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July 2, 1990

Dear Family,

How can we already be seven months into 1990? It'll be Christmas again before you know it, and I'm still finding pine needles here and there from last Christmas. (A testimony to my good housekeeping.)

Speaking of Good Housekeeping...Barry's office has sublet a wing of their offices to the good ladies of Good Housekeeping Magazine. Their Washington D.C. outpost recently held a wonderful buffet at the American History Museum to highlight a display on women which they arranged. I had just spent the day at cub scout camp and hardly felt like a night on the town. We were just going to pop in for a moment or two, but the food was so good, the company very nice and the display interesting enough that we stayed for quite a while. My labors at Cub Camp put me in considerable pain for a number of days. I don't know if it was the hard rocky ground which I sat upon for more than a few demonstrations, or what--but I've been fighting a pinched nerve or a squished tailbone that has severely restricted how much I can accomplish. I was helping the kids pick up the basement, and sat down on a low table from which I was unable to rise. I had to yell for Warren to bring me the mop and the broom so I could pull myself up to a standing position. Four days of limited mobility are finally giving way to my being able to accomplish something around here.

Just in time, as on the 4th a Canadian couple are coming to stay for four or five days while they find housing in our ward. We won't be here on the fourth as Uncle Delbert is hosting a mini-reunion for all the local Halls at his daughter's place in Richmond, Va. Sherlene and Dan may be able to make it down if Dan's checkup on his eye surgery goes well tomorrow. There is a daughter of Wendell's living in Baltimore (Wendy, I believe) and it will be fun to see her and all of Delbert's kids on the fourth.

I am enjoying a one-week break from swimming lessons. The boys start theirs on the 9th. I have spent more time in the car this summer than ever before and am more than a little grumpy about it. Warren and Jonathan are fairly content to find things to do around here, but Sarah and especially Nathan like to be with friends at all hours of the day and night. Of course they are the two that are having quite a time with their asthma, and can't understand why Mom doesn't like to make emergency pick-ups in the middle of the night when they stay at friends. As a result, we seem to have an awful lot of friends spending the night here, so Mom can be around to give late night doses of medication. Sarah's allergy testing ruled out pollen and grass allergies, but confirmed dust, dust-mite, cat, gerbil, and feather allergies. Nathan had testing when he was two, but will have his allergies re-evaluated tomorrow to the tune of \$350.00. His has been especially bad lately, and I'm sure that this allergist will alter his medication from oral to a bronchial dilator, as he did with Sarah. Sarah has been much improved since the change in her medication. This allergist thinks we should invest in a Nebulizer to provide emergency inhalation therapy for these two. However, since Sarah's change in medication, I feel like we won't necessarily be making anymore wee hours of the morning trips to the hospital for inhalation treatments. The Proventil bronchial

dilator Sarah uses is extremely effective in reducing her symptoms and is hours faster than oral medications. I keep hoping that Nathan will outgrow his Asthma, but he's had an extremely bad year.

We had a kind of funny, panicky situation with Sarah just before the school year ended. Two weeks prior to this event she spent a night in the hospital with an emergency Asthma, of which her school was aware. I had just taken Barry to work and walked in the door when Jamestown school called. The office was calling to say that Sarah had fainted in class, that a Doctor was with her, and that they had called 911. To me, it sounded as though she wasn't breathing and when I asked the office that specifically they replied that they did not know at that time. Barry's Mom was here, so I was out of here in a flash. I beat the ambulance by a good five minutes. I left the car out in front of the school illegally in the fire zone and raced down the hall to her classroom. I had visions of CPR being administered and all other sorts of horrific imaginations. What greeted me was a very pale Sarah being escorted out of the empty classroom by a gentleman I didn't know. He turned out to be a doctor, and one of the parents of a classmate who just happened to be there at the time the incident occurred. As we came to learn, it was because he was there that the incident occurred at all. Dr. Chedda had been talking to the kids about their bodies and had progressed through listening to heartbeats and looking at eardrums to the subject of tissues and organs. He had picked up a liver and pig's heart at the local grocery and invited the kids to stand up, gather around the table and take a look at what a liver looks like. One of the kids said Sarah gasped and keeled over backwards. Dr. Chedda could hardly believe that this might cause such a reaction, and told me that he hadn't even gotten to the pig's heart when all this commotion occurred. I presume that when they buzzed the office to alert them to Sarah's condition, that the office just presumed it was her Asthma, and immediately called 911. 911 took her blood pressure, listened to her lungs and heart, and finally, finding nothing wrong with her released her into my care. I took her by the library where her class had gone to assure the kids she was OK. Sarah burst into tears, though the kids who had been concerned and crying were considerably comforted to see her on her feet and walking. I took her home, where she slept for about three hours. Dr. Chedda called, her teacher called, the office called, and the kids all sent hilariously funny, touching cards home from school. Sarah was embarrassed by all the attention. Rose-Ellen would have loved it. I don't think she's cut out to be a surgeon.

Today we have a break in the heat and humidity. I spent most of the day outside cleaning up the shed and other necessary out of doors chores. I think I'll bake bread, as the days are few and far between when I can stand to turn on the oven in the summer. How are all of you in Utah and California faring in the record-breaking temperatures you've had. It's been hot here, but I think you certainly have suffered the brunt of the bad weather.

We're toying with the idea of going up to catch the Pageant this year. It's a week earlier this year. Most of the children could understand at least part of what goes on there, and they are still young enough to not be cynical about spiritual matters. we'll see how Barry's work schedule goes. He has been extremely busy the past several months. A new attorney begins with their Communications practice today, and will hopefully help to lift some of the load that Barry's been carrying.

Well, our radio station has been granted new call letters. WFMI. Now if we could