

Our month started with an excellent stake conference with Elder Fyans. Sat. night we enjoyed the film "Where Jesus Walked" and Elder Fyans' reflections on perspectives of time and space and the vastness of the creations. Sunday's session was inspiring. Elder Fyans shared a tremendous testimony and story of a minister's conversion through prayer and the Book of Mormon. We had the Adler children both days (Jonathan and Valerie). Michael picked them up Sun. evening and Bro. Pond and I gave Caprice a blessing at the hospital.

Daniel's event (and ours) was his dark horse win of the Cub Scout pinewood derby. Because of Laura's interest, we had obtained a derby kit for her, too. We chopped (carved?) and smeared (painted?) the two racers, and implanted weights. The race was to be a family dinner event (Mom made spaghetti sauce for it). Great was Laura's disappointment at staying home with a sudden fever. Daniel's racer was a bit rough and chunky compared with the sleek, polished cars of the experienced boys (and father). And it didn't even reach the bottom of the 30 foot track during the first two heats. Asked to be a judge, I had given up on Daniel's car, relieved that he didn't look too disappointed. Later I was surprised to see his car re-appear, apparently in some second-chance races. I was stunned when it flashed down the ramp for a win. And again. And again. Daniel was about to jump out of his skin. Shock set in as I saw it pull ahead of the last sleek favorite. Another scout had helped Daniel rub some graphite on the wheels (axles) and that made the initial difference (legal). Daniel also received his bobcat badge that evening (Feb. 17), and came home with lots to tell Mom and Laura. He also has kept busy with piano and Saturday swimming.

This month Laura gave the Jr. Sunday School treasure-box presentation, wearing a new pink Holly Hobbie dress Mom made her. She tucked a Book of Mormon inside the box and used it to tell how her ancestor Joseph Knight, Sr. helped his former employee in legal trouble, and financially, and then with his wagon when it came time to pick up the plates, driving all the way from Binghamton area to Palmyra. Joseph Knight's wife Polly Peck was later the first church member to die in Missouri, surviving her fatal sickness according to her wish, until the family's arrival in Zion. We noted that this month's Ensign about Missouri mentioned the trials of Sherlene's ancestor Nancy Naomi Alexander Tracy, too. Laura has also been playing weekly with friends Karen and Janet Dixon (up the block). She has recovered from her ear problems and is now back in the top reading group.

Daniel and Laura enjoyed their first piano concert by Paul Pollei, BYU piano chairman, although there were a few fidgets. He was visiting relatives here and gave a benefit. D & L also enjoyed watching the Wizard of Oz on TV (Judy Garland, 1939 in color), a library trip or two, and a delightful ward family movie night of "Benji" and "Swiss Family Robinson."

Sherlene's big event was a follow-up clergy event (daytime) where she had represented Bishop Stone. At a Jewish presentation on the Holocaust, she and Marva Jex sat next to Rabbi Wohl at the luncheon, who happened to be the Adlers' Rabbi. Conversation and interest on his part, including a few sympathetic comments on angels dreams and revelations on learning they were "Mormons," were rewarded with a Book of Mormon Sherlene happened to have in her purse. He has since responded positively to an invitation to a Mission Presidents' tour of our NYC Visitors' Center--date yet to be arranged (he read the B of M all through the afternoon session, he was so interested). He is President of the Westchester Association of Rabbis (all three movements--Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform).

Sherlene and I had a fun lunch last week at Meson de Castellano and a visit to the nearby Bryn Mawr used bookstore. Naturally we didn't come away without a few treasures. Other family activities included: planting a spring garden (we dug more grass to make individual garden plots for D & L)--planted 24 rows of early-type crops. We ordered a new cooktop. Our old oven and stove are gone. Art Rosenzweig, a friend from work, who first introduced us to daylilies, brought more of them over and helped me plant them. Our coleus and polka-dot plants (ever hear of them?) all raised from seed, are doing O.K.

When Jonathan Adler was here, he and Daniel managed to get a tennis ball lodged in the dryer vent, and we finally got that out.

Our ward continues its regular baptisms--and we moved another new-member family this week--the Hutchinsons--unfortunately out of our ward to New Jersey.

(more)

I'm still traveling to Bell Labs in West Long Branch, N.J. at least every other week, and working some on Saturdays. One Saturday, Jack D'Orazio, friend at work, helped me put some new brushes on the alternator. It's still acting up a bit. When traveling on the job, I look at some of the shapes and some of the faces and think that an expense account is not always a blessing. I don't think I could take too much of it. By the way, a girl scout camp director gave a presentation at work on camping safety and mentioned Provo, Utah during her talk. She spoke in glowing terms of a camp owner who took her girl scouts indoors during a terrible storm the night they were there. This hospitality came, fortunately, after they had been ripped off by a local rock dealer.

I have really enjoyed the additional materials Grandmother Bartholomew has sent me on Grandpa's life. Our love to each of you

Dan & Sherlene, Daniel & Laura

April 4, 1979

Hi! I just typed Dan's letter for him, but I couldn't squeeze it on one page, as he did (I believe in margins for putting them in notebooks), and it seems sinful to leave an empty space at the bottom of the page, even though Dan said it ALL. How does he do it--in ONE page!

Spring has come to Westchester--along with a lot of rain. But our daffodils bloomed (after the crocusses), and seven rows of vegetables in our garden have already sprouted. I have been washing walls and windows which all of a sudden look dirty, now that real sunshine is coming in to spotlight all my winter negligence.

I'm trying hard not to look at all the projects I was going to do during the winter that didn't get done. Our kitchen stools need recovering (the foam is bursting out all over), I never got the dining-table chairs refinished (the seats are all removed in anticipation of that), so we are really without sitting room, the dining drapes are still hanging, half done, the material for the livingroom drapes is still rolled up untouched in the closet, the study-guest room never got decorated or painted, the hall is still only half wallpapered and all the books from the bookcase at the top stairs landing are still piled around Daniel's room)-- I don't know what I did all winter. We definitely have been happy, though. I guess that's what counts. I think we're settling down more and making time for family fun. I had applied to our new Church Social Services Program here to take in some foster children or an unwed mother, and when we got their detailed form with all their requirements and inspections, I chickened out. I'm not sure I can bear to have a bunch of people come snooping around to determine that I'm unfit to be a foster mother. When the form said: "Describe the room the child will sleep in," I decided it was beyond description, as are most of the other rooms in the house. I read a very inspiring book called ROOM FOR ONE MORE about a family that adopted three foster children. When I got through reading that, I was ready for us to adopt the world. Obviously, though, that woman never had to fill out all those forms. She was a fantastic mother, but she never would have passed today's regulations. In the midst of all this, I took care of our neighbor's little three year old for only six hours and at the end of that horrendous experience decided the Lord knew exactly what he was doing to send us two. Maybe next year...

Next month we should have some real experiences to tell you about. It's 11:15 p.m. now, and I have to get up at 4:00 a.m. to prepare for one of them-- so, GOOD NIGHT. We look forward to reading all your letters again and love each of you and pray for you and your happiness. Love, Sherlene (and bunch)