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mite bit smaller than a double bed sized quilt. I had a quilting bee for my birthday at the house and invited everyone in the Relief Society to drop by either in the day or evening to quilt on it. We got some real first-time quilting done on it, as well as some very expert quilting. Even Sarah put in a few of her first time stitches on it. I figure it will get a good deal of abuse, being on Nathan's bed, so people may as well learn on something that I won't anguish over. Even so, it's been hard for me not to pick out some of the worst of it and redo it, but I have resisted. It has brought to my mind just how many things my Mother taught me while I was growing up. It's amazing to me that there are lots and lots of women out there who have never learned how to sew. Sarah is chomping at the bit to learn to sew, and I'm surprised at my own reluctance to get her started. It takes a lot of patience and time to teach a child a particular skill. More and more, I appreciate how much time Mom put into parenting. Most of the things I am able to accomplish around this house I learned from her. It's selfish of me not to pass those skills onto this generation. I guess I'll just have to bite the bullet and get going. I've promised Sarah that this summer I will let her make a nine-patch quilt and tie it. Rose-Ellen seems to have a natural talent for sewing and does very even straight stitches on a striped fabric I gave her to practice on. What she doesn't have is any natural patience. She gets so utterly frustrated when things don't turn out exactly perfect. I'm not sure that I am going to survive teaching Rose-Ellen anything.

We are (thank goodness) finished with Science Projects for the year. Nathan and Warren both did nice jobs on their projects. Nathan won second place in his division with a project on the heat-conducting properties of various metals. Warren got a chemistry kit for Christmas and would love for his Mom (how about DAD) to spend time with him every day doing various experiments. It came with about 40 different vials of chemicals, and I insist that he be supervised in his experiments as I'm certain that he's going to succeed in mixing something that will blow up the house. Poor child. What he needs is to spend an entire summer with his Grandpa Hall or his Uncle Tracy or Uncle David poking around sheds and puttering with various machines and ideas. He really is very bright and has a natural curiosity and inclination towards things scientific.

I had better sum up and get this out in the mail. The Young Men of the Mutual are coming here to the house for their activity tonight. They're going to play a little basketball, play a few video games, eat a little pizza, and generally make a lot of noise. I was going to say that I needed to get the house clean, but upon reconsideration, maybe I'll wait until they leave to clean the house. It certainly makes more sense. I think that what Barry and I used to spend on Budget is going to end up in the stomachs of the Mutual kids.

Liz, we really enjoyed your Valentine cookies. They came right on Valentines Day, just before dinner, and just as I was wondering what in the world I was going to do for a special dessert. Wonderful! The kids were really tickled pink.

Sherlene and Dan bought me a beautiful Christmas straw wreath with a painting of the Nativity inside it that I admired at a craft fair. Sherlene also bought me a beautiful and much needed glass pitcher for a birthday gift. Liz sent me lots of chocolate dipping supplies for my birthday that really came in handy when I made Valentine chocolates for the kids teachers this year. Mom sent a giant doorknob