

a contact, I develop a Kodak full-color photo of the individual or family in front of the temple. I arrange othem in a nice, straight line there and grin because they sure do look great there. And it sure beats thinking things like, "Oh, man, I don't know how this guy's going to overcome his smoking habit!" Or, "How are we ever going to convince these guys to get married?" Sure those are obstacles, but we're representatives of the Lord--therefore, we're entitled to His help--and boy they sure do look nice in front of the temple. (Smiley face).

Whoa. Wait a second. I'm beginning to see it. I'm going to come home and visit with you guys and--no way--is it possible?--Sure it is! I've got the picture of it right here in my head. I'm going to walk in the front door--go down the basement steps--and there it will be--a clean, organized room--with ping pong and pool tables--all the food storage organized, etc. (Smiley face). Just kidding. But go ahead. Give it a try. But first visualize it. [He still hasn't caught on that faith is the substance of things hoped for which are not seen and WHICH ARE TRUE!!! Those last three words are the clincher. We shall never see a TRUEly organized basement--see Alma 32:21. We don't need to visualize disaster--it's already there!]

I try to imagine what Brigham Young saw when he said, "This is the place." Desert. Brush. Lizards. Hot sun. Salt Lake (can't drink salt water). But he didn't see that. He was too busy deciding where to put the temple and the tabernacle. And look where they're at today. I can just see myself at the pool table serv. Ball #13--right corner pocket (draws smiley face razzing with tongue out, hands in ears). [He always was a romantic idealist with a good imagination--must have got that from my mother!]

Anyway, here's a photo of me and some baptisms that I had here in Esquipulas a month or two ago. You like it?!? Gotta run.

See ya later guys. Eat your vegetables. Don't scratch yer eye, Dad. Mom, get your elbows off the table. Go get Ben and Jerry's ice cream (chocolate, chocolate chip), sit back, read a magazine, watch TV, and don't do your genealogy. Eat, drink, and be merry, heh heh heh. NOW GET BACK TO WORK!

Love, your everly humble son, Elder Daniel H. Bartholomew

(Draws himself with rising hair, big smile, crooked tie, and one shoe.) P.S. Did you translate that document about the "Great and Abominable?" What do you mean you haven't translated it yet?! Get going. I want to know what you think, guys! (Smiley Face).

I got the pictures of the new chapel in Westchester Ward. The Freedmans sent 'em to me. Did you get any? I'll bet not! Ha Ha.