

June 9, 1979

This is really late for writing the "June" letter, but since I am waiting for "Liz's letter, I will rationalize that it is all right. We didn't get letters from Nancy, Virginia, or David this month. Phooey.

We started our month in Washington D.C. ushering in Warren Tracy, who weighed 9 lbs 8 oz. He is an alert, good baby. Most babies when they are awake think they are hungry and start demanding food--but Warren would lie awake and look around. Hope he is still good like he was when we were there.

Virginia and Barry have been working hard during last year and their house is beginning to take shape. Virginia is very clever with decoration, and has made darling curtains throughout the house. I especially liked the blue quilted-with eyelet which were in the room we were in.

Then we went to Williamsburg, Va with Barry and Virginia, but it was raining all day which put a damper on the day. We will have to go again sometime when it is good weather. We spent one day at the Virginia State Library working on Langford's and Halls, but with no real additional information.

Then we went up to Sherlene's and Dans. They have a lovely home and it has a lot of work to do. When they finally get it done they can sell it for a bomb and retire. I was going to help her wall paper--but instead we went shopping and I spent a lot of money. I needed some new clothes and I am not through yet.

After we left Sherlene's we went to Schenectady where we stayed with Hazel and Francis Bunday. They had spent some time with us on a trip across the continent and Tracy thought we might do some good missionary wise. I was a little piqued with him because he didn't clear it with me first and I had assumed we would spend the time with our many friends in Schenectady. However, Helen Barton got the "gang" together and we had a wonderful evening catching up on old times. Many are coming out in August and we plan to have a get together here for the ones coming west to visit children at the Y and the ones who once lived in Schenectady but who have moved since we were there and now live close enough to get together. This will be the week of the 17th of August. Graduation.

After leaving Schenectady we went to Erie Pennsylvania and visited June Gayek and her husband Hank. June is Dad's first cousin, and we haven't seen them since they moved away from Schenectady. They have a really lovely home--and old one about the vintage of Sherlene's, but the grounds are really lovely. They have three children. The one boy, Peter, is attending Cornell after having returned from a mission. Sandra has grad. from Cornell, but her life doesn't seem to have much direction, and that seems to worry her parents. She seemed a very nice girl, with the red-blond hair of her grandfather, Aaron Tracy.

Then we came home. While we were driving along, Dad said to me: "You always wanted to be a writer--why don't you write a book--not for publication, but for the family. This gave me a few hours of thought, which did not really finally jell until last Saturday, when

I had to prepare a 2½ minute talk. Since our class is the genealogical work shop, I remembered our conversation on the trip, and my thoughts, and the following method of writing your personal history occurred to me. I'm sure it isn't original, but I thought it might be interesting to those of you who have been putting off writing your personal history and have not (like your mother) really started yet. Sherlene's tapes will fit in with this method, too.

Instead of writing a strictly ~~chronological~~ chronological history, write it in a series of short essay type remembrances or experiences. These can be written in an hour or even shorter and do not need to be lengthy. Indeed, the idea is to keep them short, interesting, anecdote type things. This will also fit in with the idea of collecting childhood remembrances from all of you children to share with each other.

1. Choose a catchy title: "Many memories of a Mormon Mom" or something.
2. Some ideas for these short essays:
A series of childhood memories:
 - 1) Little sister--PEST. 2) We discover the stolen silver
 - 3) The Brickyard hide-out) 3) etc.
B. Childhood pets: 1) We acquire Brownie 2) that Ugly Cat.
3) The cat that would not sheathe it's claws 4) Slink.
C. Relatives:
Visits to Grandmother Langford. 2) Grandmother Chlarson--story teller. 3) I remember cousins.
D. Things I remember about my parents:
 - 1) My hero. My Dad. 2) Vacations we DIDN'T go on.
 - 3) My Dad at 90 4) the woman I most wanted to emulate--my mother.

t I am going to have a chapter on Advice--I love to give advice and Now I can do it even if no one listens. I will preface it with:
I love to give advice. If you don;t like advice--just skip this section--But don't say I didn't tell you. Just think how many chapters I can fill with my words of wisdom.

- 1) Advice to the lovelorn
- 2) On listening--especially to parents 3) on listening--especially to children 4) to spank or not to spank 5) How to survive teen-agers.

I will write these as I think of them, and then file them in categories, working them over as I have time. Then, if I ever get around to it, I will compile them, and organize them into a book--or maybe a series of books for grandchildren--mommies and daddies--and grandmommies and daddies. Anyway, as you can see, the sky is the limit and it would be especially effective for those of you still raising your little ones--you can write a paragraph about those 'cute' sayingsan d doings and then file them away for future compilation.

Meveral ward members have said they thought it was a good idea. Dad said to get busy. (Oh, woe!)

I am burning up with hot flashes now I have gone off hormones. I am trying various food=fadist recommendations for stopping them, but may have to go back on hormones to stop them. Stopping has helped the steady upward motion of my weight--I am even losing a little without trying. I should TRY.

Love,