

Dear Family:

November 2nd, 1987

On Saturday evening October 10, 1987 Charlotte and I went to the Centennial Ball at the stake center. It was in commemoration of the 200 anniversary of the constitution. It was a very enjoyable affair. It was primarily a dance for the adults. Several couples wore costumes from the 1700s. The youth got a turn at standing around not enjoying the music. The music was from the 1930s right on through to the 1980s. The youth were out numbered by the adults more than 2:1.

Before the dance, our ward had a buffet dinner. It was pot luck by assignment. This somewhat informal social is what really brought out the adults from our ward. I think that our ward carried 1/3 of the people there. Our ward was in charge of the music. Dave Thompson, whom I home teach, taped all of the music in advance. I sprinkled in a couple of waltzes, cha-chas, fox trots and sambas from my ballroom dance records.

While at the buffet, I spoke to Ken Krull our elders' quorum president. He had lost his thumb in a table saw accident over the general conference weekend. I told him that I had recently been diagnosed as having Meniere's disease. Ken and his wife are very spiritual people. His wife immediately asked what that meant and what the implications were. After explaining that there really is no cure and that there was a remote possibility that I could go completely deaf, she immediately asked if I had had a blessing. She suggested that the ward could hold a special fast in my behalf. She also suggested that a good friend of both of ours who was present listening to the conversation give me the blessing. This friend has the gift of healing. It says so in his patriarchal blessing. The friend remained silent and listened through all of this.

It was at that time that I gained a greater insight into what the Lord has in mind for me. I explained that it wasn't a matter of faith. I knew that I had the faith necessary to be healed. I hadn't asked for a blessing because I wanted to be sure I was asking for the right kind of blessing. I had considered several times during the past week to ask for a blessing of healing and to have my hearing completely restored. Somehow I just hadn't felt right in asking for that kind of blessing. As a result, I hadn't asked for a blessing at all.

It was at that moment that I understood clearly that it was not in the Lord's plan for me to be healed. I stated that I may or may not go deaf, but not likely. It really is really unimportant in the eternal plan of God. I hadn't asked to be healed because the Lord wants me to learn something that I couldn't otherwise learn. If I was healed, I would miss out on an unseen blessing that could not be received in any other way.

I hadn't asked for a blessing because I wanted to be sure of the kind of blessing I should ask for. Yesterday I requested and

received a priesthood blessing. I asked that this inconvenience not be allowed to interfere with my ability to work in the Lord's vineyard nor that it would prevent me from being able to provide for my family. Nothing else really matters.

Charlotte is learning more about what foods her body doesn't tolerate well. Her stomach seems to be sensitive to wheat and possibly milk. This doesn't mean she can't eat these food items at all. She has been eating wheat products about every three days and seems to be able to tolerate it at that level. We are still learning about it. The important thing is that we are making progress. She keeps a very careful record of everything she eats and tracks reactions. It seems that there is a delayed reaction at times, which makes it difficult to determine what it was that has upset her system.

The children enjoyed Halloween. This year Sarah carved her own pumpkin without any help. For Halloween she went as a punk rocker. She is dying to wear makeup at the tender age of 9. Of course we won't allow it. Being a punk rocker was a good excuse to put it on thick. Her hair was colored red and green.

Hannah said she wanted to be a black cat. Charlotte pulled out the new Bernina sewing machine she bought in August and got to work. Hyrum wanted to be a black, scary bat. Charlotte made his costume so that he would have wings when he spread his arms. It was really cute. He really enjoyed running around with his arms spread out.

We took all the kids to the school carnival for most of the evening before taking them out trick-or-treating. We walked the neighborhood with the children, partially because Hannah was so black in her costume. It was hard to see her in the dark, but also because in this day and age a parent can't be too careful. Hyrum wanted to go home early and get down to the serious business of eating candy. He couldn't wait. He isn't old enough to see that you can get more candy by going to more houses. He had to go home and eat some of it. Charlotte brought him home to me after just a few houses.

Charlotte here. I was invited to join a neighborhood Bible study group. Bryan didn't have any jobs on Friday so I attended the first meeting. There were four of us there. Two born again Christians, one Lutheran and me. We studied John 1:1-18 and by the end of the discussion I had shared my beliefs on the true nature of the Godhood and the pre-existence. They were polite but rather startled at the concepts I presented. Sharing the gospel with others reinforces the common everyday truths that we take for granted. They are so unknown to the world.

We hope that Dad Weight's gallbladder operation goes well. We're glad to hear that Ellen's strength is improving. We hope all is well with everyone!

Love, Bryan, Charlotte and Kids