

Sat. April 23, 1982

Dear Ida Rose and Tracy,
Certainly I think about you a whole lot oftener than I write. It was so thoughtful of you to include me in your mailing list - which must be a long one. I've liked hearing more about your children and grand children. I still can't put them all in the families where they belong but it's fun to try - makes me feel part of a very select group.

-Also I've done a good bit of worrying about you and it's been good for me to be concerned about someone besides myself this past long winter. Your job sounds so hard and all the conditions so difficult and yet you certainly seem to stay generally "up" and enthusiastic and working hard. Do you think you'll spend your whole mission in Zimbabwe? (It don't hardly seem fair some how - you can quote me)

My life since October 13 (only 6 months! It seems at least 6 years) has been as different as yours I'm sure even though I've been right here in Utah. I've learned a whole lot and I really don't think I've



taking turns staying with mother She can't be alone any more yet we'd like to keep her at home as long as we can so we each do a day - that has been one of the hardest things I've ever had to do - Mother is just barely oriented (some days) and has to be helped to bathe, eat, etc. Poor lady - and poor us. It sounds like your Dad is doing pretty well - is he? He's older than mother's ^{Hallmark}

news. I must stop. Thanks again for sending the letters - you've such dear friends!

My prayers are with you, do try well and don't be discouraged.

My love to you both,
Paula

complained too terribly much to other people, but I can't actually say I've enjoyed myself much. For heaven sakes, both of you stay healthy, living alone is the pits!

I've enjoyed my condominium — you didn't come here did you? — That's something you must do first thing when you get back. I've wondered several times during the winter, as I drove back and forth and back and forth to Ogden, if I'd have been better off if we hadn't moved, but I really have come to feel that moving was best. The house arrangement is really convenient for me, Ray was here for awhile and loved it and yet maybe it is new enough that he hadn't really become part of every nook and corner. I still don't have it fixed like I hope to — one bedroom needs wallpaper and curtains and the patio is a mess. I've never been much good with yard work but this is small enough that I can imagine coping with it. — I may even pull a weed and plant a flower in its place within the next week or two if the weather will cooperate. (Today has been perfectly beautiful.)

People have been so good to me — called, come to visit, just been generally concerned and caring — still, even after this long. (I even have some friends on a mission who have sent me a copy of their family letter!) The people in the ward here in Centerville have been unbelievably concerned. We'd only been to church twice you know so they didn't know us at all but they've really made me feel at home. I give the cultural refinement lessons in Relief Society (I wish I could speak Shona — I'd give this lesson on Pakistan in that language and maybe I could fool everyone into thinking I was saying something profound.) and I'm making some real friends in the ward.

Of course my kids have been a help — but they're busy and I try not to load them down too much. Jim and Kaye are going to Scandinavia with the choir in June — which we think is mighty exciting. (I'll share child care with Kaye's mother.) Carolyn and family are in Bountiful and I'm grateful telephone calls aren't tall (maybe that's reason enough to have moved from Ogden.) My sisters and I are