

agosto

## Never Ending the News - 3 de julio 1989

**Cress Delahanty.** Treat yourself to the adventure of reading this insightful, enjoyable book by Jessamyn West. I have learned so much from it about the psychology of girls and they are such a joy to have, wouldn't it be wonderful to have half a dozen more? [This desire and what I have learned are not extrapolatable to mature members of that amazing gender, the psychology of whom and of which continues to baffle, befuddle, entrance, and intrigue me.]

**Interpreter.** From interpreter of scriptures, rituals, and patriarchal blessings I have progressed to expositor of dreams. Oh what demands are made on a resident authority! It won't do just to reassure, calm, and soothe missionaries distraught by nightmares and weird dreams; you have to decipher meaning too. Waiting for that from me could mean seven long lean years. One of our key lessons, "How to Resolve Concerns," teaches us how to help investigators analyze doubts and resolve them on their own. This I try to apply when asked to interpret dreams, endeavoring also to follow the ever-practical example of Brigham Young. "What did you eat before going to bed last night?" Brigham inquired of a brother who wanted him to interpret his lurid dream. "Half a pie." - "Well, go home and eat the other half and you'll get the interpretation." Let your dreams resolve your dreams. Like in the next exciting installment of the 10¢ Saturday matinee movies we used to see at the Lyceum Theater (thhee-ate-er), in which at the last split second the guy with the white sombrero would rescue the maiden in distress from black-hatted and hearted Dangerous Dan. As for my own dreams, in hi-def color, the subconscious processing of my deepest concerns is always dramatic but annoyingly coy. In a mysterious sequel last night, a tall turbaned Indian was holding the interpretation to my previous night's dream in front of him as I shadowed behind, sneaking discreet harmless peeks. Just as it all began to make sense to me, he rudely pushed me away, huffily rebuffing me as he officiously declaimed: "It is of my." Well, I have taught English as a second language for about eight years so I recognized this utterance as being 100% authentic; *ergo* my dream sequence and the interpretation thereof logically had to be real! This realization dawned on me as bright as the light of day, either one or both of which at that instant woke me up. Merrill's gonna gotta bake me another apple pie tonight.

**They came.** The rains. At this point precipitation is at 60% of normal for this time of year. The Andes are covered with snow and thousands of Chileans were trapped in Argentina when the pass between Mendoza and Santiago was closed. They had to be lodged in schools, etc. until the snow was removed, which took over a week. Not a flake of snow here--only in the mountains. One day, in Santiago, the weather can be hot and the next day cold and miserable. Not for us, inside, where we have central heating, but for almost everyone else, for whom this is an unaffordable luxury. Yesterday, part of a long sad story, we took it upon ourselves to find a place to stay for a mentally disturbed elder, given a medical release from his mission, whom we had taken in and fed as long as we could between groups. First we tried his mother's house, from which he claimed to have been kicked out. Few travelers see how most people in the "developing" countries live. Makes you heart-sick. You can say, well they're used to it, they don't know anything better. True, but they see how the privileged live, live and through the media. When we see homes typical of those that most of our missionaries come from, we admire them all the more. What great young people they are, given all their disadvantages! After crossing and re-crossing much of Santiago, we were able to leave the elder with his sister-in-law, in a newer but tiny house where there really is no room for him. Count your blessings... one by one.

**Plebiscite.** Last Sunday all Chileans were required to vote on changes in the country's constitution. If 200 kilometers or more from home, they could be excused by reporting to the nearest police station. Half of our Chileans had to go home to vote. Why a poor country like this doesn't make use of absentee ballots, I fail to understand. All that expense required of the poverty-stricken who could more easily, quickly, and cheaply cast their vote by mail! Teaching all but one of the classes fell to me, since our teachers had to vote too, waiting in line for hours. Blessedly, the event was unmarred by violence, though terrorists commonly select such days to make explosive statements regarding the unquestioned will of the people. / And now Merrill and I must be off to the airport to pick up our new missionaries from Bolivia.

Ever-loving Mom & Dad / Merrill & Wendell

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