

Mom, Pg III.

I recently listened to a tape of the funeral of Clara Crosland, Ivan Crosland's mother. She was a wonderful, kind, loving lady, badly crippled with Rheumatoid Arthritis. She wrote a life story which her grandson, Richard, read at her funeral. One thing she said which I heartily concur with. "If you pay your tithing, you will never want. Somehow, there will always be enough to meet your needs."

The Bishop said that Ivan came to him after Clara's death and said: "I received her last security check, shall I cash it or send it back. "Cash it," said the Bishop," she was always insistant that the Lord get his tithing. She would want the record to be finished as she kept it."

Remember. You did not really do anything to earn the money you will get (if you get it). It will be pure gravy to you. I hope none of you will even hesitate to pay the Lord 10% for that gift. Doug and Nancy have been trying to get into a situation so they could pay their tithing. We hope this will be the boost they need. Sometimes we think that tithing, after all we pay in income tax, etc., is the straw that breaks the camels back. Really, the reverse is true, paying tithing helps us to be able to pay all those taxes. Figure out that one if you can.

We love all of you. We receive immense happiness and pride from our children, and grandchildren. We think you learned something growing up in our home, if only from reverse psychology, because we think all of you are doing better with your kids than we did with ours.

we thought we had smart kids, and we did, but I'm glad I'm not raising our grandkids--they are even smarter.

We are looking forward to seeing all of you sometime during the year.

Here are some dates to avoid if you are coming to Utah during the summer for vacations, if you want to avoid problems with our own schedules.

The rest of may is quite clear.

June 22-23 is the ward overnight, in which we are involved on the ward activity committee.

the June. 30 and July 1st weekend is involved in a high school reunion in Ogden.

July 12, 13, 14 is involved in the Shakespearean festival in Cedar City. Our Study group rents condos at the ski resort nearby and spend the three days talking, shakespeareing, and eating.

August, as of now, is clear.

Love you all, MOM

P.S. Doug's Jeep appeared in one of the Trade Journals and he and Nancy are going to send around a round-robin showing the jeep article. That will be their hallmanack.

I will say this with some definiteness, however. No one should ever (And I mean EVER) invest in this limited partnership real estate bit unless they do so with money they can afford to lose. Anyone who needs to have their money where they can get at it if they need it should never invest in this type venture also. It is definitely risky. If I realize my money back on this venture, I will consider myself lucky, and I now realize that if I get my money back with reasonable earnings, It will only be because of honest (?) ~~limited~~ partners. With this type of investment you are really completely at the mercy of the main partner. He can skip with the loot and you would not really have any legal recourse.

I imagine all of you have planned what you are going to do with all that money when you get it. I imagine you have all also told yourself, as I have been telling you all along, not to count on it, as it might fall through. It will be interesting to watch all of you. It is not many people who get to see what their children do with their inheritance, because usually the children don't get it until the parents are dead.

I hope you will all be wise with the way you invest the grandchildren's money. If they each deed over to Tracy 10%, they will have 540 shares, and when they have paid income tax and tithing (I hope all of them will tithe their profits) there will still be a nice nest egg for them, which should help them on missions or with educations. It will also be interesting to see how many of them will blow their funds on foolishness and the vain things of the world, instead of investing it in themselves for education and missions. If money markets and bonds stay good, interest on their money (say they realize \$10,800.) at 10% would double it in ten years. If they were smart and got scholarships to help with their educations, and if their rich parents helped with their educations, they might end up with enough to get a start when they are married. It's not going to be a fortune, but could be the difference between going and not going to college. That would be very important for those smart kids. Or to trade school to receive technical training of some kind.

Dad and I will try to give to each new grandchild born, the equivalent of what each grandchild received at the sale of the company. We figure our fruitful children might produce eight or nine new grandchildren.

Your Dad was absolutely inspired when he signed over the stock to you children. We did not know if it would ever bring anything--and we still don't know, but we knew that if it remained in our own estate, Uncle Sammy would get most of it, or even break all of you upon either or both of our deaths. What we have left in our estate is manageable, and we plan to spend every cent of it on foolishness like travel, etc. So, if you look at it frankly, if this sale goes through, you will be receiving your inheritance. May it bless your lives, help you prosper, and also help you to realize that money is a responsibility--if you use it wisely it can bless, if you use it unwisely, it can be a curse. One thing you can't buy with money is happiness.

A strong family, and a strong testimony of Jesus Christ's divinity and atoning sacrifice, combined with service to church and community, are the foundation stones for happiness. You can have that without money. If you have that first, money can't hurt it. The Lord intends us to have the earth and the fullness thereof, through our wisdom with the use of the earth's fullness.

Hallmanack, January 16, 1985, White Plains, NY

Dear Family,

If there isn't going to be a January HALLMANACK, just save this 'til Feb, Mom. We are all thrilled to learn Nancy is expecting. Congrats! Our prayers are with you and Virginia tht all will be normal and healthy for both you and the babies.

I had an interesting experience last night. The Hamblins invited us to their apartment in Port Chester for dinner and a joint Family Home Evening. It was a very special time. At one point in the adult conversation, when the kids were involved in the other room, Brother Hamblin taught us some things about the 2nd Endowment and the real Church of the Firstborn which was news to me and very sobering. Anyway, the way it was explained, and we trust him and his sources, the invitation for these very sweet and sacred experiences in a second temple endowment are extended only by the First Presidency and usually, now, to persons in the Church who have reached the age of 65 (though Rosie knew a couple who were young with very small children). Anyway, I think I'll have to live to be 165 before I'll have reached that state--but it made me think of Mom and Dad and the trials and pressures they have recently had (moths, no less!) and wonder if this is all to make some of these experiences more precious, if not had already. I think when I was young and more daring, I used to ponder on these more sacred possibilities in mortal experience and yearn and be so enticed by them and a desire to live worthy for them. It seems age has brought the realization I'm lucky to keep my head above the muck day by day and only that, dirty-faced, when I get salvaged in the sinking. My experience, too, is that the Lord's purpose in all things is to empower His children to serve others and bring them back to Him. So, endowments of power come through sincere desire to serve and acting therein--rather than for a self-searching for self-experience. Nevertheless, the entire conversation left me feeling very sobered and very deep in thought.

We stopped on the way home to buy some milk at Shopwell, and in my distant mood, I thought I saw Dan stop at a display of razors and look with interest at the different models. I walked closer and saw him holding a packet of cheap razors I had once tried. "Don't buy that," I said; "I tried those once and they cut up my legs. This one works much more smoothly and lasts long enough to justify the price. Only this price really is too expensive. When you walk by Rock Bottom or any of those better places sometime, would you pick up one for me?" Suddenly I heard this unfamiliar voice say, "Of course, I'd be glad to. Just tell me where to deliver it!" I found myself looking into the face of someone Dan's height and build and with a dark coat like Dan's, but a very different face. Needless to say my response was not as cool as his. Laura, who had been standing by, quickly ran away and made sure noone saw her with me until we left the store. I was trying to tell Dan what happened, but by then was laughing so hard, I couldn't get through one sentence. Daniel asked the guy what happened, and he said "She made my day. When things like that happen, you just have to flow with it!" I finally got out what happened to Dan and Daniel and then they started laughing--the store manager had heard it, and he had this look on his face that said "There are all kinds of customers around here," and the cashiers acted like they couldn't wait to rush us all through. I couldn't wait to get through, either, my weak bladder was worsening, and I couldn't stop laughing. But I was laughing so hard, I didn't think to give the guy a pamphlet--and he really deserved one after all that. I hope I meet him again someplace (under different circumstances).

Sunday I had a wonderful experience. I took the train into Manhattan to a meeting of the New Jersey/New York Biregional Public Communications Council, directed by Dave Forsyth. The Lord really blessed me and on this trip I came home with three addresses of people in the train, taxi-drivers, or Grand Central Station who sincerely wanted the missionaries to come. I used to try to be the missionary and quit asking for addresses for missionaries because I always got turned down. But I should not have stopped trying--I couldn't believe how easy it was. I got there an hour early so joined the Manhattan Ward Sacrament service. If you ever want to see an interesting conglomeration of Church members, visit the Manhattan Ward sometime. I just basked in it. All these people from every culture, accent, color, background imaginable--all in one room and singing the hymns and sharing the Spirit. I left the meeting early and went up a floor to the Stake offices. On the 4th floor, all these glowing Oriental people were jibbering away in some language I couldn't even identify--but they all looked so pure and happy.