked like 2 inches. I saw Mount Hood, Mt. Rainier, Mt. St. Helens, and Mt. Adams. And they actually looked like two inches high. When we landed it felt like a very bumpy ride when we were on the runway.

I went over to the Tabernacle and they dropped pins and nails. The pins were like lightening and the nails sounded like thunder. And when the people talked it made echoes like from hall to hall.

We went over to Grandpa and Grandma Hall's house. Grandpa Hall put a rope up in an apricot tree. We tried to climb up to the top of the rope but it didn't work that well. So we made it into a swing. You would put your foot in a loop and someone would pull this rope back as far as he could. The higher you go, the more time you get to swing.

We went to Grandpa and Grandma Hall's 50th wedding anniversary reception. I stayed there for about an hour. The hall was decorated with stained glass. We ate ice cream with a cherry on top. There was a band playing music and people were dancing. There were balloons and this one part was covered with stained glass.

We went to Aunt Nancy's house. They have a trampoline. There was a basket ball game. We played volley ball too. I only hit it over the net 5 times.

We went to a park up the canyon, too. We played on this little playground. We played a potato sack race. I won one contest. I entered the grown up one and I came in fifth place.

I liked going to Utah. I played with cousin Barbara, cousin Jonathan, cousin D.J., cousin Rose Ellen, cousin Alex and lots of other ones!"

Well you can see he had fun and so did we! Thanks for everything!

Love, Charlotte

Dear Family:

November 13, 1991

It has been awhile since our family has written.

Willis is in kindergarten. He is so glad to be there. He has focused on letters and the sounds they make. A few days ago we were in the garage and he asked me if "Ha Ha Ha." started with the letter H. Willis turns 6 this Saturday and is looking forward to a birthday party.

Hyrum has been practicing archery with his new compound bow. His Grandpa Weight let him shoot his 22 up at the Weight ranch when we were in Utah and now he wants his dad to take him hunting. A Swiss army knife is on the top of his Christmas list. He took the motor out of one of his toys and made a "Buzz Saw Willie" which is an automatic drawing machine. It goes around and makes little dots that form circles.

Hannah is a fifth grader and participated in soccer for the first time this year. She is doing well in a defensive position and has found out that she can kick the ball a long way. They have had a so-so season. It has been a social experience more than an athletic contest. Her last game is this Saturday. She continued with the violin through the summer and is still taking private lessons in addition to participating in the district youth orchestra.

Sarah wasted no time in getting involved in Jr. High. She was elected as the representative from her home room and is also a member of the student newspaper staff. She has a testimony of the gospel and shows a lot of leadership in her Beehive class.

At the end of September we bought two new gerbils. The kids had so many names that they wanted to give them that we had a family home evening lesson on the democratic election process. Names for each gerbil were submitted and cut down to three choices using the hand rasing technique. Then secret ballots were cast. Everyone voted by giving a first and second preference. The winning names were Marshmallow and Chestnut.

Charlotte is still as active as ever. The children's sacrament meeting was a couple of weeks ago. The program went very well. Charlotte wrote it incorporating comments and testimonies of the children into the text.

Last Thursday Charlotte and I bought the first new car we have ever purchased. It is a white 1992 Honda Civic. We think we negotiated a good price, but you never know for sure. All we know is that we got it for less than the fleet dealer's price. The new car is really too nice for a work car. It looks funny with the ladders on top. My 1983 Honda was dying a slow death. It had 119,900 miles on it.

Charlotte and I have turned in papers for refinancing our home here in Oregon. With interest rates as low as they are we felt that now is a good time to take the equity out of one house and use the money to dump the house in Delta.

Charlotte, the kids and I enjoyed seeing everyone at Mom and Dad Halls' 50th wedding anniversary in September. The kids enjoyed renewing friendships with cousins. Charlotte and I enjoyed seeing our brothers and sisters. I was so glad that Beverly was able to come up from Southern California. I hadn't seen her since 1986.

We were glad to hear that Mom and Dad are settled into their new home in Leeds. Congratulations Marty on your new position. By the way Liz--you're no DUMY! I really enjoyed your letter.

Love,

Bryan, Charlotte, Sarah, Hannah, Hyrum and Willis

NOVEMBER 24, 1991

Dear Family,

all
Liz

Virginia and I just talked on the phone and we think we have the family gift exchanged figured out for this Christmas. Here is what we have concluded. Let us know if we are off track.

Sherlene gives to Nancy
Tracy gives to Sherlene
David gives to Tracy
Liz gives to David
Virginia gives to Liz
Charlotte gives to Virginia
Nancy gives to Charlotte

It's hard to believe November is almost over. We've had pleasant fall weather which has just in the recent week turned rainy. Hannah had her last soccer game in the rain. It was about the only rainy game of the season which was incredible for Oregon. She wants to play indoor soccer in February. She is accompanying her school choir for one of their numbers for their winter concert. The choir has been invited to sing at a hotel and to a mall also. She participated in the school district Fiddle Party last week.

Willis celebrated his 6th birthday last week. I ran out of games before the party was over so Bryan took them on a bear hunt and a toin hunt. The kids had more fun with that than anything we did! We have two male gerbils and a friend has two female gerbils and the children schemed a trade so that both families have a matched pair. Our kids traded Chestnut for Kissy (what an appropriate name). We'll soon be in for a gerbil boom.

Sarah will be playing Solfege to for her December Piano recital. She's put a lot of time in practicing it and does well if her fingers don't get racing too fast. Mom probably will remember us practicing that one.

Hyrum only missed one spelling word on his spelling test last Friday. A month ago the teacher called and in a very concerned voice informed me that he had missed every word on the test! He's going to take after his mother. Fortunately he lives in a world with spell check programs!

Bryan is content as Cub Master. He's just a big kid in a Scout uniform. The cub scouts love him! As my permanent last minute substitute he has taught Primary almost every week since forever. He's a good sport about it and never complains.

That's all for now. We love you and wish we could be with you for the holidays! Love, Bryan, Charlotte, and family

From Daniel in Guatemala, September, 1991

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This is such a shock: 4 letters in one week! One was postmarked August 12, and the other 3, postmarked August 23. Three say on the back of the envelope, "I'm coming home February 12!"

This one was postmarked first, August 12:

"ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS"

Am I getting letters from you....YES! I love them--once a month, but I get many--it's because I live 5 hrs. away from the office.

My mission officially ends the 12th of Feb. No extension was permitted--the Pres. said he wants me, but that the extension (due to the leaving elders' dates and entering elders' dates) would be more than 30 days and the BRETHREN don't ever very rarely permit that.

I am eating right. I got the \$200. I also have gotten 2 twenties (dollar bills) which thrilled me to the core of my worldly heart (I haven't spent them--they're so crispy and sweet, ha ha ha). 'Though I'll probably end up buying shoes and a new back pack with them. I'm using the money sent through the bank to buy 4 pairs of pants and too buy new garments, and perhaps some new shirts.

I'm getting Salt Lake letters. I don't know for sure which letters are pouch or not--too lazy to look right now [the Salt Lake are "pouch"].

I don't know why they didn't pick up the care package, but thank goodness it's been returned to me because my journal and many important things were in it.

Finally, FEEL FREE to give my address to any CT girl who asks for it. Especially New Canaan, CT girls (such as Celeste Heilesen) or Michelle Woodward (big smiley face drawn with tongue hanging out).

If you choose between coming to Guat or a genealogy trip, pick genealogy; but when I get back, I want to work for my living, so maybe you folks have wise counsels over that subject for me. Gotta run. Love ya. I'm sending three letters at once. Don't murmur or criticize my beautiful, multicolored letters (smiley face).

Love, the LUMP IN GUAT

Dear Mom and Dad,

I'm sorry that I haven't been faithful in letter-writing. I feel really guilty, and I know that I've been really bad about it. I've received the \$200, so don't worry. I'm going to buy some clothes. I really appreciate your letters. They really make me laugh.

The Lord has really blessed us. We recently baptized a family of five--the family Ordonez. Their names are Manuel, Fidelina, Noemy, Xiomara, and Susana. They are so wonderful. We found them as a reference from an inactive lady. Manuel (or Marvel--can't read his writing) and Fidelina are elderly and don't read and write. They are a really sweet couple with a small house and a very large well-kept yard with palm trees and plants. I love being in their back yard. I really love trees and plants, and I want to have a garden.

Yesterday we baptized a 20 year-old girl and an 18 yr. old boy. Their names are Silvia Patricia Diaz Padilla and Hector Enrique Estrada Gomez. I love them very much. They are both results of much prayer, hard work, and pure faith. I still remember with laughter the first time we met Silvia. She is a wealthy girl who had been attending a church called AMIGOS (which is a Quaker evangelical church--"The Society of Friends" is the name in English, I believe. She had many doubts about God having flesh and bones, baptisms for the dead, the need for baptism of water, that we can become gods, Joseph Smith, etc. Six discussions later, she was in a baptismal service.

Hector was the same way, except that he figured out that we can become gods all by himself. One other interesting thing was the difficulty he had leaving the Catholic Church. Where he attended was a Catholic Church called "the Espiritu Santo." It's Catholic, but the priest there is very, very evangelical in his approach--lots of lapping and lots of singing, and I think they throw in the Catholic "sacrament," so to speak. Anyway, he's a member of the Church now. His girlfriend said goodbye to him when she found that he's Mormon, but he stuck to it and didn't accept her invitation to "mass." After a couple of days, she went back and asked for forgiveness. Pretty weird, eh?

My schedule is pretty different now. I think I told you guys, but here it is again: 5:55, make bed, exercise, shower; 6:20, get dressed, shave, vitamin, brush teeth; 6:30, zone prayer and personal prayer; 6:45, Book of Mormon study; 7:15, doctrinal study (each week a new topic); 7:45, breakfast, brush teeth, floss [unbelievable!]; 8:30, companionship study; 9:30 leave to work; 9:30-1:00 3 member visits; 1:00, lunch, brush teeth, wash face; 1:30, study Spanish verbs; 2:00 leave to work; 2:00-7:00, 1 discussion for new members, 2 discussions; 7:00 dinner; 7:30 Doctrine and Covenants; 8:00 leave, 8:00-9:30, one other discussion; 9:30 in house; 9:30-10:30, plan next day's activities as companionship, write in journal, wash face, brush teeth, personal prayer, change clothes; 10:30, in bed.

By the way, our Branch president got drunk because I guess he had some problems, but he got an interview with the district pres., and now he's wearing garments and going to church again. I really love him. His name is Pres. Bernal. He only has 2 years in the Church, but he is sealed to a wonderful wife and three kids, and he's really cool.

Pretty soon they should build a chapel here in Puerto Barrios, my favorite area of all time (smiley face). My comp, Elder Wheeler and I are getting along well. Yes, I am a district leader. But don't brag about it to anybody. Our mission has less and less missionaries each month. It's getting scary. Some missionaries are working 2, 3, and 4 areas. The missionaries in Esquipulas now have to work another branch's area as well, called Quezaltepeque.

I really love Pres. Frischknecht. He's very firm about rules. He's very strict, but he's also a nice guy. He seems to be more and more FIRM about things every month, and that's great because it really helps me to be obedient, too.

Sometimes companions or others want to break rules, but when the president is strict and doesn't vacillate, it gives us confidence to deal with such things.

For example, the other day "Pati" offered us a ride in her car (the

girl we baptized a couple days later) to get to our baptismal service to which we were late. She had the car running already when I remembered that we're not allowed to accept rides with the opposite sex. So, I told her we'd walk and meet her there. Elder Wheeler got mad and so did she, but I stuck to my guns and prayed, and she ended up walking to the baptismal service with us. It is very hot here, and we were sweating a ton, but we got there, obeyed the rule, had a spiritual experience, and Pati got baptized a couple of days later. Sometimes people get mad when one is strictly obedient, BUT things still get done, and you're always blessed.

Um, I still want to do genealogy when I get home. I ALSO want to go to BYU. Please help me because I don't know what date to send papers in on or anything. Please watch your calendars for me.

The genealogy trip is important. I've got to win my ancestors over so that they'll work for me and my future. Plan the trip, Mom. Just remember that I still have to learn how and where to go, etc. Let's find at least a couple hundred! (Smiley face.)

If you all want to come to Guatemala to visit me, that's great. Elder Henderson and I want to go to Peten to see Tikal, and we want to go other places, and also I'll bet that my good bud Elder Sill wouldn't mind, either. It's all up to you guys, though. If you can afford it, and it won't cause problems, great! If you feel more comfortable waiting for me at home, I'm fine with that, too.

By the way, I got \$20 in the mail, and I've still got it tucked away. I'm going to use the 500 quetzales I got to make pants and with the \$20 I might buy shoes. I have to really budget because I was stupid and spent 500 quetzales foolishly, but that's my fault. I'm going to try to buy garments as well.

THANKS, GUYS, FOR YOUR LETTERS!

Dad, I always pray that things will go great for you at your new job. Mom, I always pray that you'll be able to do lots of genealogy and be able to sell the house at the right time [by whose standard?]. Laura, I always pray that you'll do great in school and be smart and get great grades and find your SPECIAL MAN (big smiley face). JUST KIDDING!

Love, Elder Bartholomew

This one he dated, August 12, 1991; it was postmarked, Aug. 23.

Dear Mom and Dad,

My companion Elder Wheeler got a new assignment today, but he's going to the other area in my district which is Santo Tomas with Elder Vidal. That means that tomotrrow I'm receiving a new companion. Who?

So, I have to go to the Capitol tomorrow, and I'm here with my zone leader, Elder Coleman. He knows Suzy Stryker and likes her. Hmmm....who knows...perhaps someday they'll be married. Ouch.

I got the \$20, and I got the \$200 (in two installments of 500 quetzales), and I'm planning on getting some new shoes, garments, pants, et. Wow, all these things. Too much responsibility (smiley face with tongue hanging out).

We have NONE-O-ZIP-NOT even one family to teach right now (we've been working in St. Tomas for 3 days). We're going to have to work hard.

I'm glad Elder Wheeler is going to St. Tomas because he does work, and they have some families in that area they can take care of. I was worried about that. Now I'm wondering if my new companion is going to be a gringo or a latin or whatever.

Lots of gringos and latins go this month. It's going to be really hard on the mission. Many areas will be closed down or missionaries will be given extra responsibilities. The whole mission will be stretched to the limit. It is more important than ever that we work hard and live worthily, so that we can aid the President in seeing that Guatemala receives the gospel. What a job. I'm sure that mission presidents are grateful for the things they learn, but I also know that it is an incredible burden.

I'm making lots of goals for after the mission. I've got a lot to do. I still need to perfect myself in a million and one things. I want to be more prayerful, more successful, more worthy, etc.

Anyway, I'm now writing letters to all my old friends to ask them to forgive me for the bad example I gave them [the worst thing he did was show an R rated movie at our home when I wasn't looking]. I had begun before, but I only sent one to Daniel Teck.

Exercises now are pretty much a habit. I want to do them every day.

I really am so grateful that I've had parents like you two, and I'm horrified that I wasted the best years of my life embedded in rock music, having fun, and hanging out when I could have been studying to get a good scholarship. Wisdom comes from experience, I guess. Thank goodness for missions and the Atonement and repentance, etc. I Love You Guys,

Your Son,

Elder Bartholomew

From Daniel in Guatemala, September, 1991

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Next letter also postmarked August 23, says on back of envelope, "This letter has been declared boring by Guatemala Customs Agency; in fact, they have declared it to be more boring than the letter before it. I'm coming home February 12.

Dear Mom, Dad, and Laura,

I am so happy today! I have a new companion named Elder Jahne (Jahre?), and he brought with him the biography of EZRA TAFT BENSON. It's not one of our approved books--officially I'm breaking rules--but I read the whole thing. I felt the Spirit so strongly as I read. He is such a hero to me! I want to live a life like his.

I'm so grateful for all the letters you've sent me. I'm sorry I was so negligent in my letter writing. I'll be more faithful about it for the rest of my life.

A dear friend of mine from my original MTC district, Elder Henderson, is now assistant to the President. I'm so thrilled. I told him months ago he was going to get that calling. He's so humble and a naturally righteous missionary.

My new companion and I are getting along well. He already speaks Spanish because his parents are of Mexican origin, but he speaks English because he was raised in the States (Texas).

Right now, we have one woman we're teaching who will be baptized last day of August and three children who will be baptized in late September. Still looking for complete families and priesthood leaders. Rich people are still elusive, but the Lord is "powerful to save." One of these days....

Another thrilling thing to hear was that the doctor whom I contacted and taught three discussions to did--YES, HE DID--get baptized. His name is Jorge Vasquez, and he lives in Zone 6 [Guatemala City]. My old comp from that area told me that last thing he heard, he was arranging to pay his tithing. Jorge's wife did not get baptized, but is progressing. Funny, because she wanted her husband to listen so he'd stop his drinking on weekends. I guess her Catholic heritage was a bit of a stumbling block. Just the same, I know she'll be sealed to her husband some day. I'll bet Jorge's Dad is FURIOUS. When I taught him the plats, we had to teach them outside because his Dad is very Catholic and is also often quite drunk. So what. Won't he be surprised when he's dead some day, and he gets his baptism done in the temple (smiley face)! That makes me VERY HAPPY!

Anyway, life goes on. Mission is going too fast. Much too soon the plane ticket will arrive.

Love you guys, Elder Bartholomew

No date on letter - Received 6 Sep 1991

(Draws toilet in upper left corner) - this is going to be an inspirational letter!

Dear Mom, Dad, Laura - HAVEN'T GOT CHOLERA YET, although I think I've read enough pamphlets about it to get my doctorate in digestive disorders.

I can't wait to talk to Dad in Spanish! Sign up for your class quick!

New area code 908 is not acceptable. Please write to the senator and tell him he's got to insert my birthdate somewhere in the new number: 1-3-071. Wow, that'd be great. I told my zone leader to tell the Pres. \$20 bill received - not spent yet!

Dear Mother: I feel guilty because I believe I spent some money on things besides clothes. Now I have 500 quetzales.

Mom, why are you having trouble swallowing with that mouth of yours. That's ridiculous. Keep eating.

Elder Wheeler is not a greenie. He has one month MORE in the mission than I. So there.

You think it is HOT where you are. You think it is humid. You're wrong. Come to Puerto Barrios.

Dad, did you know Mom is an alcoholic? Whoops--she's descended from a line of alcoholics. I'm not. [That's not the half of it--you should see what I just dug up on the Hall side!]

I DO NOT LOOK LIKE A BUNNY RABBIT (draws the most ridiculous bunny with an "Elder's" badge. (This next part in response to my sending him a copy of some old letters I found while going through boxes in the basement--copies of letters I sent home talking about Daniel when he was a baby.)

OF COURSE I HAVE PERFECT RHYTHM. I DO NOT SLOBBER-KISS LIKE A DOG.

I DO NOT SPILL MILK. I NEVER ATE PLANT DIRT. I was a very adorable, well-behaved baby. Thank you.

Right now I don't know exactly when my mission ends, but I'll tell you later.

Dad, don't talk about spaghetti or blueberry pancakes. That is completely illegal.

I'm glad to hear Thurgood Marshall is resigning. CONVERSATISM rules!

It's sad to hear how Grandpa died, but I'm proud to hear how you've been helping Grandma. Right now I don't have anything for resources, but I want you to know that when you are elderly that I'll take care of you guys. No nursing homes for my parents. I'm going to put you both on diets of PURE CHOCOLATE and bring you liberal newspapers to read. (Smiley face) JUST KIDDING.

'Just the same, I think it's great that you help her out. If I get back into the "Y," I'll probably be passing by there as well.

From Daniel in Guatemala, September, 1991

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Hey, Dad -- don't ever let your studying interfere with your EDUCATION.

Wow, I still can't believe that Thurgood Marshall IS RETIRING. Mr. Buckley & the NAT'L REVIEW must be PARTYING IT UP. GREAT!

I'M GOING TO BE A REPUBLICAN
OR AT LEAST A CONSERVATIVE
BECAUSE MY HEAD IS IN PLACE
AND MY MIND IS NOT A SIEVE.

Dumb poetry [you said it], but truly original [TRULY!].

Buzo (Boo-so)--that's "Cool" in Spanish.

Love ya Lots,

Elder Son

Dan

[I worry. Don't you think his mission is making him too SERIOUS?]

*I'll probably see you before this letter
does! :)*