

Dear Family,

Emily Hammond

Doug is out of town. He works a week at a time in Kemmer Wyoming. He leaves on Mondays, and returns home on Fridays. He is working on the Fontinel Dam, an earth dam that is moving. He likes the people that he is working with, but dislikes the area. It's scorching hot and windy in the morning and early afternoon, but rains almost every evening...and blows so hard that his trailer (where he sleeps at night) sways back and forth and creaks like it is going to fall apart or be swept away in the wind. He has all the comforts of home in that trailer, he took our 14" color t.v., to hook up to the satalite dish, and it has a new washer & dryer, kitchen, bath etc. He's worked in Wyoming about 4 weeks now, but they've trasferred him to a Logan job, where he'll be staying a week at a time. Wednesday he drove home from Wyoming to go up to logan, but about died on the way home. He had a bad case of the flu. He said that on the way home, he was so sick that he pulled over 3 times to throw up. He couldn't hold himself up, so he laid in the dirt on the side of the road. When he finally got home, he just went strait to bed. He didn't even say "Hello." He was green for the rest of the day, and then got up the next morning at 4:30 to leave for Logan. Such dedication!

Carli is taking gymnastics twice a week. She started out in a beginner class, but was advanced to Pre-team which is for advanced students. When she passes off certain skills, she can join a team and compete! She is really doing well! It's great for her self esteem too.

Chelsey will start school this year. Yahoo! Too bad it's not all-day yet. She's a very intelligent girl, and I think she'll do well, but she wears me out. Carli and Chelsey do NOT get along at all. They fight like cats and dogs all day long. Carli teases, and Chelsey hits, and Carli hits back, and Chelsey comes screaming to me....at least every 1/2 hour of the day. But then when it's time for bed, they giggle for hours, and I can't get them to go to sleep.

D.J. has a new swimming pool. He just loves it. He likes to splash, climb up on the sides, crawl around, dip his face and the top of his head in it. It's quite entertaining to watch him. Thats whats so great about having a handicapped child, their so ammusung. They're so different from the normal child as far as development. It's a challenge, but very interesting...never a dull moment. D.J. fell out of his stroller 3 times today...even though he was strapped in. He just leaned over so far that the strap came loose, or the whole stroller just toppled with him. The first two falls didn't hurt him, and he didn't cry, but he was wedged between his stroller and a shelf, and complained of discomfort...but the third fall was on the top of his head, and he let out a good scream. When I tried to comfort him, he patted me on the back. It was such a cute thing, I just giggled. We have started teaching him walking in therapy. He has a little walker that he holds on to. He really enjoys therapy now. It used to be that he would cry throughout the whole session, but now when I say "c'mon D.J. lets go to therapy" ...he shrieks with joy! He has grown to love Dave, his therapist. When I'm with him at therapy, he'd rather crawl to

Dave than to Me. It kind of hurts my feelings, but then again, he's with me all week, and only with dave twice a week. I can really see him progressing. He can get around now, and tries to climb up on anything. He climbed out of his crib and fell to the floor a couple of weeks ago. It really surprised him to say the least. He cried for about an hour off and on. He'd get over it, and then he'd think about it again and cry some more. He loves patty cake. Poor grandma Hall...To D.J. she's the patty-cake grandma. That's all he wants to do when grandma Hall's around. He's been having earaches again, I hope they won't need to put the tubes back into his ears.

I've been very busy with ceramics. I make these cute little piggie salt & pepper shakers. They are two baby piglets one on top of the other napping. I've made 14 of them in the last two weeks, and sold all but 4, and they'll be gone, I'm sure...before I mail this letter. I make all kinds of ducks and geese, and lambs, and dishes, and canister sets, and you-name-it, I make it. (well, not quite, but it sure seems like it.) I wish all of you could be here to see all the neat stuff in the store. Sherlene went Hog-wild. Liz liked it too. I think we'll do well around christmas, in fact, I'm willing to bet that we'll not be able to keep the store stocked. I'm trying to get a head start on things so I won't be so rushed during the holidays.

Doug and I have invested a great sum of money in Smith. (SII) We invested at \$7.00 per share, and in 20 days, it has gone up to 10 and 3/4, and back down to 9 and 3/8, and back up to 10. anyway you look at it, we've done well so-far. It's great fun watching the stock-market. It's like gambling I suppose. It even affects my mood. When the trade is down, so am I, and when it's up...I'm really up. It must be the greed coming out in me. Money, Money, Money! Whoever said money doesn't buy happiness doesn't shop where I do.

We had the house aluminum sided. (before it was this terrible crumbling, warped, ghastly fake...pressed board siding. gag!) It cost us \$3,600. which we thought was an excellent price compared to the bid sears gave us on vinyl siding at \$14,000.00. No Kidding! Don't ever ask sears for a bid! It took the guy 4 hours to tell us how much it would cost us! First he had to convince us that it was like siding your house in gold. He had us convinced that his product was indestructable. I'm sure it would have been much better than aluminum siding, but for 14,000.00? forget-it! I laughed at the guy when he said it would cost that much. I said; "you're kidding, right...how much will it really be...?" But he had a very serious look on his face. Doug and I just looked at each other. We couldn't beleive that it could really cost that much. He asked us how much we had expected it to be, and I told him that I could aluminum side the home for apx. 4,000. 00. He challenged me to do it, and I did it for even less! Ha! Sears! Anyway, now the house looks much better, and I am once again satisfied for the time being.

D.J. is asleep at my feet, and every time I hit the space button more than once, he startels. (or is it startles?) I was never very good at english and spelling. So, I will end my letter here if you don't mind.chow. Nancy

It's your fault. (the lengthy letter). I can just see David. He'll look at the length of it and not even read it. If you'll all send me a monthly Hallmanack (every fast day) I'll promise to keep my letter no longer than the specified two pages.

Love, Mom