

July Hallmanack, 1991
Dear Family:

Enclosed is a tender letter from Virginia. When Jonathan is a grown man with children of his own, he should be given a copy of this letter.

I guess all parents have times of semi-crisis or crisis when their love for their children, although there all the time, especially when accident or disease threatens the life of a child, *is especially poignant*.

I remember when I was only about six to eight, my brother Heber became sick. His temperature was high and he was threatened with convulsions. I remember how worried my parents were and how afraid I was that my little brother was going to die. I remember going into my bedroom, alone, and kneeling down and pleading with the Lord to bless Heber and make him better.

Then there was the time when our car overturned into a culvert in Iowa. Tracy said at the time all he could think of was that we were going to go into water and he wondered how he was going to get all of us out of the car alive. We did fall into water, but it was just drainage water, and it may have saved our lives because the bottom of the culvert was muddy and probably cushioned our crash. The first thing we did was untangle the bedding and the children. I can remember someone (I don't know which child) crying and I was so afraid in the overturning of the car that one or more of them might be hurt. I don't think any of us were in seatbelts and the children were asleep in the back of the car on a bed set-up that we had fixed by bringing the space between the front and back set even with the back seat so the kids could lay down and also move around a little more.

When we collected them all (Liz was a baby at the time), the first thing we did, even before Tracy got out of the car to see if he could get up the side of the culvert and get help, was to gather the family around us and thank our Heavenly Father for our safety. It seemed a miracle that none of us was hurt.

I guess the worst time of all was when David and Tracy and their cousins were in the Scout accident. I had taken the day to do genealogy, and my genealogy room at that time was in the middle bedroom downstairs. I remember Tracy coming into the room and telling me there had been an accident. The worst part, I think, was the waiting to find out how David and Tracy were and if they were even alive. Then, too, we knelt together, your father and I and asked the Lord to bless all those who had been in the accident, and to have the courage to face what we might have to face, but especially to bless Tracy and David, and to help them whatever they might be going through. When we did hear, all we knew was that neither had died and that David was in the hospital. We did not know the extent of his injuries. Nor did we know if Tracy had been hurt or not--only that he was not dead nor that he had not been one taken to the hospital. We had learned prior to that time that Randy had been killed, his name had been announced over the radio and that is how his parents found out. I presume whoever was giving information to the media thought all the boys were from Provo, or somewhere else besides Ogden. In Provo the police wouldn't release any names to the media until all the parents of those who had been killed were notified.

But it doesn't take big accidents like the scout accident to make parents worry. When Tracy caught his fingers in the door of "old Betsy", the Dr. told us he would probably always have stiff fingers. The missionaries were having dinner with us that day and they administered to him and when I went into his bedroom the next morning, he had removed the bandage and was moving those fingers around like they had never been hurt. The thing that bothered me most about illness with the children, though was "fever". I was sure they were going to die if they got a fever--I hadn't remembered our own family having fevers much--but they probably did because the surgeon who operated on Irma's heart said she had once had rheumatic fever.

Goodbye for now, Love, Mom

Virginia and Barry Wood, 4510 N. 35th St., Arlington, VA. 22207 (703) 243-3690,
June 23, 1991

Dear Family,

Just sitting down to write this letter is a major accomplishment. In addition, the typing of the date has brought vividly to my mind a couple of birthdays I have missed including (but not inclusive, I'm sure) Liz's on the 7th, and Doug's which was somewhere in the teens, I think. We hope they were happy and are sorry we missed wishing them happy on the day they occurred.

I am hoping that I will have a "quiet" week. The possibility is there due to the fact that Nathan and Warren are at Goshen (scout camp), Jonathan will be at Camp Akela (boy scout day camp), and Sarah will be at Vacation Bible School from 9 - 12 with a friend every day for a week, beginning on Monday. That leaves me with Rose-Ellen, Christian, and Roland. HMMMMMM . . . I wonder if Aunt Sherlene wouldn't like to have Rose-Ellen visit for a week. She could help her sort all the stuff in her basement. Christian will be no problem at all--never has been, and is actually kind of fun to have around. Roland is a handful and then some. We were watching 20/20 or some other show like it and they did a rather shocking segment on day-care. Of course one realizes that it is their intent to shock, but the footage they had on one day-care in particular ought to be shown to all young men and women as they contemplate putting their babies into the hands of others while they pursue important careers. Nathan was night-owling it and turned to me and said, "Mom--you wouldn't ever put Roland in day-care would you?" Barry called me in to see the segment as I had just had a particularly trying week with Roland and felt as though I was accomplishing nothing in particular around the house. Day-care seemed a pleasing alternative to my sanity a number of times during the week. If nothing else, I did make an infant feel happy, secure, dry, safe, and loved during the week and that is no small thing.

In the last three weeks Roland has become suddenly and very mobile. He gets into the dishwasher. He climbs the stairs. He opens the cupboard if left ajar the tiniest amount. He was seen trying to pry open the freezer door. He is particularly fond of the garbage cans and I wish I could send a picture of him scraping out the bottom of the night-before's Chinese take-out with pure pleasure. Roland is not and has never been a good sleeper. The phone wakes him up. A knock at the door wakes him. The sound of my voice (or anybody's voice for that matter) wakes him. He sleeps for about two hours total during the day and doesn't go down until ten or eleven. He wakes me twice or three times a night and gets up at six or seven. I realize that some of this is of my own making as I've allowed him to get into bad sleep habits, but most of it was to save my sanity at the moment and now I am paying the price. Ah well--this too shall pass. I think some of my frustration stems from the fact that I had such an easy time of it with Christian and thank goodness for that.

Mother mentioned, as a postscript in her last Hallmanack, that Jonathan had been in an accident. It happened on June 13 as I was visiting in the library with my Visiting Teacher, Susan Baker. Suddenly, through the door burst Jeremy Wolf, who said, "Jonathan's been hit by a car." My immediate impulse was to follow him through the door, and run to Jonathan. I called to Susan, "Call 911." Then I

immediately realized that she wouldn't know the details of our address and phone number off hand, so I told her to go with Jeremy and I headed for the phone. It wasn't until I picked up the phone that I realized I didn't know any of the details of the accident--where it happened, how many were involved, and whether he was conscious or not. Still, after they answered and I spilled out what little I knew, I learned that I was the third call. Apparently, there was a car phone in one of the vehicles on the scene. In addition, a neighbor outside whose home the accident occurred, had also phoned. At this point, I ran out the door and all the little ones spilled out behind me. Gratefully, as Susan was on the scene (half a block away and up the hill,) I was able to stop, think, send them all back inside with Nathan and then proceed to the scene. I didn't know what we would see when we got there and had the sense to send the little ones back inside and away from the trauma. As I came running up the hill to the site of the accident, Susan was shouting, "It's going to be okay, it's going to be okay." She was afraid I'd see the totally smashed windshield and fall apart. By the time I arrived on the scene, our neighbor, Bev Skoggins, had calmed everything down and was sitting beside Jonathan holding his hand and patting his knee. From what we can reconstruct of the accident it appears that the car that hit him came over the rise of the hill just as Jonathan came speeding out from a side street. She could not see him because of some bushes at the corner and he did not see her until the actual impact. It appears that as he turned uphill and left she hit him full-speed (25 ? 30 mph?) and then began to brake. She said to me at the scene that she did not see him as she was intent on the other three boys also on their bikes at the scene. He flew over the handlebars and hit her windshield with his head and broke it completely, though it did not shatter out of the frame. Then as she braked and came to a stop she threw him a second time onto the street where he says he also hit his head. He had tried to get to his feet, but Bev made him lay back down. Within five minutes there were two fire engines, two police cars and an ambulance at the scene. Jonathan was complaining of terrible pains in his left leg, but the paramedics did not think it was broken, though Jonathan did. They strapped him to a board and braced his head and neck as a precautionary measure. Because of the damage to the car, they at first assumed his injuries would be so serious as to require a first-class trauma center to handle them. However, it was rush-hour (a long, slow drive during the rush-hour commute) and Fairfax Hospital seemed a long ways away. Also, his responses at the scene were so amazingly good for a child just hit head on by a car that they decided to take him to Arlington Hospital, much closer and a class 2 trauma center. By now, you all have heard that he was wearing a helmet. The police officer who was first at the scene took one look at the car, one look at Jonathan and said, "Mom, that was a very good investment." The helmet has long scratches in it made by the windshield glass. That would have been Jonathan's head. The other three young boys who were riding bikes with Jonathan did not have helmets. I am sorry that Jonathan got hit, but I am glad that he did not have to witness a life-threatening injury to one of his friends. There are a lot more helmets in Arlington county today than there were just a week ago.

[↑]being worn

I am very proud of Jonathan. We had told him that any time he was in the street he was to wear his helmet. I can only recall one occasion when I had to reprimand him. His obedience kept him from severe injury and perhaps even death.

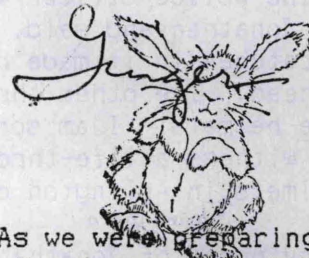
A church member and friend of mine works in emergency admitting in the records department. She saw me back at x-ray and saw Jonathan lying on a stretcher. She

is Jonathan's Primary teacher. She was amazed that he had just been hit by a car. She told us that the day before she had seen a boy just Jonathan's age who had been involved in an almost identical, head-on bike accident. He was not wearing a helmet. He will have serious, life-long injuries.

We were there about an hour. Jonathan walked out of the hospital. His leg was badly bruised, but required no treatment. He was pretty sore the next day but went to school (it was the last day and he didn't want to miss it.) In addition to the protection his helmet afforded, we have the persistent and gentle feeling that there was heavenly intervention in his accident. About two and a half years ago, one of Jonathan's Primary classmates was killed accidentally in a shooting incident. His mother, Pam, told me that the night before Jonathan's accident Brad appeared in her dreams. Though he said nothing, he smiled, waved happily, and skipped away, leaving her with a feeling that all was well with him. She was left with a great feeling of peace. The next day as she heard of Jonathan's accident, her dream of the night before came to her with force and renewed peace and she knew Jonathan would be all right.

We are very grateful that he is all right and that he is an obedient boy. When Jeremy burst through the door I had just such an overwhelming feeling of concern and fear. In my mind I wondered how he could be hit by a car and survive. And when I saw him and realized he had his helmet on I had such a feeling of joy that he had been obedient and that he had been kept from serious injury. That night, following his accident, I had difficulty sleeping. I kept worrying that there was some undetected injury to his brain and that he would slip away from me during the night. I worked on some sewing while he slept as the sewing room is adjacent to his bedroom. And I worried, and cried as I went over and over the events of the day in my mind. But as I did so I suddenly had this sense of Heavenly Father wrapping me in His arms and comforting me and letting me know that He loved me and knew all of my worries and cares and burdens. I felt the parent in Him and knew that just as I worried and fretted over Jonathan's well-being, He also cared about Jonathan's well-being and my well-being and all of His children's well-being, and sorrowed when they fell and rejoiced when they picked themselves up off of troubled streets and walked and were whole. And then I was able to go downstairs and sleep until Roland woke me up to nurse.

I am sure things will be quieter this week. We love you all.



P. S. A humorous? aside to the events of June 13. As we were preparing to leave the accident scene, Susan called that she would take the four youngest home with her as I accompanied Jonathan to the hospital. In the flurry and worry of the moment we both forgot that at her home were two children with chicken pox and none of my seven have had chicken pox. Four of them were really exposed to chicken pox. It will be a miracle if we don't see any pox in the coming week or so.

Dear Family:

June 9, 1991

School will be out before this letter is copied and distributed. Willis finished "play-school" two weeks ago. He enjoyed his school year and is very ready for kindergarten next year. He can count to one hundred and can write most of the alphabet. Willis is very active, but controlled. He likes playing with friends. Willis especially loves sleep overs and is planning to have several this summer.

Hyrum's started out in soccer last fall and will complete his first year of hardball this coming week. Soccer and baseball have been helpful in increasing his motor skills. He hasn't gotten to many base hits this season, but last Saturday he got a hit and an R.B.I. Hyrum is well liked by his friends. He is a growing wiggle worm.

Hannah submitted a viscosity entry into the school science fair last month. Viscosity is the resistance of a liquid to flow. Her poster explained why it is easier to get honey out of a bottle after it is warm. When the temperature rises, the viscosity changes and the molecules are not packed so tightly together. Hannah's "hands on" display demonstrated the viscosity of different liquids in mason jars. The jars were covered with lids and the lids a small hole in the top. The spectators could drop BBs through the hole and watch how long it takes the BB to hit the bottom of the jar. Hannah will be a fifth grader next year.

Sarah's last big report of the school year is over. The emphasis of the reports this year has been on learning how to do research. She chose to study the African country of Zimbabwe. She chose Zimbabwe primarily because her grandma and grandpa Hall went there on a mission in 1982-83. The students had to turn in their note cards after three weeks for a partial evaluation and their rough drafts one week before the due date. She had about seven full pages of type written text in addition to maps, pictures, cover, title and bibliography pages. She worked hard on it and got an "A" on both the written and oral segments. Sarah is looking forward to being "out" for the summer. She will be in junior high next year and starts 7th grade.

Charlotte enjoyed going with the family to Beverly Beach state park over Memorial weekend. After last year's "rain out" Charlotte said she would not go again unless we have good weather and someone else does the cooking. I told her I would take care of the cooking, so she went. Charlotte helped with the dishes. The weather cooperated for the most part. We had drizzles during the days and rain at night, but the weather was tolerable for Oregon. Charlotte actually read an entire book called, "Not Without My Daughter."

I'm learning about my new church calling. I'm the cub scout master for our ward. It is a fun calling because the boys remind me of myself when I was that age. Guiding Hyrum as he built his pinewood derby car was a wonderful experience. I also enjoy keeping score at Hyrum and Sarah's ball games. It was also fun to go camping with the family and do all the cooking at Beverly Beach.

Bryan, Charlotte, Sarah, Hannah, Hyrum and Willis Weight