

October 5, 1989

Dear Family:

It's beginning to really feel like autumn around here. The days are sunny and crisp with early, cool evenings. I just wish more leaves would change color here. One of my piano students gave me a bag of just-picked apples off his back-yard tree. I cannot remember when I have tasted such sweet and juicy-crisp fruit.

Marty made a trip to Amsterdam for one week in September. He was also in Vail, Colorado for four days. October looks pretty good for having him around, though. He's coaching John's soccer team this year. Says it's his last year for coaching. I think he said that last year.

I can't seem to keep my head above water, but I'm getting much better at drowning. Last week the Ward Activities Committee asked me to do my "children's chorus thing" for the Ward Christmas Party. I asked them this last summer if they wanted me to do it, and was told that other things were being planned--like a giant service project. Seems that fell through, so they fell back on me. If you count Primary, I have eight different choruses going--each with their own set of music.

I've started an "Honor Chorus" at school for Grades 4-6, by audition only. It will be really fun for me, because at last I will have a group of kids who all sing well and want to work hard. They have to give up two lunch recesses a week to practice, but I still have 18 students who want to do it. Of course, it's all girls.

The kids are all well and active. Greg is running with the cross country team (required if one wants to play on the basketball team,) and has surprised himself by working up to second fastest runner. He came in fourth at his first Meet with three schools. He has sent in his applications to B.Y.U. Emily really "digs" being on her volleyball team at school. Erin is now in a community youth "prep" orchestra, and was made section leader of the second violins. John is playing soccer and hates Cub Scouts because they meet on the same day as after-school sports.

John and I made and decorated a cake for the Cub Scout Father-Son Cake Contest and Auction. It was a Lincoln Log Cabin cake. We were given the award for "Most Beautiful." The cake started slipping over in the car on the way to the Church and by the end of the evening was more like a lean-to than a cabin, but someone still paid \$35 for it. (Marty was in Vail. He missed this great opportunity for father-son bonding last year, too.)

We haven't decided about whether or not we're coming to Provo for Thanksgiving. We'll let you know soon. *(They're not. activity interferences. rats.)*

So long from the Neil's House, where the father is always strong, the mother is always beautiful, and the children are always above average. (Blatantly plagiarized from "Lake Woebegone Days" by Garrison Keillor, but nonetheless true.) *(of course!)*

Love, Liz (the mother)

Liz

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