

Mom's Dad's copy

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*Don't give up on a
2-page! :)*

Dear Daniel,

Before I forget, I got a letter from one of your fans over the holidays: "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, My name is Jennifer Heap, and I was a friend of your son, Daniel. I had a class at BYU with him. Anyway, since he left for his mission a year ago, I have lost contact with him. I am presently in Connecticut and would like to write to him again. If you could please send me his address, it would be greatly appreciated. You have a wonderful son, and you should be very proud of him. Thanks, Sincerely, Jennifer Heap. My address is: 380 Wilton Rd. West, Ridgefield, CT 06877."

Instead of giving her your address, I'll just send it to you and you can write her if you desire (AFTER you've written us a long letter, mind you). Oh, maybe I'll send her it, after all--I'm sure you can use all the fan mail you can get - so wait 'til she writes you!

We did not get a letter last week. Are you transferred? Sick? Lazy? Out of ink? Well, I think I got two the week before, so I can't complain. Last week Dad had my computer all taken apart because he was installing new systems to trade info. between his fancy, new computer and mine, so I couldn't use my Word Perfect. I started writing you a letter by hand and decided in a hurry that you would have to wait, too. It made me truly appreciate the beautiful, long letters you have been writing out to us in long-hand. 'Must kill you after having used word processing!

At any rate, this is the first day since January 3 that I have felt I could hold my head up without props. I got a nasty virus and have been miserable. One of these things where I cough all night in spasms and can't sleep and have such a sore throat, I can't eat. I finally went to the Dr. and got some antibiotic, but basically this seems to be the kind of thing only time can cure.

I guess if I was going to get sick, I chose a good time. With Dad home all day, I've had lots of sympathy. And I can't complain. I have excellent health and haven't been ill in over a year, I don't think. It is good to go through this occasionally, so we have empathy with others. Just the week before I got sick, I saw a commercial on TV for some cold remedy, and I thought to myself, "Those stupid ads just give people ideas. I never get sick. It's probably all psychological." Famous last words. THERE WAS NOTHING PSYCHOLOGICAL ABOUT HOW I'VE FELT THE LAST 11 DAYS! Although it was "in my head," all right!

Anyway, when my eyes weren't burning too much, I read. Most of the time I was dizzy when I tried to stand up, so there was nothing to do but stay down. Daytime TV is absolutely the pits. I had not watched it for a while--I couldn't believe the GARBAGE that part of the American public which bothers to watch TV demands! I was about to give the TV away, but then the debates in the House and Senate over the Persian Gulf crisis came, without commercials, over Channel 13. They were debating whether to support the desire of Pres. Bush to essentially go to war after the Jan. 15 deadline (for Iraq to get out of Kuwait) or, to keep trying the economic sanctions.

I watched most of it. Very engaging. 'Certainly a blessing to watch our representatives in action. I was fascinated to see the faces