

patient care of them, but finding it hard (being so confined to the house). When I get that old, just take me out and shoot me, OK? They all spoke of you very lovingly and send their greetings.

Rev. Schumacher asked about you and asked lots of questions about the missionary work. Laura sat there and told him all about how she now wants to go on a mission while he shook his head in disbelief. Joy has told Laura that her parents are now having serious marriage problems. Rev. Fred just gave up smoking, though, and it's probably just nerves getting in the way for a while (I hope). Joy kept calling Laura long distance to tell of her grief and is understandably upset about Laura's moving so far away.

You should see Erin now. Very tall and very pretty. Laura's friends here were offering to take her to the shore and to all these parties for farewell. I thought it was nice of Laura on her last weekend here to remember her neighborhood "little sisters."

Mary Ann Motta has called here three days in a row, needing to talk a long time. Expensive, long distance, but I guess we're cheaper than therapists (she got Dan today). Seila Lehnardt kind of took my place when we moved, and now that the Lehnardts have moved (to Missouri), Mary Ann is devastated. Called me with her old ploy that she's going to commit suicide and managed to scare me enough that I spent the whole morning yesterday on the phone trying to find someone home in White Plains or Scarsdale to go see her. I finally got her home teacher.

There are so many people in the world who need help. I wondered what I would do with my children gone, but it seems lots of this world's people will always need mothering. I thought I was going to get at least one boring day. As it was, the Lord gave me one day to cry, fuss, and read a Conroy novel (I don't think I've read a novel cover-to-cover since I found out I was pregnant with you--then I started reading "How To" books). Since my one-day "crash," I haven't had time to know what day it is, though.

'Hope you know how much you are in our thoughts and prayers each day. Our prayers for you are very specific--believe me, we cover the territory. I pray you will have sense enough to choose a well-balanced diet, that you will be able to resist anything colored green (jade, amoebes, mossy slopes, Burgher King sandwiches), that you will be joyful in the work, healthy mentally, spiritually, and physically, that you will be guided to the honest in heart, that you will be able to communicate your love and ideas, that you will pick up your dirty socks. I know you will love and help your companions, but I pray they will also be good to you. I especially pray you'll remember your promise to write every single week (looks good, so far). Hang in there. Stay cheerful, and use a little hair spray. Love and hugs, Mom

P. S. Did you know you had an ancestor named Deacon William Gaylord? The surname Gaylord is from Geller meaning "loud-

*Genealogy  
from a letter from  
Shirley*

voiced." (Could we possibly belong to such a family?)

The Gaylords were descended from the houses of York and Colchester in England. [I have also read in several other sources than the one listed below that they were French Huguenots--name also spelled Gaillard, among other variations.]

William was past middle age when he came to America in the Mary and John in 1630. We think his wife's name was Sarah. He had a home lot in Windsor, CT; was a freeman 1630; member of the General Court for 40 sessions; selectman & deputy 1635, 36, 38. He was First Deacon of the Dorchester Church. Removed to Windsor, CT. We are descended from his son, Samuel, born 19 December 1619.

Another ancestor was "Deacon Simon Stone," b. 1585 in the Parish of Great Bromley, Essex, England, the 8th of 11 children. He married Joan Clarke. Deacon Simon's parents tilled as yeoman lands they leased from the lords of various manors. He came to America in 1635 on the Increase ship carrying 117 passengers. Simon was 50 years old and his wife, 38, upon arriving in America. We are descended from their daughter Anna, who arrived in America at age 11 and married Lewis Jones.

"Deacon William Ward," another forefather, was born in 1603 at Yarmouth, England. His first wife bore him five children, all of whom came with him to America. His second wife, Elizabeth (our ancestor) died in 1700 at age 87 years. He came to New England in 1638 and settled at Sudbury. He was made freeman 10 May 1643; deputy to General Court 1643; Commissioner 1645; Chr. Sudbury's selectmen; Mayor; Deacon of Church; County Grand Jury 1666; moved to Marlborough 8 miles west of Sudbury in 1661. He drew 50 acres, the largest house lot granted by the proprietors. His house was on the south side of the road, nearly opposite the Meeting House, his land extending to what was then called Belchers Pond (!), near which the tavern of his son-in-law Abraham Williams was located.

However, Deacon Ward suffered with other pioneers, especially during the King Phillip Indian War. His buildings were burned, his cattle destroyed, and one son slain. We are descended from his daughter, Mary, who was born in 1647 and was his twelfth child. Mary married Daniel Stone.

What inspires me about these people is that they felt strong enough to settle a New World when they were "past middle age." They did not have laser surgery and antibiotics, nor all the insight and comfort of the restored gospel. But they impress me as being not only courageous, but deeply religious, and worst of all...vigorous! So much for going back to novels.

Above information from a book I found on the shelf at the Morristown Stake Family History Center: Samuel Richardson (1602-1658) and Josiah Ellsworth (1629-1689) Some Descendants, Compiled

By the way, the above ancestors are on your Grandpa H. Tracy Hall's lines. I've been invited to a family reunion Delbert (my father's brother who lives near Richmond Va.) is having on the 4th of July. Dan won't be well enough to travel, but he seems to be recovering remarkably well in terms of getting around, taking walks around the block, etc. If I feel he will behave himself alone and will be all right, I may go. I don't know those cousins or that family, and I have been dying to get to that wonderful library in Richmond. I talked with my cousin Elaine's husband by phone (the reunion is actually at their 5-acre lot), and they said they have a sleep-sofa and could put me up if I decide to stay on and do research--so I am considering going. Virginia and Barry think they are bringing their children, but are not yet sure.

Mom, for your information, a contact in the family there is: Elaine Hall Tence (Delbert's daughter), 6589 Osborne Turnpike, Richmond, VA 23231 (804-226-4587). Carlyn (pronounced "Cawlin"), Delbert's wife, will be providing her famous food for this feast, yum!). I did not get Delbert's phone number, but shall while I'm there--but you could find out from this number. I am going to try to get my genealogy into the computer so I can take them some information. Why don't some of the rest of you join us?

*Mom - Thanks for picking up Jenna  
at the airport and being so good  
to her. ☺*

*Pardonment Deed*