

Sunday, December 16, 1990

Dear Family,

Today has been a pretty boring day. We've been stuck in the house since Friday evening, and we're supposed to stay here until at least Tuesday morning. It's a very nice house, but it gets kind of tiring. I feel like doing something, but there's nothing I feel like doing. The best time to write letters is when there are a lot of things going on that you want to talk about, but when there are a lot of things going on that you want to talk about, you don't have any time to write.

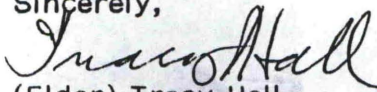
I got the UPS package Thursday or Friday -- the same ^{day} Mom called. I loved it. I adored it. Especially the video tape. All of us in the office but Elder Harris watched it right after it came, and the next day Elder Harris came back from Cap-Haitian (President Andrus had sent him with Elder Cope to get a house contract signed), and I watched it again with him. I loved every part of it. You all look so different after a year! When you showed last year's Christmas, I told everyone, "That's what they really look like." They all said they thought I had a really cool family. (I didn't contradict them.) When I say you all look different, I mean you all look even better than when I left you. And Robert playing Bach! And Lili playing Primary songs! I'm really impressed with all of you. It looks like Orem High Drama is getting better, too. That tap-dancing was something else. Needless to say, Mary was a hoot. (Mary and Zina will have to watch out when these elders go back to BYU. They've seen you. They know who you are.) I didn't recognize Robert on stage at first. He looks like he's really in his element. I sang along with the carols around the piano.

We've just ran out of water in our basin. We tried to get a water truck yesterday, but with no luck. Today is out of the question. The basin for the office still has water, though. I'll have to haul up buckets of water to do the dishes. [We got a water truck to the house the next morning, and I didn't have to haul water by hand, after all. Pretty lucky.]

With the history of elections in this country, I can understand them confining us to our houses for a day before and after. So far, though, the one incident in Pétienville a few days ago has been the only violence. The election seems to be running pretty smoothly.

Thanks again for the package. I love you all. Merry Christmas!

Sincerely,


(Elder) Tracy Hall

P.S. Wed, Dec 19. Elections seem to have come and gone relatively peacefully. There was a little excitement the day after, but no real violence. They haven't given the official results yet, but everyone seems pretty sure that Aristide has won. We'll just have to see what happens from here.

P.P.S. I can't believe that Christmas is less than a week away! Thank's again for the wonderful package, with the wonderful candy and the wonderful decorations and the wonderful stuffing and the wonderful socks and the wonderful recipes and the splendifluous, fantabulistic video.

(over)

P.P.P.S. In the best holiday spirit, here's a poem I wrote on the theme of generosity.

Tipping a Garbage Can

It's a thankless job that trash cans do:
They keep nothing of their revenue.
They sit all day in the same dim spot
And wait, as their contents rise to the top,
To lose them, via the garbage man,
To a larger collection in a larger can.

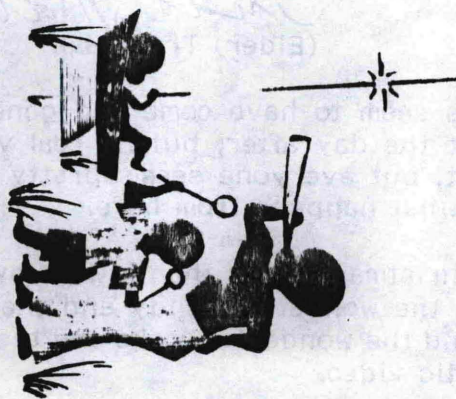
As every walk of life walks by,
Each brings a share of the endless supply
Of parcels thrown in by the handfull or clump,
Each one addressed to the landfill or dump.
It pains me to see it (I'm a kind-hearted kid),
So I found something gooey to stick on the lid

insided ↓

And stick it, I did.

Dear Dad, Mom, Zina,
Mary, Robert, Suzzy,
Alex, Lili, Audy and Spie.

This card was
enclosed
w/ the
letter of
Dec. 22



May your Christmas
be merry this year
and throughout every
year.

- Tracy

↑ outside