

Sept. 12, 1983

Dear Family:

It's too bad that we let our lives get so busy that we can't find time to write to those we love and to those we need to sustain.

→ 11? (Saturday)  
It's been a mad, mad world since we came home, June 17. When we arrived at the airport all the Provo families plus Charlotte & Bryan & children were at the airport to greet us. They were a sight for sore eyes and the memory brings tears as I write. Eighteen months makes quite a change in growing children and the new little babies, Barbara, Chelsea Kay, Spencer, Don, Roy, & Hyrum were there.

We had seen Sherlene & family and Virginia & Barry & family in the East plus Ted, so there remained only Marty & kids from Cal & we would have seen the whole family. They visited from California soon so that said was fulfilled.

Charlotte & Bryan were in process of moving from Springville & had both been busy cleaning, mending etc for our return. They stayed in the house until they could buy one in Delta.

Teresa & Joe moved into an apartment about 2 weeks after we got home, so the extra three bedrooms upstairs came in handy. They are still in the ward over on Stadium so we see them often.

On July 9th, Sat., Dad injured his knee. He was pushing something heavy at the yard & tore the cartilage in his knee. The Byu tasked him to move out of his lab into smaller quarters and he was moving some of his equipment to the

September 20, 1983

Dear Family:

Here is the September Hallmanac. Please get your letters to me by the end of the week following fast Sunday. I waited longer this time, because Mother said some letters would be coming from Sherlene and Virginia, but no letters showed, so I mailed anyway.

Whew! It has been the most hectic two weeks I can remember: Getting the kids back in school and scheduling their dance lessons, soccer practices, scout meetings, etc. has been really something. We have three kids playing soccer this year, which means two weekday practices for each child, plus a game each Saturday. This last Saturday all three games were scheduled at the same time at different schools. Marty had gone up to the Church Camp (Lehi Park) on a ward work outing and I stayed home to shuffle kids. I took Erin to her game and stayed to watch, as it was the first time she had ever played. Her coach let her sit out the first quarter because she couldn't stop crying from fear, but she had to go in for the rest of the game, and she cried (at the top of her lungs--it seemed to me) for the whole second quarter. The ball went right past her twice and she didn't even see it. But she calmed down after halftime oranges were eaten and she even kicked at the ball a few times in the rest of the game. Soccer is a great sport for kids to gain confidence because every child plays and is actively involved in the game. (Unless they're crying too hard to see the ball.)

I'm back to teaching music lessons a few times a week. Right now I have seven students (counting Greg and Emily) and hope to get a few singing students soon. I'm also teaching once a week at the elementary school (chorus).

Marty is BUSY at work! (and not sleeping much at night)

We got our back fence fixed and hope it holds through a few winter storms.

Greg won Catfish Hunter's Oakland A's baseball uniform. He entered a contest the Mercury News was sponsoring and guessed correctly the final score of the "Oldtimers Game". Two other boys also guessed correctly, but Greg won in a drawing. What in the world are we going to do with this uniform? It came complete--including the shoes. (No mitt, though). Greg was pretty excited!

Three stakes in our area are going to perform the Messiah this December. I promoted myself a little bit to the director and he invited me to sing the contralto solo on one of the evenings. I knew he hadn't heard me sing for several years, so I told him I had been taking lessons and would like an opportunity to audition for the solo. He said he had already asked a soloist, but he has used her for the past several performances so would gladly hear me sing, and is going to let me do one of the two performances.

Greg is going to "super six" at the junior high school and is finding it challenging--at least in the homework department. He wanted to sign up for every club and extra curricular activity offered, but we told him to wait and see how his grades were and then he could do the extra. Besides, how much extra does a kid need? He already does piano, soccer (or baseball, depending on the season) and scouts.

We enjoyed Tracy and Mother's letters and hope the rest of you will write next month. (Try and keep it to a page.)

Love,

Liz.