

June 6, 1978
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Dear Family,

Well, we're the guilty party this time, I'm afraid. We've had the letter a week and a half. It came last Friday, and I should have mailed it Saturday before the mail rates went up!

This has been one hectic month! As most of you probably know, I had a miscarriage on May 2. I started spotting on Saturday, April 30 and called my doctor. He indicated there was really nothing to be done, and to just wait and see what happened. He said I should call if I started cramping or passing blood clots. Monday I went in for an exam (my first as I'd only known for certain that I was pregnant for a week.) He said I was between 9 and 11 weeks along, and that the cervix was still closed. As I had quite a bit of bleeding he said I had less than a 50% chance of carrying the baby. That night I started to cramp and pass clots, so he had me check into the hospital. After examining me, he said I was slightly dilated and that there was tissue in the mouth of the cervix, a sure indication that miscarriage was unavoidable. They put pitocin in my drip to increase the strength of the contractions and see if I would naturally abort. By morning (what a miserable night I had!) I still had not miscarried, so they wheeled me away to the operating room to do a D&C. When I think about the feelings I had prior to going into the operating room, and considering the knowledge I had that I would lose the baby anyway, I cannot understand how any woman could purposely abort a live fetus. The miscarriage was more physically wearing than Nathan's birth had been, due in part, I think, to the fact that pain is more endurable when one is able to see the fruits of labor. It's taken me the better part of this month to feel that my energy and strength is back to normal levels. Dr. Henitze indicated at my post op check that I was in fine shape and could dismiss any concerns about future pregnancies and proceed with another pregnancy if I desired. He said between 10 and 15 percent of all pregnancies end in miscarriage. Barry was my strength and support throughout, and I am so grateful for the blessing he gave me. It was also a blessing to have a little boy to come home to. I'm sure this would have been much more difficult if it had been my first child.

Two weeks after my miscarriage, I was called to work in the MIA presidency. Barry had some hesitations, due to my recent difficulties, but is fully in support of my calling now, and in fact has done more cooking, driving, and service project work and supervision for the YWMIA than I'm sure he cares to. Brother Merrill (former 1st Counselor) said they were so glad to have me, due largely to the fact that they knew they'd get "two for the money" so to speak. I have been "confidentially" called to be YWMIA President as our President has just purchased a home and will be moving there in July. My calling will not be announced to the ward for purposes of sustaining until July and until Barry and I determine if we are indeed going to be in the Washington area next year. Our Bishop is so determined to keep us here, that he is trying to contact Wally Duncan (an inactive member who just married a divorced woman that Barry home teaches.) Wally Duncan is a top dog in a very prominent law firm here in D.C. Barry would just as soon do his own job hunting and is a little nervous about the Bishop's efforts to keep us here. Our Bishop says he feels that he wants to "call" us to stay here. Who knows what'll happen? I sure don't! In any event, I am thoroughly enjoying the MIA. Last Saturday, Barry and I (and 3 other couples) chaperoned a group of 24 teens at King's Dominion (a super-duper Lagoon) near Richmond. In spite of one hour of rain, we had a great time, though I had words with two of the girls who picked up a couple

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of Marines. Nathan and Mom had a great time riding the Merry-go-Round, while Dad braved the Rebel Yell (a very scary roller coaster). Entrance fees were \$7.00 (group rates) per person, which entitled one to ride all the rides and go to all the shows. We purchased tickets also for the Lion Safari, and enjoyed 22 minutes of air conditioned riding while looking ^{at} wild animals in their "native habitats." We stuck it out through the rain (between 5 and 6 p.m.) due to the fact that we couldn't find two of the girls. I'm sure we'd have packed up and gone if they'd been found. Anyway, we were glad we stayed, as it warmed up after the rain (which had cooled down a very hot day) and as many of the people had been driven away by the rain. Lines were much much shorter and we had a good time between 6 and 9.

We've missed some May birthdays. I feel particularly bad about forgetting Sherlene's! She sent me a super peanut butter maker and a half-gallon of honey for my Birthday. Poor Barry has been enduring peanut butter sandwiches for a month so I can use up all my store bought peanut butter and make some of my own. So HAPPY BIRTHDAY EVERYBODY WHO HAD BIRTHDAYS IN MAY.

I've finally gotten around to doing some sewing for myself. I've made one blouse and one dress for myself since I got married. Everything else has been for the house or for babies. All my friends tell me to take Nathan to his grandparents looking like a ragamuffin, so the grandparents will be mortified and take him shopping. I wonder if it'd work for me?

Barry received a special award at work this month. He's known about it for quite a while, but the letter and cash award finally came through this month. I wish I could find a copy of the letter to include.

I'm getting so itchy for camp. I've been marking off the days for months. It looks like Liz will bring the letter with her to camp. (Unless Sherlene gets stuck in a rut like me.)

I wish Barry had added his two bits. He's been working hard on our garden and it really looks good this year. We've been doing just a little bit of house hunting. I look first at the house, but Barry looks first at the yard. He wants to see how many trees he's going to have to cut down to get enough light for a good garden. Actually, I'm afraid we're just dreaming. We looked at one house down the block. It's frame, small lot, and the asking price is \$99,000. The only way you can get a \$45-50,000 house around here is to move out in the sticks. (In the sticks, means at least 1 hour away in commuting time from the D.C. area.) We could maybe get a house, but it would mean that Barry would be on the road for 2 or 3 hours every day. (Which I am relieved to say he refuses to do.) I know, I know, we should just move to Payson.

Well, here's wishing we could!
Love,

Virginia, Barry & Nathan

P.S. We were crazy about your letters!
Haven't we got terrific parents (and parents-in-law of course!)