

August 28, 1987

August Hallmanack:

Well, It's almost time for another Hallmanack and I am just getting this one out. I'm getting worse and worse and I don't know if I'm busier and busier or just not managing as well with my time or both.

August 1st was almost a month ago. It was wonderful to be with Virginia and Barry and their crew. They've got a wonderful bunch of kids and they are full of creativity and vigor. Especially vigor. Virginia has accomplished lots and lots in their new home, and she has lots and lots still to do, but she and Barry are going to have a beautiful home when they get through with it. I talked to Virginia and she said she had finished priming one room upstairs--in violation of her mother's orders to take it easy. It's a far cry from the day when they told us not even to go up and downstairs for two weeks and not to drive for a month.

There seems to be an obstruction of some sort in Christian's nose. The Dr. took a cat scan last week because sometimes the brain is involved in these cases, but that was not the case this time. Fortunately, Virginia did not know when she called last week just how they will proceed next. We are all glad that it turned out as well as it did. When you think that as intricate a thing as the human body forms from the union of an egg and a sperm and develops from this joining into such a marvelous and intricate system, it's a wonder that it turns out so well most of the time.

It has been a slow summer at the Tulip Cottage. Nancy is really good at making ceramics (as well as other things) and the other girls involved seem to not be too discouraged. We are losing one of our partners, and have already found someone to take her place.

Dad has been busy picking the cucumbers and giving them away, as well as preparing for this arbitration. He fired his attorney and is going to appear before the panel and present his case himself and let the chips fall where they may. He's been very busy.

The garden is a disaster. Ordinarily I have a high school boy to weed, but this year the boys have been too busy to be much good, and I really need to get out and get the weeds out. The morning glory has literally taken over the strawberries and the roses.

*(over)*