

July 4, 1984

Dear Family,

It's my turn to do the letter this month (Betsy) and I'm feeling testy so don't be surprized. Besides, I can't remember anything. Oh yeah, my youngest brother Jason was married on June 23rd and everybody in both families was at our house the night before. Besides that the housepainter whom we had paid in November (namely my brother George, the real reliable one) finally got around to us just before the wedding. He insisted he had to prime all the closets in one big operation, so I had all of the stuff from all the closets in the house out on the floor. Oh well, at least we had clean closets for the wedding. Of course, two closets remain unpainted: George can't ever quite see his way clear to actually finish something.

Tracy, Zina, and Mary rode back to Washington State with my folks the Monday following the wedding and to all reports are having a blast. The girls have spent most of their time with our friends the Maslans, who have a daughter Zina's age. They explored some of Seattle, including the import shops at the Pike Place Market, riding the public buses, and felt quite adventuresome. Tracy attended a youth conference in my parents' stake and acquired quite a bit of attention by winning a door prize -- the prize being a dance with "Miss Teenaged Washington" who is LDS and was a special guest at the conference. I asked him (on the phone), "Did you actually dance with her?" He said, "Oh sure, no big deal." He's gone fishing with grandpa, and caught two rock cod. They all spent the weekend at the grandparents, and then last night the Maslans picked all three of them up for a 4th of July holiday at the ocean. Jason's open house is this coming Saturday (July 7th), and the following Monday T, Z, & M will ride back home with Jason and Lisa. It has felt very odd having them gone, and I've missed their company greatly, but there have been benefits for everybody I think.

Nothing else has happened this month except that Spencer has emptied every salt and pepper shaker in the house five times and drunk dishwasher twice that I know of etc. etc. etc., but to balance things out Anthony has finally toilet-trained himself. I am working at the doll museum on Wednesday afternoons and enjoying it.

Tracy usually has some news about Megadiamond for you and I know that the R&D this month has been interesting but I'm sick to death of Mega business and don't want to talk about it. I will say this, however, that David has worked his butt off (pardon my French) for all of us and I have learned to trust his judgment almost completely. If ANYBODY has any whining or complaining to do it better not be around me.

LOVE, and oodles of it, from Betsy for all in this household.

PS: I think Mom will go nuts over this family letter; it's a thankless job. I think the family letter has been very valuable and I wish we'd all make it entirely unnecessary for her to remind us of deadlines, etc.

MORE LOVE, Betsy