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Dear Family, (incl. Daniel) *already got his copy*

June 4, 1991

This has been a crazy, but interesting time for us. As most of you know, Dan is now staying with his recently-widowed mother in Provo, as he has begun his job at B.Y.U. working on the Church computerized scripture program. His job is to bring up windows with each verse of scripture, making maps, topical guides, dictionaries, and other aids convenient. He will also help clean up the documentation.

B.Y.U. has given him flex-time, so he can pursue a Ph.D., and part of the deal is that I get to go to school, too. I intend to only take the classes I want to--quite a luxury. Four of us at B.Y.U. at the same time--never dreamed I'd be carrying books around campus with my children! By the way, Daniel, your father checked with B.Y.U. to see what papers should be filed to get you back into B.Y.U. The department there looked up your grades and said you should have no problem getting back in (the recruiters told us thousands of missionaries are going to be disappointed that acceptance after a mission is no-longer automatic). I'm sure Dad will be telling you more. After Dad has worked there one year, you children and I will get tuition at half-cost and he will get it for free.

I am still here in Basking Ridge trying to sell our home. Laura is here for the summer and is very busy with two jobs. It took her all of two days to find so much work, she had to turn some part-time ones away. This is a blessing, since want-ads here have gone down from 6 1/2 pages to only 1 1/2--there is a serious recession in the East. Many of Laura's friends who came home from college still do not have jobs.

She works from 9 a.m. 'til 5:30 at the local cleaners where she spends much time running up and down stairs, fetching clothing under steamy conditions. Then she has fifteen minutes to get to her telemarketing job, evenings. She is selling AT&T home-safety systems at \$7.50 an hour, plus incentives. She averages two appointments an evening--which is considered very good for a beginner. Laura also works Saturdays, but gets one day off a week at the cleaners, which she can rotate. Her plan is to take next Wednesday off when I offered to take her to Philadelphia. We will explore historic places until everything but the Historical Society closes down at 5. Then we (I) will go do genealogy until the Society closes at 9 p.m.

I couldn't talk Laura into coming to Wallingford, CT with me to decorate Caleb Hall's grave and some others for Memorial Day. Once a year Flemington NJ has a huge Memorial Day sidewalk sale, and she thought that sounded much more exciting. I took Laura down there and we got her some summer clothes, since she was roasting at the cleaners each day. 'Got some pretty good deals and had fun going to some garage sales, as well. 'Got some more neat junk to sell at my next sale.

Last week Laura took off a day and several evenings to spend time with her cousins, Zina and Mary, and their two friends who were here 10 days while waiting for their car to be repaired. It was stolen from in front of the dorms where they were staying in New York, and they were fortunate that the police returned it in as good a condition as it was.

In some ways it was a stressful time for all of us. I was about a month behind getting the house ready to sell because of the other activities mentioned in this letter; and the girls were sorely disappointed because their travel plans were ruined by the car trouble; but after a rocky start, we all got some sleep, made some compromises, and did some fun things. I hope the girls are glad they came here, even though that was

not part of their original plan.

I took them to Philadelphia one day where we saw the Liberty Bell, Constitution Hall, Ben Franklin Square, and then drove to Valley Forge and took the car tour through that exquisitely beautiful and hallowed park where our ragged troops suffered much.

We went into New York City twice to see "Fiddler on the Roof" with Topol on Broadway and also a heavy, psychological play called "Seven Women in a Chapel," for which we were given free tickets. I took them to Newark one day to pick up Gina, who came in from D.C. with their luggage, which Virginia had packed into 8 duffel bags. I hated to admit that sick city is part of New Jersey; but I think I showed them enough Jersey countryside to convince them that most of New Jersey is GORGEOUS!!! Poor girls had to listen to my ancestral and genealogy stories while they were trapped in my car on these trips, but they were good sports and even acted interested. I got really excited when they asked for blank charts and started filling out lineages and family groups. 'Love to share this fever.

Laura took them to the Jersey Shore the day she took off and also one evening where they partied with a bunch of Laura's friends who had just returned from college. Since they all slept 'til noon, by the time they got there, there wasn't time to get too sunburned (I'm not mentioning what time they went to bed each night).

They sang like angels at a cottage meeting held here to give the Deverys a fifth discussion (the girls skipped out to the mall after singing an opening hymn so they could go get some clothing, since at that point all their clothing was still in D.C. where they had thought they would return when their car was fixed after a week in the Bronx (big joke). The Deverys are wonderful people, but won't commit to coming to Church and have done nothing about reading the Book of Mormon. 'Sort of disappointing, since the way we decided to teach them seemed so directed. Last week we had the Price family (former Presbyterians, too) and the Stobaeuses here, and some extra marvelous teaching by the Elders.

Zina, Mary, and Kim also attended our Bi-Regional Church Conference this Sunday, which was attended by President Gordon B. Hinckley and Elder Boyd K. Packer, along with our Area President, Elder Enzo Busche. Wives spoke, too, so it was extra uplifting. It was held at Radio City Music Hall which filled, including balconies. It was fun to see old friends from New York such as the Hedbergs (yes, Daniel, I saw Jeff and told him to look us up when we move to Provo--no mission in sight for him yet), Benches, Stones, Freedmans, Bishop Garff (Laura saw him, not I), and the Petersens. I was hoping for some exciting new announcement, but this area is not growing fast enough to deserve new temples or stakes. I'm afraid people are moving out faster than coming into this region.

Dan loves his new job. He has to learn a huge manual of instructions in a new "C" language, but he is getting it under his belt and making good progress. His first day at work he got there early, but found the others were there even earlier. They motioned him into their "meeting" where they were holding a little devotional in which those who desire to come share an uplifting thought in rotating fashion. Dan said he had not experienced that kind of spirit at the start of work in 21 years at AT&T.

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Before Dan left, we went to the Washington Temple and joined Uncle Delbert and Aunt Carlin in doing the sealings for 25 pages of patron notifications I got back from Salt Lake--all of whom had been identified in terms of relationship. We did the work for some direct ancestors and for their children and many other relatives, including 44 female preparatory ordinances, 31 male, and 37 sealings to parents and 20 marriage sealings. I spent three days in the temple previous to the sealings doing as many of the preparatory ordinances as possible and delegating the rest. Virginia and her mother-in-law Dorothy Wood came one evening to help with endowments (Barry had a heavy case going). It was a tremendous relief to see that work done. Thanks to the Woods for putting us up again.

My first day in the temple, I think I was too tired to feel much and was a little disappointed that I had not felt more confirmation that the work was being accepted. Mom and Dad Hall were originally going to join us for the sealings, but cancelled their plans because of Dad's heart blockage problems. Some of the cousins who were coming had to cancel, too, so I was a little discouraged about getting as much done as I had hoped. I prayed for a little spiritual encouragement, and the next morning I woke up about 4 a.m. on my birthday at Virginia's and felt the most joyful presence in the room. The Spirit was tangible. I felt wonderfully comforted and energized enough to head back for the temple again.

Dan was having back problems and feeling much pressure trying to get ready to leave, but Laura drove him up Friday, May 10, and waited in the foyer while he joined us late, but was able to get in on a last batch of sealings. For the record, among those marriages sealed that day were my 6th great grandmother (Hall side) Experience Pinion, b. 1679, to her parents and also her husband, Samuel Humphreville; Same Samuel, our 6th ggf, was sealed to his first wife, Sarah Gray; and Solomon Tracy and Lucretia Hall were sealed (4th ggparents). I've been trying to get all the temple information added to the PAF records. I need to type straight for about a year just to catch up on inputting all the material I've collected.

I have sent in two additional disks of temple ordinance submissions and asked them to have them ready by September for the Provo Temple so those of us gathered for the family reunion can perhaps take an evening and do some of the sealings. Last time it took them 9 months to clear one disk, so it will be interesting if they can get them done in time.

We also went to Springfield, MA for the blessing of ^{our} Dan's niece, Carmen, who was born very prematurely to his brother Bob and wife, Rita. When she was born she could be held in only one hand, she was so tiny. Thanks to the miracles of modern science, she survived and was able to raise the roof with much gusto at the start of her blessing. Dan and Laura had to get back right away, but I stayed a few nights and took side trips from their home.

One day I went to Dedham, MA and saw the home of our ancestor Jonathan Fairbanks which is a historic monument and very exciting to see (literature about it enclosed--the rest of you can see it at Mom's). I bought a book on Dedham history from their historian, Robert Hansen, who fed genealogical materials to me for several hours while I copied as fast as possible.

I also spent several hours at the Woburn Public Library which houses

the archival area records and has a huge oil painting on the wall of the ordination of our ancestor, the Rev. Carter, who was first minister of Woburn. I bought postcard-size prints of that painting (they only had four left) and took one to Virginia and Barry. It turns out, Barry's ancestor John Eliot, minister to the Indians, was one of the ministers in that painting, so their children have two ancestors in that painting.

Another half-day I researched at the CT State Library at Hartford where Grandpa Hall must have gone ahead to hand-pick just the right volumes from their archival room so they would be on a push cart going back to the stacks for my immediate use (since their staff was short and they were not getting more books for patrons that day). In one of the books I think I found the link over the ocean for the Humphrevilles (Hungerfords, Ungerfields, etc.).

Another day at the Silas Bronson Library at Waterbury, CT yielded much more material. Mom, a road leading into Waterbury is named "Harper's Ferry Road," just so you know how those Southerners got to and from CT. Spring is so beautiful in the East. It was wonderful following dogwood-laced roads from Boston down through Springfield (where I tried to chase the Mattoon and Hawke lines), Hartford, and Waterbury, and then through Westchester, NY and on down to New Jersey and through PA, ~~DA~~, and MD to Virginia's home.

I was one of several speakers doing seminars at our Morristown Stake Relief Society Conference recently. Sisters could sign up for revolving seminars which meant I had to give my session three times in a row and could not attend the others. But it was interesting to see the different variations I came out with on the same theme: "Through the Love of Christ we can regain a sense of our celestial self-worth and find peace amid the storm." I showed some of my favorite slides from our trip to the Holy Land, and at least I gained much from all the preparation.

I finally gave up my jobs at the Family History Center in Morristown and my extensive visit-teaching routes. I am still teaching the Gospel Essentials Class in Sunday School and holding cottage meetings here several times a month. But I am trying to zero in on getting this home sold. So far, not a serious bite. The market is D-E-A-D. Pray for us.

Daniel is still in Guatemala City (Zona 6) and seems to be enjoying some wonderful baptisms--he asks us to pray him some professional people and whole families who will have leadership and resources to keep the branches going. He has had some of these types baptized recently and sounds very busy and happy. Because his mail has not been reaching him, we are now sending his mail to Salt Lake to be put in a pouch. If you get the letter to Salt Lake by Friday, it will get to the Guatemala City North Mission office by Monday for distribution. The address: Elder Daniel H. Bartholomew/ Guatemala City North Mission/50 E. North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150. On the outside of the envelope write "POUCH" in huge letters. Just put the usual 29 cent stamp on it to get it to Salt Lake. This is for letters only and not photos, packages, etc. Please write him if you get a chance. The mail there has been awful, and he said in his last letter he sure would like some letters.

Liz, I finally found your letter which arrived while I was on my genealogy trip. Great letter, great approach, and great that you are taking the initiative. THANKS! It should be quite a celebration.

I have been praying lately to meet people consecutively in town who are those I should teach the gospel before I leave (I've been set apart as a stake missionary). I met a woman in town three times, who held an ecumenical Bible study group Laura went to last year. She firmly turned down Laura's attempt to tell her about the Church and said some pretty derogatory things about the Church to the group, so I had a hard time getting courage to ask her. I took her to lunch last Friday, and she came with an agenda of her own, carefully avoiding any talk of religion. Then she announced that she had to meet her son to play golf in five minutes. Just then a terrible storm came up (1 p.m.), the sky went completely black, and waitresses were running around lighting candles. Poor lady's golf date fell through, the weather was too awful to leave the restaurant, and she was trapped listening to my agenda for an hour and a half.

The next day I met her in the library again when I was looking up a book she told me about titled "Dance of Anger--A Woman's Guide to Changing the Patterns of Intimate Relationships" by Harriet G. Lerner, Ph.D. This book is written by a radical feminist, but what she says about anger has some excellent insights. All of us with Hall and Langford blood should read it, since both lines can express anger at opposite extremes. Anyway, I could not check out the book because it was at Arlis' home; so she had to invite me over, and I traded her for this month's New Era special issue on expressing love to family--she is very youth oriented and will be SOOOOO inspired by that magazine!

Well, I only have 2 pages Mom, because 2 are for Zina and Mary's activities and 1, for our ancestors! Besides, I did not write last month. I love you and miss you. Nancy and Doug, we pray each day that all is going well toward your goals. Your names are on the temple roll each time I go in there. 'Hope you're feeling the blessings. ('Just so the rest of you know, Nancy spilled the beans to Mom about their goals to go to the temple in time for their 50th, so it's not a secret any more.)

Five zillion weeds grew all over the yard last week. Last night it rained for the first time in three weeks, so I have been weeding like crazy, trying to get them out while the ground is soft. Our flower beds have been so beautiful all spring--it will be very hard to leave this home, but it's easier now that I miss Dan so much. Yesterday was our 22nd wedding anniversary. It isn't fair that now, when we have a marriage worth celebrating, we're separated. Oh, well.

We have a new renter. D.G. Larsen is regional manager for cousin Al and called last month to ask if he could come. I had not intended to rent while Laura was here, but he is 28 years old, quite mature, and Dan liked the way he enthusiastically pushed to get a home teaching route. He seems to be working out very pleasantly--though I don't know what we would have done if the girl's car had been in repair another week. We six women were using one (master) bath after he moved in--a bit scary!

'Love and miss you,

Sherlene (on behalf of Dan, Daniel, and Laura,
too)

P.S. Did all of you see Daniel "Andy" Miller's photo in last month's New Era? He's the black kid with the spiffy black-on-white polka-dotted shirt standing with another friend and representing Brooklyn Ward. We saw his parents at Conference, and they said he didn't come because he was up all night with friends. Daniel, maybe you could find time to write him an encouraging letter? *He is now 14 yrs. old - 1296 E 21st St, Brooklyn, NY 11210.*