

Hi, All!

I'll have you know I'm answering just as I finished reading the Hallmanack, or what's-its-name. I must say we Easterners set you Westerners a FINE example! It was so great reading all your letters, and in spite of the delay, I must say the Hallmanack goes around three times in the time the Bartholomew version goes around once (though they have one more child to include). We wish we could hear from both sides of the family more often.

We seem to be over the chicken-pox now. What a winter! I had two awful back-to-back attacks of the flu, and then Daniel and Laura came down with chickenpox together. Daniel had the wierdest case, I've ever seen. Laura was covered with pox from bottom to top (even five in her mouth!), but Daniel had only seven pox, all of which started out small but mushroomed and merged together on his right knee. His knee looked awful! They both (except for one feverish day for Laura) acted and seemed to feel normal, except for the spots, and I was happy, with all the snow and ice and freezing temperatures to have an excuse to stay in all week. What a luxury! We read stories, played records, baked cookies, and DIDN'T HAVE TO GO ANYWHERE! In many ways, I think I could truly enjoy the hermit life. We had such a lovely week, I was sorry to see it end. By Saturday, the kids were ready for it to be over, though. You should have seen them when we said they could go outside. Talk about caged lions.

You've probably heard about our record snowfall. Last year we had the coldest temperatures in history--this year we had the most snow. Thirteen inches--and even more at our house where the snow drifted down our driveway and covered almost half of our garage door. (I couldn't get into the garage to get a snow shovel). Dan was holed-in in his motel in New Jersey (he was there for the week for an AT&T course) and couldn't come home until snow-plows liberated the motel occupants. On the way home, his car slid on the ice and he swirled around and landed backwards in the opposite bank of snow. A nice man came and pulled him out (Dan gave him \$10). He was fortunate that someone was there to help. We were, needless to say, glad to see him come safely in the door.

We've had quite a time trying to get our home insulated. We are paying \$2100 just to have this foam blown into our walls. Well, when they got here they took shingles off the outside of the house, drilled holes underneath and blew the stuff in. Only in three places, they packed it too hard and blew out our walls--which are really very sturdy and thick. So then we had to wait for them to come back and repair our walls. I just got the fifth batch of dust and powder vacuumed up, and we found that the slanting and box-shaped room corners were like corner refrigerators and since the contract said they would insulate all perimeters, they came back and blew a cellulose-treated substance into all those boxes, drilling huge holes all over between the beams to accomplish that. I just got that all vacuumed up, (they also blew that stuff all over our attic where it went down a vent, leaving a huge pile in our basement (what a mess!)), and then Dan discovered that the kitchen bathroom was still quite cold and decided to drill some half-inch holes and see if there was any insulation in there. They had missed that whole corner. So Dan drilled 40 more holes all over the rest of the house from the inside and found that in more than half of them NOTHING WAS IN THERE! They promised to come back this week and they are going to drill from the inside this time and make sure there is foam everywhere. What an easier world this would be if people would just do a job right the first time! At any rate, the inside and outside of our house is full of holes, some of them plugged. For once I have quit regretting that we didn't get our house painted and redecorated last year. It would have been a complete waste.

was there and also gave one of the prayers. It wasn't like one of our prayer meetings. They had some "Youth for Life" kids there who played pop numbers about love themes on their guitars and sang in nasal nuances in-between each prayer. But I was deeply touched by the sincerity of the people there, and at the end there were two talks, one by a Catholic priest (Jones)--which was excellent--I was very impressed that he was a very good man, and also one by a fiery redhead named Joan Allgaier who is the legislative anti-abortion representative in Albany. I met Mrs. Keogh for the first time (after several long talks on the phone) and Pat Hatcher and Ed Reilly (who says Riley is another spelling of same, and that he is related to Sir Walter who was also a Riley spelled wrong)--all of whom impressed me as being the salt of the earth and future members of the Church. I was looking forward to getting to know them better on the bus on the way to the Right to Life March Barry told you about, but then came the chicken-pox. (Riley's a Langford name, you know.) I saw a McElroy Mortuary ad last week--have to check it out.

Dan and I and Dorothy Bench (our ward Pub. Communications Director) spoke at the Sacrament Service Sunday night. This Thursday, we're holding another public communications seminar for all stake directors, and the following Sunday I'm speaking to the Manhattan sisters about community involvement (also I gave the Sunday School lesson in the adult Gospel Doctrine class last week), so we are keeping busy. We also just were called to be "ward missionaries," in a new program.

We sent Mom and Dad the \$40 deposit for Aspen Camp, so I guess that means we are committed. It is going to be a tight squeeze, though. I really empathize with what Tracy and Betsy are saying about TIGHT! I think the day is rapidly passing when persons with one income live in homes. We are the only family on our block who is one-income. And Dan makes a good income. But right now we can't imagine how we could ever have gotten into a home if we hadn't seen some of those miracles in those early years. We have been asked to contribute 3% of our income towards a new Stake building fund, and with church contributions, taxing and inflation and just basic home maintenance, it will be years before we can even think about buying carpeting or new furniture (and what we have is just threadbare). I am glad we got our piano and typewriter because if we had waited a few more months, they would have been out of the picture, too. We decided we could survive not having the other, just so we had our piano and typewriter. Now if our car will just hold together a few more miles. We are not complaining, just empathizing. In this frigid weather, I am so grateful for a warm roof over my head. Speaking of tight, did you know it is projected that by the time our kids are ready for college, it will cost \$40,000 each for them to get an education? We got Daniel a tool-box (real, man-sized) for Christmas and Dan is thinking up excuses to buy him the tools he has always (Dan) wanted. If he can use a hammer, maybe he won't need to go to college. We're worried about Laura, though. She says she wants to be a doctor. Of course the way these doctors diagnose, she might do quite well with a screwdriver and hammer!

Daniel has become a singer. He asked a few weeks ago if there was a man who could sing like Joan Sutherland, so we decided in the name of equal rights we'd put on a little Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Since then, Daniel has been bellowing all over the place. If you close your eyes, it really doesn't sound too bad--it's just so strange, all that sound coming from a little kid. The S.S. and Primary leaders love it, it has started a competition among the other boys to all match the sound. They just got home from school and Daniel had a little note from his teacher saying that he didn't get his work done because he was talking too much (a note I seem to have received several times, recently). If he just didn't take after his father!

Well, I'll leave page four for Dan. It's really an equal distribution, since his has three times the quality.

Love, Sherlene

Even only half-done, though, we have noticed a tremendous difference. The house seems much tighter and more cozy and we have been able to turn down our thermostat 4 degrees, without feeling any difference. They came and put on our big stormwindows yesterday (we needed them for all the big living room, kitchen, and study windows) and with spring weather, they'll put on a new roof. All that money, and nothing that shows! But hopefully we will be weatherproofed, and we are doing it on a government-energy-project loan at only 2% interest. Can't beat that. Hopefully it will at least keep our energy bills the same (as fuel is inflating so much). As it is, we pay over \$100 a month just for oil. We disconnected our freezer and our electric bill went down from \$90-\$100 to \$55-65. Anybody want to come and live in the East?

We love it here, though. We are having such a good time. Dan got a letter from the P.T.A. saying the 20 area units were behind him all the way in his anti-smut campaign. So I took a copy of that letter and copies of the original action letter Dan wrote and the attached Rhode-Island statute in to the editor of the paper with a simple "FYI" written at the top. Well, that editor got a staff writer on it who interviewed the mayor, common council, the stores involved in selling the magazines, the P.T.A. president, and the legal department (city) and did a front page story on it! Didn't mention Dan's name, just said a local citizen objected, and made it look as though the whole thing was the P.T.A.'s idea. Which is exactly what Dan would have hoped! This way, it's the PTA and not those Mormon radicals who are always writing letters to the editor. We are really elated.

Yesterday at noon, Dan was invited by Mrs. Edwin Kirkham, President of the Interfaith Council (a group of over 200 religious women) to speak to them about his drive against obscenity. Dan said she introduced him as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and he was so impressed by all those well-dressed, intelligent-looking women. This Mrs. Kirkham, when he was through, said "If you feel as strongly about this as I do, you'll sign those petitions which I've placed at each table." Also, Dan wrote to county-executive Del Bello, who wrote him back that he would definitely consider doing something on the county level and had placed the statute with their legal department. So I took a copy of that down to the paper, too.

I think I sent you a copy of my "Mormon Women" letter-to-the-editor which got published in THE REPORTER DISPATCH. I got the warmest response from Norm Bowen, Director of the Public Communications stakes and missions office in Salt Lake. But the most exciting response was from the Catholic Church. Some Monsieur Smith, who Mrs. Keogh says is their foremost abortion authority got a copy of it and told Mrs. Keogh that absolutely the Mormons should be included in their anti-abortion prayer breakfasts and activities. So she called me and asked if I could arrange for a Mormon prayer to be said at their annual Westchester prayer breakfast. Bishop Stone asked James Larkin, an 11-year convert from Catholicism and father of a girl who is now 7 months along with an illegitimate child to give the prayer. The prayer breakfast was one week after our huge snowstorm, and that weekend it rained and then froze. The streets were unbelievably difficult to travel on. But we got there. Seventy-five people showed up for the 9:00 a.m. breakfast (rolls and coffee--some orange juice for the Mormons) and prayers. They prayed not only for the unborn, but also for the aged and retarded. Bro. Larkin was asked to give the prayer for the mentally retarded. It was quite an experience to hear the Catholics and Lutheran minister read their eloquent prayers in their sing-song voices. But when Brother Larkin got up, he read a scripture from Matthew "...if any hurt..better that a millstone..." and then bowed his head and simply prayed from his heart. It was an inspired prayer. I could hear people blowing their noses all over the room. A lady behind me whispered "Look at him--he's REALLY PRAYING!" Peter Sullivan, a local politician

It was an interesting experience being cooped up for an extra day in a motel with a flock of people, all watching the snow - 15 inches of it on the ground - and more coming down. Some drifts were three and four feet high. People were leaving their cars on the road, and coming into the motel. But no one was leaving. One brave soul tried and got nowhere - she did give everyone else the sense not to try.

I asked the desk clerk about snowplowing arrangements. He answered that the City (Procataway, N.J.) did the parking lot as well as the side street leading into it - and they would get there when they get there. We all waited - and waited, many staring with long faces at the snow outside, others making merry at the bar. No one questioned the situation, including myself. Finally, as the day grew longer - and longer - about 4:30 P.M. I decided to call the Procataway Highway Dept.

Oh? they said. Sure, we plowed the main road already, but aren't there some abandoned cars blocking the side road? No, I said, they were moved before noon. Oh! they said. Will send someone right over. A few follow-up calls later, ~~it~~ went out to the main road & hailed a road grader. Oh! he said. Didn't we plow your street this morning? I thought it was already done! After the grader got stuck and gave up, another phone call. Then about 7:30 p.m. a larger piece pushed through on the

side road. About 10:00 p.m. the parking lot was done. Liberated!

Monday, Feb. 11. The bar was well attended, the band showed up for drinks, and