

2- Mother's

I thought if I left it empty while trying to sell it, the insurance people would cancel my policy, but they said there was no problem. Now if we could just sell the farm, too.

Speaking of the farm, dad got the Ford tractor fixed, but using his little Kabota, he pulled the disk around the whole farm and it looks about 100% better.

He has only one more leaky tap to fix at the house. He started taking down the cabinets downstairs to fix the outside tap on the northeast corner of the house, but it wouldn't come down so he is going to have to find another way to get at that pipe.

However, the Lord provides, I guess, because just before I was going to open the store at the little house, I got the big idea to go down to Brianhead to that new hotel we went through while we were there. I remembered that there was a little store in it called the "Ruffled Goose" which took consignment goods. I wrote her (Tracy had picked up a brochure on the hotel) and asked if she would be interested. She was so interested that she called me instead of writing, and so I took a bunch of the items down. I thought she might take two or three items. She took about 30. And was really pleased. She even thought my price of \$90. to \$125 (our cut) was very reasonable. She sends out checks to the consignees every two weeks. She has already sold four items and the season hasn't even begun. She wrote for me to send her some more large size, as the most interested women so far have been older (and heavier) women. Needless to say, I complied.

Thinking I was opening the store, I had Craig Jonsson's wife crochet me some Christmas snowflake ornament samples, which I sent with a check for the yarn to one of my church friends in Zimbabwe and told her to have her supplier (she is a middle woman) to crochet me a bunch. They can usually do it if they see a pattern, but they cannot follow a printed pattern. I wonder what will come of that. At any rate, I plan to decorate my Christmas tree with crocheted snowflakes this year. If this turns out well, I think the Ruffled Goose Lady might be interested in handling them, and the ladies of the RS in Zimbabwe can pick up some extra money by making them and sending them to me. I would not charge them for handling them, except to hire someone to wash and block them (maybe the granddaughters) and they could probably earn quite a good profit. If the interest remains good for the crocheted dresses, when Tracy and I get rid of our extras, we will let the Zimbabwe gals send us dresses, and sell them for them at the Goose. I am thinking of driving up to some of the other Ski resorts and trying the same stunt.

Well everyone is waiting (?) with bated breath until they get rich. WAIT. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. It has been good to see some of the "outlanders". Only the time went too fast. One outlander we haven't seen is Virginia. You know the old folks can't be budged. Get on the plane and come out. If you all could come for Christmas it would be grand. What am I saying! I'll come there--where? Anywhere. I guess, however, if I go to Ginger's in Feb. it will be about as much as I can be gone without coping with my conscience. I've got good counselors, however. We'll have to space our vacations.

Remember Coleen Collins Smith (Dance?). Her husband Gene has serious cancer. We're all just getting into the diaster years, I guess.

Lov Ya All

Mom