

April 2, 1990

Dear Mom and Dad and Laura,

Thanks for the letter! Today at 4:00 p.m., I'm outta here! Guatemala, here I come! The experience here at the MTC has been incredible, but teaching the gospel is going to be even better!

I'm probably doing my last batch of laundry right now for awhile. From what I hear, it's taken care of for us down there. Yow!!!!

Well, Mom, I guess they didn't change the age for girls to go on missions (not at Gen. Conf., anyway!) Thanx for sending me the stuff I left at home.

Keep being happy and don't get discouraged if your next letter comes in 3-4 weeks. The mail is slow. Mail it to:

Elder Daniel Bartholomew
La Mision de Guatemala
Cuidad de Guatemala Norte
Apartado Postal 332-A
Guatemala, Guatemala, C.A.

*cont. Sunday
22-1st-
1080 united
4:28 P.M.*

Gracias.

With love, your son, Elder Daniel H. Bartholomew

*July 1 - flight
1540 - 15
arrived noon*

3-3-90 from 563 N. 150 W., Kaysville, UT 84037:

"Bro. & Sis. Bartholomew. I just wanted you to know your special son got off to Guatemala in fine spirits. It was our pleasure to share some time with him at the airport. We fed him pizza (along with a few other Elders!) and my daughter helped him repack a carry on case. He was absolutely delightful!

He radiated the gospel and we were all "thumbs up" as they boarded the plane. My son Garrett had the privilege of being friends with yours while in the MTC. Garrett was his DL for a few weeks.

You can both be assured that he was ready for his mission and will have many opportunities for growth. He felt good about himself and what he was prepared to do.

God bless you both for all you do in the gospel. Our prayers will be with your son and all those who serve in the greatest mission on Earth! May all be well with your family during the next few months. Sincerely, Bishop & Sister Sill"

April 6, 1990

Dear Mom, Dad, and Laura,

!¿Como estan?! Today is my second day in Guatemala and I just love it. My new companion is an Elder Travis Larson and he's a great guy. We met with our mission president after a very long, all-night plane ride (but we were given seats in first class, so we were well fed).

The airport and plane experience was awesome. I got four referrals and gave away about the same number of Book of Mormons. The people were all Spanish and just awesome. I was talking to one lady and she said something about how all religions are good but ours is better because of the "discipline" (her word). She emphasized how we don't smoke or drink. Then she told me her sister was a Mormon.

I went through the Book of Mormon and told her how Lehi and Nephi started a great civilization and how Jesus visited them (she had already agreed to take one). While I was talking to her, a woman sitting across from her got really excited, stood up, and asked if she could get one, if we were selling them! I said, no, but we'd be happy to give her one. One of the elders took over with her, and by the end, she was talking about being baptized.

This was not unusual. Each person I talked to showed remarkable interest and asked really good questions.

The guy sitting next to me on the plane asked how, with there being so many churches, we could know which one was right. He was confused about there being one God, yet so many religions.

I talked to him about what prophets were and then told him the Joseph Smith story. He also thought that God, Jesus, and the Holy Ghost were all one, so I showed him the story of the baptism of Christ, showed him it in the Bible, and he accepted what I said right there. No struggle. Just acceptance. Absolutely amazing.

Anyway, Pres. Romney and his wife are going to be great [actually, we read in the Church News yesterday that he will get a new mission president named David Frischknecht. We're also getting a new mission president in Morristown, NJ named Davis.] He [Pres. Romney] is very strict (I'm glad), and we have to know the plantinas (discussions) by heart (not memorized, in our own words). My first companion is a gringo (American), but it's going to be great, anyway.

We live out in the middle of nowhere with dirt roads. People live in small brick rooms. There are lots of little children. These people are very poor by American standards. They wash their clothes (and ours) on rocks on the stream and the kids roll wheels down the street for toys.

There's lots of roosters, dogs, birds, flowers, trees, etc. It's quite different from White Plains or Scarsdale, NY. But the people are humble and kind and sweet.

This is a relatively new area. The missionaries have been here