

It was a wonderful meeting. What a thrill. A huge conference table, surrounded by people with PC specialties to make my job easier! There's one person to do PC (Public Communications) with foreign-language media; one, for cable television and radio; one with office skills and a modern office (computer, copy, mail equipment) who will mail direct, saving me all that addressing, copying, etc. I had to do at home; a separate PCD for New York Stake (that used to all be in our stake); and, an activities' chairman, whose job is to provide wards with activities that are non-member appropriate. In addition, the Church finally got rid of the professional men who had been paid to handle our NYC national media and engaged Beverly Campbell's firm from Wash. D.C. to do both the Washington and New York areas. I'll bet she does more from DC than any of our local professionals did. And professional writers and photographers are on call. Yet, Bro. Forsyth said the surface isn't even being scratched, even with this wonderful committee and told us to GET MOVING! The theme centered around the concept that the time for harvest in the East has finally come. Pres. Hawes also emphasized this at a recent Priesthood Leadership Meeting I attended. The Spirit flowed and enthusiasm ran high. I came home just itching to get started.

I had an hour wait at Grand Central Station before coming home on my train. We have had a warm winter, but recently it has been terribly cold. Thousands of homeless people in New York have been crowding the shelters. Some of them were in the Station, and it was horrible to see. Some young college idealists were manning a booth, collecting contributions for an organization dedicated to permanently stopping hunger in the world. They didn't have much business, so I told them the only way hunger would permanently stop in the world. One of them gave me his address to send a Book of Mormon (he said he would rather read than have visitors); but the other one wanted the missionaries to come. In return, I had to agree to attend one of their "Hunger" movies and presentations. The whole thing made me feel very hungry, and I walked around all the shops with their exotic baked goods, ice-creams, and delicatessens, wishing it weren't the Sabbath and I could buy something. Then I saw this wonderful Jewish kosher bakery (Zarros) and realized that if I bought something, it wasn't breaking THEIR Sabbath! So I ate my huge carrot muffin and black-raspberry yoghurt cup and conveniently didn't observe until I was through that all those who served me were black and probably not very Jewish. They really looked like a clean, wonderful bunch of kids, too--but by then I was out of literature, and they were too busy to talk.

Saturday, eight--ten? days ago, Ann and Dick Perez invited us to dinner. She suffered a divorce a few years ago (temple marriage, too) and then married a non-member and finally quit attending Church. She is a lovely woman and very intelligent and we were sad to see her drop from activity. But then she called one day to ask for help in doing genealogy. She got very involved, with her husband, and they were one couple highlighted in that genealogy article I sent you a couple of years ago. Well, I hadn't seen her since then, but she called and said she'd bribe me with a dinner invitation if I'd bring temple ordinance entry forms and show her how to submit them for her ancestors. I told her I'd love to do it without the dinner, but she insisted (shed the tears!). She has a glamorous career, as does he, and they live in this big home in Scarsdale that looks inside like something from Better Homes and Gardens. We had a wonderful conversation over a delicious meal, much of which involved gospel subjects, and he seemed very interested and involved. Afterwards we began sharing genealogy experiences, and she suddenly began to weep and invited me into their study, saying she wanted to tell me of a recent experience. Her Grandfather Obadiah had come to her and told her to get busy on his genealogy and that of her other ancestors. He then dictated a Patriarchal blessing to her which she read to me. In it, he told her this life was not for seeking after the riches and vanities of the world. He reminded her that she volunteered to come and do the temple work at a time when these ordinances were available on earth--and now they were all waiting on her. She told me of several experiences in the last few weeks with this grandfather where he told her where she could find information. During one of these revelations, her husband was present, and he was so deeply moved, he is now reading everything he can about the Church and has started doing genealogy on his own lines (before, he just went with her on her trips). Well, 2 pages is up. We love you. Sherlene