

Not for Hallmanach — just so you can speak Laura for me!

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Dearest Elderest Daniel-no-rest,

How be ye? I didn't get a letter yet this week, but I know there will be one out there this afternoon, so I guess I'd better let you know we're still remembering you and praying for you.

Speaking of prayers, I hope you always remember your sister in your prayers. She needs them. She called me a few days ago with that preface which always means she did something B-A-D: "Now, Mom, promise you won't get mad and get all paranoid and upset and give me a lot of advice if I tell you this." Oh, woe.

Then she tells me she went with a whole bunch of dorm friends out to the "Towers" somewhere out in the desert far away from campus to dance all night. She was having a ball and looked up as it was about to close at 1:30 a.m. (Friday) to discover that her friends had all left without her.

What does she do? Does she go ask for a telephone and call one of 100 relatives out there who would come to her rescue? Does she find a safe looking female and beg a ride? No.

"Well, you know, I didn't want to admit to anybody that I was so dumb and I didn't want to wake anybody up and I didn't want to impose on anybody, so I just prayed hard, asked someone which way Provo was and started walking."

Can you believe! At 1:30 a.m. hours away from campus. I was afraid to hear the rest.

Turns out a man drives up to her, rolls down his window and says, "Young woman, you should not be on this road alone at this time of morning. Can I give you a ride?"

"Well, I don't know. I'm a little afraid. Promise you won't kill me?" (At this point, if MY looks could kill--but of course they couldn't!-- Laura would have been dead, even over the telephone line!

Can you believe? Well, I guess Laura's prayers and our prayers are answered because it turned out to be a fifth year law student who took her safely to her dorm, bawling her out all the way for not knowing better--especially when she came from an area like New Jersey and should be be more "street wise."

Of course Dad and I just bit our tongues and said nothing after that. Would we stoop to giving her that dreaded advice? Would we get paranoid? Would we have fits? Would we embarrass her by telling anybody? A couple of hours later she broke in and begged for a rest from the "discussion," since she was so tired because she had gone to the same place to dance the next night all over again, this time with a girlfriend and two guys they knew from campus (who, by the way, promised not to go off and leave her).

She said she had the time of her life Saturday night and raved and raved about these neat guys they went with who are a "combination of Dan Teck and all those other great friends of

Daniel's all rolled into one (that bad?--how SCARY!!!).

God must be the most trusting Being in the entire Universe to think kids this age are old enough to leave their mothers and even make important decisions like whom to marry for eternity and such.

As I said, PRAY hard for your sister's safety. She needs it. I decided I've got it all backwards. I've been praying so hard for you because you're off in that deserted Guatemala and all the time Laura is the little lost blond among the Indians, begging to be kidnapped. I'm definitely too old to be a mother!

Nothing new here. It rained a lot last week (after a long drought--we needed it), so I've been out pulling weeds while the ground was soft and until my back and head were soft, too.

Your father and my "Hunnie-Wunnie" went to the eye doc and found out he can now use his riding mower and even do such strenuous things as carry his briefcases! The blood-red color around his irises is almost gone. I told him I'm going to shoot now that I can see the whites of his eyes.

My cousin, Alan Hall, called and asked all about your mission. He went to Guatemala, too, and said he had nearly 150 baptisms. He said there is a place of many waters up by a volcanic region that he is convinced is the "waters of Mormon." He told some pretty exciting stories and seemed so glad you are there.

He is starting a business (again--he always has some project) and is selling computer hard and soft ware. He hires only returned missionaries for three month rounds so they can earn some money to get back in school and he can take advantage of their sales techniques. Anyway, he was looking for housing for a 23-yr. old returned missionary named Erik Adams who will sell Alan's stuff in the metropolitan area, so guess who is moving into your bedroom this Saturday? We will carefully box and label all your stuff and restore it before you get back. It's your room to have when you get back, but in the meantime, this will help keep us financially solvent. He will only stay until end of September; then, if we decide we like the arrangement, we can opt to take another RM until end of November. He doesn't send anyone for December, which is nice if we want to bring Laura home for Christmas. And on. We're getting \$300 a month for your room--which might help pay our new tax increases--\$1500 more--more than \$6000 a yr. just for this house! Not to mention the new state taxes--sales tax on many items up to 7%! We all want to dump Florio--what a socialist jerk!

A Dr. Nord came to Church Sunday and let me refer him to Weichert for housing (he just wants a rental). He wants to find a small home to rent so he can bring his wife and 5 children back here and then use that as a base to look hard for a home they can afford. Here's a Ph.D. with a good job, and he can't get in a home. It's really sad to see good people and quality people who can't afford housing. But then none of us are feeding our children sugar water--that's for sure. 'Made us so sad to hear of your new convert's suffering and made us glad that you were going to try to take something over to them. Just 'tell them not to tell anyone or you'll get mobbed!

We had Bro. Nord to dinner Sunday. Our daylilies are so pretty now. I put on the peach tablecloth and had a bouquet of peach and chiffon-yellow daylilies and then decorated each plate with daylilies (he even ate his, and liked it) and served a casserole with gold and orange tones that made it all look gourmet. Quite a feat, considering I was serving him leftovers put together with cream of celery soup, (I had not known he was in town).

I have been working so hard on the Hungerford lines. Got several new family groups finished (the computer is such an amazing tool--that PAF 2.2 is incredible in helping organize things!). Sunday morning I went to the Family History Center at Morristown Stk. Center and checked the IGI to see which Hungerfords had already had their work done. A lot had been done--obviously, someone else has been working on the lines--but it made me feel good that I found some the others missed. I want to get it all on a disk to send Salt Lake soon so the next time we go to the Washington temple, we can do some of our own names.

We are popping buttons that you are already a D.L. I know you downplayed it, but it shows your mission president (and more importantly, the Lord--since he's so new) knows you can be trusted. I am also proud of the fact that I managed not to get up in testimony meeting and brag about it. In fact, I didn't tell anybody here. It might make them feel inferior that their sons aren't as wonderful as mine and then I would be acting prideful, which is definitely against my nature. Heh!

We are very proud of you and grateful for your devotion and hard work. You are absolutely on target about the correlation in personal contacts, Books of Mormon, and conversion. The other element, as you obviously know, is that extra morning, sincere, directed, concentrated prayer, which gives you the Spirit, so those people feel something when you contact them--if they are ready. Keep up the good work. I did mail a typed copy of your letter to your grandparents. It's OK to brag "in house."

Well, I guess I have to quit the fun stuff and go back to cleaning the house upstairs. It's going to be awful having to keep that clean as well as the downstairs. I about puke every time I go in that upstairs, central bathroom and see how Laura left it, not to mention how her room looks. Dad has his tax stuff all spread out in your room (after he spent half a week cleaning the mess you left!) and now we have to move it to Laura's room. I don't think I'm going to like this.

I wish they'd call me on a mission....NOT when I've grown a foot or two (GROAN')! Did Dad tell you about Grandma and Pa Bartholomew's mission call? They're going to Frankfurt, Germany and enter the MTC October 1! It is a "Family History" mission--whatever that means!

Yer ever-lovin' mother

P.S. Eat your vegetables. Go to bed on time. Wash your face and brush your teeth. Don't burp out loud. Don't you miss me? By the way, we reversed the double payments Zions has accidentally been sending your mission. 'Hope you didn't spend it or you'll be drinking sugar water, too!