

October Hallmanack (Oct 22)

Dear Family:

As you can see this Hallmanack is getting out a little late. I was about to berate myself for not getting to this sooner, but as I go over the letters which have been pouring (deep, scathing sarcasm) from the rest of you, I guess I do not need to be too hard on myself.

It's been a very busy month and an important one in the life of one of our family, namely Huntington Tracy, who was the first grandchild to decide to go on a mission. His farewell was Sunday, Oct 8th, and he entered the MTC on the 11th. Dad and I went to the farewell and excellent talks were given and beautiful music performed by the HTHall Jr. family. I had to resort to pins as all my buttons had burst off in pride (bad girl) over their various performances.

For those of you who do not know it--HTH Jr has shaved his beard, and now looks at least 20 yrs younger. He said he did not give the talk he had prepared--maybe so, but if so, he is surely a good extemporaneous speaker.

Zina is working at the moment at Storehouse Market in Orem to get money to (as I understand it) get into an apartment to go to school. She says she wants to go on a mission, too. Hope she makes it. She and Mary are getting so pretty that it will be nothing short of a miracle if they make it to the old age of 21 so they can get on missions. They would certainly make good missionaries. A smart bunch.

Daniel is preparing his papers and getting his physical so he can go on his mission as soon as his 19th birthday rolls around (Jan 3?) Somewhere around there, anyway. He and Stephen are vying for "Tallest of the Halls", but look out for Michael who is only 14 (13?) and already threatening to top the heads. We haven't heard from John yet, though, and who knows what will happen when the Weight sprouts and the Wood sprouts put in their bid.

I'm not going to talk about "smartests" however, because all our Hall Grandchildren are remarkably intelligent. Of course! (Take after their Grandmother.) Humph! Tallness is set by genes and nothing can be done about the "tall" genes one inherits--so one can't really brag about height because one can't claim personal credit for one's tallness. With what one does with the gray matter inherited, however, is a different matter. It can be developed to the highest potential or completely wasted. The smartest is not always the nicest or the most successful person around. Satan was one

of God's choicest sons and one of the most intelligent. He seemed to be a little short on character, however.

I have invited you all to Thanksgiving dinner. Liz and Marty & family are coming in from California and we hope that Charlotte and Bryan & family might make it, but when you're in a business of your own it's not easy to get away. We understand if you don't make it.

We plan to go East for Christmas. We will leave the 21st and get back about Jan 3. We will spend Christmas at Virginia's and Daniel and Sherlene and family will join us at Virginia's and then take us back to New Jersey for New Year's and for Daniel's farewell.

Everyone is excited about the California earthquake. If it does not do anything more it has made Utah well aware that it could happen here and probably will. I suspect that building codes will be upgraded. Our unconsolidated soil in this valley will make an earthquake the size of the San Francisco one even worse than that experienced there. The important thing to the Hall family is that the Neils came through safely. We didn't hear until about eleven that evening and were glad to get Liz's call then.

Liz said that their toolshed was a shambles--paint and everything all over. She said it had to be something as catastrophic as an earthquake to get them to clean that up.

I am coming to the finish of the redecorating spurt I have gone on. We have a new stove, a new sink, a new kitchen floor. The bedroom has been painted, and a new carpet installed there and in the Hall and down the stairs. New carpet shows up the sad woodwork, and so some of the woodwork has been given new coats of varnish and shellac. Low back pain and bursitis has stopped that temporarily, and "temporarily" will probably extend into "permanently."

If I can get Tracy to give me his farm worker one more day, I will get the ceilings and walls in the kitchen, Dad's study, Mom's study, and the Hall washed. Then we will feel "new" indeed. A day of that young man's labor last week got almost all of the windows washed except for the big ones in the living room and the big room downstairs. We managed to get the window out of the bedrooms downstairs, but the west bedroom window in the "boy's" room couldn't go back in. Dad worked on them, replaced the glass with the same insulated plastic he put on the greenhouse last year, and got them back in yesterday.

Dad arrived at the tender years of 70 last week. Thanks for your birthday greetings etc. You are very kind to him. (us). We love you.

The weather is supposed to get cold and winter should be showing up. It's been a beautiful Indian summer. Dad has been working to get the potted trees tucked in for the winter, and also to pour some concrete pads by the house. It will be nip and tuck, but we certainly hope he makes it.

Stake conference was this morning and was, as usual, excellent. We have some outstanding stake leaders. The theme was "working to perfection" and several of the talks were the role of adversity in the "refining" process. The excellent talks did not bring me to my knees to ask the Lord for problems. If they come, I will ask him to help me bear them, but I am not looking for any. I often wonder how I will meet adversity if and when it does come, though. Will it refine me to "gold" or to "dross"?

Nancy's home is not sold yet. Her business is coming along fine, however. I think she is working too hard, but I guess that comes with any business of your own.

Let us hear from all of you. You are all great for calling us to let us know what is going on with your various families, but I am not too good at letting the rest of the family know. We love you and appreciate your loving kindnesses to us. How can parents be as blessed as we are.

Mother

*(see back)*