

November Hallmanack. November 20, 89

Dear Family:

On November 6th of this year, my sister, Irma Langford Wilcox died. She is the oldest sibling in my family, and was 74 yrs young on July 11, 1915. As my brother Heber said at her funeral "I was just thinking last week that I ought to go down and see Irma. So near and yet so far. Why didn't we keep better in touch? To try to rectify this procrastination on the part of all of us we plan to get together next Thanksgiving and swap remembrances.

Tracy and David were the only Hall Siblings able to go to the funeral. There were quite a few cousins there, and not wanting to miss a golden opportunity, I took some family group sheets and passed them out and told them to send me them filled out with a history on the back of the sheet. Enclosed in your Hallmanacks are stamped envelopes with family group sheets in them. Fill them out, use the back of the sheet for a history (Yes, Sherlene you can use the WHOLE SHEET) Be sure and include your current address and phone number. This will take care of the Langford side of the cousins. I will call Sarah and get addresses for Wendell Hall side of the family, and then send sheets to Joyce and Gene and Donald.

Virginia, the address we have for Dilbert must be a wrong one. Will you call one of the girls, or Robert and get his correct address? Then I will send sheets to them.

I will send a sheet to Iona for Bobby. Gary was at the Funeral so I gave him one for Tommy. When I get them all back, I will duplicate copies for all of you and then you will all know what is going on with your cousins. Which of you volunteers to keep the data I send current and up-to-date? It's time for the younger generation to take over such details.

The Wilcox cousins were all there, of course, and they have nice families. We ought to have a family reunion.

I have enclosed funeral programs for all of you who couldn't go to the funeral. Dad says he will pay for the flowers--<sup>do</sup>forget it. I put you and your husbands and wives names on the card. *We would have sent the flowers anyway.*

Marilyn gave a good family history of Irma and Irv and their kids, and before Irv's brother Ronald gave the closing prayer he gave a tender tribute to Irma. He was 6 when Irv brought Irma home to introduce her to the family. He says he looked up and saw the most beautiful girl in the whole



world and promptly fell in love with her. He said she helped him pick out a present for his mother one year when Irv was gone and before Irv and Irma had married, and he picked out a beautiful dancing figurine and ask her if she thought it would be all right. She said it would be perfect. When Irv and Irma was married they took a picture of Irma and Irv with the parents on one side and (the brothers?) on the other side, and those on either side of Irv and Irma were holding up her full circle skirt. Then he knew who the lovely figurine was--it was his lovely Irma. Ronnie is an actor and the story was very touching.

One thing which Marilyn mentioned, was that when she was a teenager she (of course) thought her mother was the worst mother in the world. She one time asked her father how he had "stood" it all those years. He just looked at her and said: "I love her."

She also mentioned the annual Christmas tree trimming in the family--and it brought back memories of my own childhood. She said Irma would see to it that every foil icecycle was placed just so over the branches so as to be perfectly lined up one by one. She was always a perfectionist when she trimmed the tree. I won't mention how it was when I trimmed it.

Two of Irv's former bishops were the speakers, and they mentioned the faithful performance of Irv and Irma in the Cub Scout program and in the choir. She had a beautiful bouquet from the scout office with "20 years of service" across it.

At times like funerals for those close to us, we realize how fleeting is our brief stay in this mortal existence. What we leave, we leave only in the memories of our brothers and sisters and in the memories of our children. I hope you children will forgive me my mistakes in raising you (your father didn't make any) and try to remember, if you can, the good times. I feel sorry for those who do not have posterity. In the end, it is all that counts. Make good memories for your children. The time is fleeting. And establish family traditions that carry on from year to year and linger in the memories of your children.

Wendell, you have a lot of people worrying about you. Tracy spent this morning looking up scriptures about "Oaths" "swearing" etc. You may even get a letter from him. (Only don't hold your breath.) All I can say, is that if the church sends a good man like you home they're out of their tree.

It may be that you are right that Joseph should have had someone else "labor" over the temple ceremony, but if the signers of the Declaration of



Independence came to Wilford Woodruff and needed their temple work done, maybe you should tread lightly. You may be eschewing that which is most important of all our earthly ordinances. The High Priests got into a discussion of the temple ordinance in their meeting yesterday, and Truman Madsen said even Jesse James had had his work done. Are you going to let Jesse get ahead of you? Well, you have submitted, and if you don't get any higher on your horse, the ordinances will be efficacious anyway. Sit on him Merrill.

I know somebody who might get himself excommunicated because he starts his public prayers with "Our Mother in Heaven" because he feels that our Heavenly Mother is discriminated against in our worship. You have done your duty and rocked the boat--now don't sink it.

We will miss having the West Coast families with us for Thanksgiving. Charlotte, we received the Christmas package. Thanks grandkids for your nice hand-drawn cards--I felt the love in them. We will try your dip mixes on Thanksgiving, Charlotte. We especially liked the pictures. And the notepaper with the picture, Sarah. You kids are getting so BIG.

David and Karen came over last evening with all but Mark. Mark was home drooling over his birthday drafting set. We were comparing heights of the Grandchildren. We will have to see if Stephen is taller than Daniel when they come for Thanksgiving, but Michael is pushing Stephen and he is only 13.

Virginia, We will leave for Dulles airport from Salt Lake City on Dec 21st on Delta flight 974 at 9:30 am and arrive at Dulles at 3:35 pm the same day.

Sherlene, Daniel will leave Salt Lake at 8:45 (we will be able to see him off safely before our flight) on American flight # 1140, 21 Dec, 89 and arrive the same day in Chicago at O'Hare airport at 12:35. He leaves O'Hare on flight 552 which leaves Chicago at 1:20 (only about half hour stop over--hope plane isn't late) and arrives in NYC at Newark at 4:24 PM. His seat reservation is 17-D. I didn't check to see if they had made a seat reservation out of Chicago. They had.



Seeing the picture of Hannah with the Cat (is that the new one or the old one Hannah?) reminds me of our own farm cats. We got them at the first of the summer. They were brothers of the same litter. One of them looked (but wasn't) like a full blood siamese. He had beautiful blue eyes and was really a pretty cat. The other was a regular Tom. Animals definitely have personalities. The Siamese was independant, curious, and could care less if he was petted. The Tom was smaller and loved being petted. The Siamese would follow anyone all over the farm, and that may have been his downfall. We are afraid that some mean hunters may have used him for target practice or that his curiosity carried him out on the thru-way at the bottom of the farm. At any rate, he is missing, and Tom cried all night the first night he was gone. Carli and Chelsey insisted on bringing him into the house for comfort. I have a neighbor who wants to give us two more cats who are adults for the farm. I wonder how Tom will like that? More later.

Love, Ida-Rose, Mom, etc., Grandmom, etc.

Sheldene: what's that? Restrict my letters to 2 pages? OK! OK!

Sarah: Did you hand print that whole note book? you couldn't have! It's too perfectly done.

I have been looking for more space for some of the lovely roses we saw at the gardens when we were in Oswego Lake. Instead I should push grass to our borders. Grass is better at discouraging weeds than I am.

Liz: Historical note: we are all glad that Liz & family survived the earthquake. It was 10 or 11 that evening before Liz could get through to tell us they were O.K. Write us your experiences. I hope you never experience another one. How's the asthma?