

Happy Anniversary to Mom & Dad
Sept 24! We also are
fasting and praying for
Dad's "eye" recovery.

80 Greenridge Ave.
White Plains, NY 10605
September 21, 1980

Hi, Ho!

Well, we have had some interesting experiences since we were in Utah. One that was not particularly exciting was coming home to find that the girl who called the day before we left to ask if she could stay in our home while we were gone decided not to come anyway. We had cancelled our watering arrangements because she agreed to do it. You know how it is--we were rushed anyway, but took out the time to scrub down her bath and room, make the bed, show her around, etc. and then she did not even bother to tell the neighbor boy to do the watering--as she had agreed to do if something happened. There had been a drought while we were gone (all our reservoirs here are low), and we had a VERY dry lawn and yard and garden. Somehow, as usual, though, the weeds did very well--they didn't suffer a bit. At any rate, the Lord has blessed us and by now our lawn has revived, and our garden now looks as though nothing happened--and we are still having full meals with all the vegetables. John Laiang came into town last week and we served him a meal with Oriental noodles (Virginia's recipe) and topped them with fried eggplant, stir-fried zucchini, sweet yellow and green peppers, broccoli and chopped fresh tomatoes--all from the garden (supplemented with salmon, boiled eggs, sesame seeds and stir-fried onions). We have not had enough to give the neighbors or can, but we have had just enough to eat each day--and that is a blessing.

(She also left dryer running all during vacation--for \$236--elect. bill.)
While Dan was gone, the bishopric was unable to fill in for him and he came home to a month's worth of receipts and records to catch up on--he has been up late, late and just barely got it all back in order. And at work, they saved everything, too. He has been working Saturdays --but feels good now as that is shaping up, too. It feels good to finally feel caught up and to be able to move ahead on some other front.

When we got home, the ward was bustling around with preparations for our ward "Food and Family Preparedness Expo." What a project. While we were gone, they assigned me to the bread-baking department and Dan to the gardening booth. Everyone in the ward was involved--and was it ever a professional production. We have some very artistic people in the ward. We had a professional calligrapher do all the signs for each booth--and there was a clever quote or deep-insight thought placed by each exhibit. There were tables on yoghurt-making, bread-baking, canning, energy and fuel conservation and preparedness, 4-basic survival foods, how to store water and rotate storage (rotation shelving was on display), bread-baking, and a display of different types of grinders, mills, bread-makers, etc. It was decorated to the "T." Just walking into the room was an eye-feast. We had 350 people come who had never stepped in the church before. The Scarsdale Inquirer did an editorial on it in two parts--complete with front-page pictures and in-depth interviews. We took in a story to the Gannett Chain, but they never published it. However, as you'll see by the enclosed "Weakened Gardener," we still got in our plugs.

Two days before the Expo, Dan and I got the panics. Ric called to say he expected 2000 people to attend, and we would need more bread and samples. I had been sewing Laura's baptismal dress and making plans for her baptism, plus was the speaker to kick off our genealogy program in Church that Sunday, and I was pressed. Dan had been involved clerking and did not have his display ready for gardening and asked me if I could help him with that. Well, I didn't have time to do it, so I made it a matter of prayer. Clear as a bell and totally out of the blue the idea came to me to call William Bookman, who used to be editor of the whole Reporter Dispatch in White Plains, is very active in local politics, and writes the weekly gardening column and other editorials for the Dispatch. It occurred to me that he might do gardening lectures, and he might have posters and displays we could borrow for the Expo. And that, even if he didn't, it was a good excuse to invite him to the Expo--and to mention that the Dispatch had not published our announcement about it--even though we got it in two weeks early. I had never even met William Bookman (he was editor before we moved here)--I just had read his column from time to time.

P.S. David's friend at school, David Talaseo, has joined David's Scout troop and his mother, "Dell" picks them up from Scouts, so I finally have one car pool to the church. "Dell" came to the Food Expo and was very impressed. We gave them a book of Mormon last year, and their son, David, said he just finished reading the whole thing before David!

Well, his wife answered the phone and said he didn't do seminars on gardening and couldn't help us there, but she was very interested in the whole concept of food storage and home-flour making, etc. So I took them over our fabulous flyer which Ric Estrada made up for publicity (I handed out 40 of them to the whole PTA at a meeting and personally mailed and delivered 40 more). I also gave them the new Food Preparedness and Storage Manual we picked up at the Church Distribution Center while we were in Salt Lake (we made our own manual for the Expo--with recipes from ~~members~~ in the ward)--but the Salt Lake one is really terrific--I wish we had brought back 200. Well, they didn't come to the Expo. But some really golden contacts of ours did show up and were very impressed.

While we were at the Expo, Daniel decided to go beat the bushes next to the tennis courts across from the church to find lost tennis balls (he found ten). He also found a yellow-jacket nest, and the whole horde chased HIM. Some people coming into the Expo heard him crying and helped beat off the bees. Dan gave him a blessing while I drove through red lites, honking all the way to the hospital emergency room. He had been literally covered with the angry bees. It was very traumatic and painful. Dan counted 30 stings just on Daniel's back. The ones on his neck, ears, and lip-area were too close to count--one doctor said he had a minimum of 50 stings. They gave him adrenalin and benzadrill(?) and soaked him in towels dipped in ice-water (which we kept changing). He was so brave--but so miserable. The Dr. said we did the right thing to bring him in. He said even when the child is not allergic he can come in five times with bee stings and the sixth time, the mother might think she knows how to handle it at home--and that time, the child might die. Also, the body might have good resistance to 50 stings one time and the next time succumb to just three stings. He said any time there are several stings--or even one if the child is allergic--you should get right to the hospital. Scary.

Needless to say, Daniel had a bad night. I was up with him until 4:00 a.m. He would seem to have settled down and be asleep, and I would try to tiptoe out of the room, and he would cry for me--he seemed to just need my presence. I had planned to pull my talk together that afternoon, and needless to say had not done so. At 4 a.m., I started coming unglued. I went downstairs and prayed again and this time asked for a miracle. I said that if we didn't get one soon, I would have to stay home with Daniel, not give my talk, and maybe even cancel Laura's baptism. I was upset about that because we had put in a lot of time planning the service. Laura was the only one being baptized, and the bishopric told me to go ahead and plan the service. Laura and I took beautiful old cards (I save everything--and ^{great} Grandma B. always saves me the hundreds of cards she gets every year), cut out certain parts of them and made baptismal cards to send her friends. We did not have a party because we wanted her baptism to be the focus. We cut out inserts on raised-white-lace-like cards and put in doves from old Christmas cards, had some that represented white, opening doors, others with new worlds on them--it was fun, and they were really beautiful. In each one, we inserted a little poem in a scroll. It said: "This birthday is a special one--A day that offers more than fun. If you can come, I'd be so glad, For I'll be baptized by my Dad. "We won't play pin-the-tail or blow Candles on a cake; the glow Will be the kind that grows inside When cherished hopes and truth (love--for the non-members) preside. "September 14 is the date-- At 1:30. Please, don't be late To share an hour's eternal view. The precious gift to bring--is YOU!" At first, Laura just invited her church friends, but then she was insistent that she also wanted the neighbors and some Jewish friends and some of her friends at school to come. I finally decided to "humor her" and we spent another day making invites. We didn't think they would come. Only two we invited, didn't! Laura planned the whole program, first asking Barry and Ginger (but they couldn't come) and then asking her Primary teacher and Bro. Varley to speak. She chose the songs (which I copied off and distributed--one was a Primary song)--everything. It was absolutely beautiful. You could have sliced the spirit with a knife. Eleven non-member showed up, including 7 parents or adults.

Are you as nervous as we are about the Saudi-Iran bombings? I wish I knew if Russia or the U.S. is behind the Saudis (or both).

P.S. Did you see the Newsweek article about "Mrs. Dad"? People (members) here are upset about it, but I think it was great and timely publicity (except for the confusion or our attitude towards the Jewish - no member exception).

I am enclosing some extra stamps since I forgot to use both sides.

Dan's blessing was beautiful, testimonies were borne in-between (the bishopric "stacked" the testimony service in advance), and our friends who came said they were deeply moved. Fran and Dorman Israel also came (she is director of the Braille Book bindery where I worked last year), and she was dabbing her eyes through the whole thing. It was just beautiful. And so was Laura. When Bishop Stone gave his remarks and presented her with some scriptures from the "ward family" she was so attentive and spiritually involved--it was fun just to watch her face.

I got ahead of my story a little. As usual. But I did pray for a miracle that night. I didn't want to miss the baptism, and it was a little late to call it off. I also prayed for inspiration in getting my talk. My head was so numb, I couldn't think of any "peg" to tie my thoughts around. Well, right after that prayer, Daniel dropped off to sleep. I went up to bed and, of course, didn't sleep, but Someone Up There fed me my talk--spoon-fed it, all night. Three hours later, Daniel woke up, said he felt "Great," was "HUNGRY," and wanted to go to Church. His swelling went clear down, he could feel his lips again--his bright red ears turned pink and went back to normal size--and he sat through church and the baptismal service as sweet as a lamb--he looked tired and pale, but people could not believe what he had gone through--to look at him. I think they thought we were making up fairy tales. And my talk went very well. By the end of Relief Society, 15 people had signed up for the course (I only had 11 manuals), and since then another 10 have called. We aren't going to fit in the cloak room anymore.

John Laing had come into town, so we had a garden meal that afternoon, and he just had to take our messy house with sewing scraps and bread pans all over the place (I also helped with the sprouting exhibit). But we had a wonderful visit. We never did get a birthday cake baked for Laura, but on Friday I baked gingerbread cookies from the original Pioneer recipe we got at her g.g. grandpa Lucius Scoville's restored bakery in Nauvoo. She took pictures and the cookies to school and did a report. Her teacher listens to the Tabernacle Choir every Sunday morning and has been asking all kinds of questions about the Church. Both our kids have fabulous teachers this year and are very happy with school.

Monday morning I went to Portchester with Betsy Ricks to do our visit teaching, and as soon as I walked in the door, (2:30), I got a call from William Bookman, the Reporter Dispatch columnist--who, by the way, we had found out in calling him, lives just 2 1/2 blocks up from us on Greenridge). He said he was sorry to miss the Expo, but he had very much enjoyed the Family Preparedness information. He had a deadline to meet, could he possibly come that evening to interview us and find out more for an editorial? I swallowed hard and said we'd be delighted. Boy, did the fly. You should have seen the mess. I decided to bake bread, to show him how the stored wheat bakes up. I prayed over that bread--and it was absolutely, the most beautiful, light, delicious bread I have ever baked in my life. Dan came home from work and cleaned the basement in case he wanted to see our shelving. When he came in the door at 7:30, the house was spotless, we were amazingly "together," and the bread had just come out of the oven. He stayed until 10, and we had a wonderful time. His column (enclosed) was published all over the Gannett chain. At Stk. Conf. today, Ann and Don Young said they read it in Poughkeepsie (it was right on the front page of the Lifestyles section). We called to tell him how much we appreciated the column, and he said his wife loved the bread, too, and as soon as she gets home from a visit to her family, they are going to have us to dinner so they can ask more questions and get to know us better. I just feel we are on the brink of some real progress in this area. We're going to get a White Plains chapel yet!

Sis. Watkins has agreed to come a half hour early to the kids' lessons and play piano while I do cello and singing to the accompaniment. I have signed up for singing lessons, and my cello is being repaired to the tune of \$150. Daniel is starting violin with the school program, so will be practicing both piano and violin each day. Laura is taking ballet while Daniel is at Cub Scouts, and is learning Spanish from a boy in her class who is new to this country and is learning English. Her teacher is bi-lingual in Spanish and lets Laura go with him to help him learn and then gives Laura Spanish words. And I'm going to sign off. Dan gave me one of his pages. LUV, M

We love each of you. Sorry for the delay. I'll be there

would have time to write - so far as other pages, I am enclosing a copy of a Christmas idea I developed w/ Relief Society. I may submit it to the Ensign. We'll be nothing all that need.

They had an idea on making a...

picked up today of \$200!

September 21, 1980

Dan's blessing was beautiful, testimonies were borne in-between (the bishopric "stacked" the testimony service in advance), and our friends who came said they were deeply moved. Fran and Dorman Israel also came (she is director of the Braille Book bindery where I worked last year), and she was dabbing her eyes through the whole thing. It was just beautiful. And so was Laura. When Bishop Stone gave his remarks and presented her with some scriptures from the "ward family", she was so attentive and spiritually involved--it was fun just to watch her face.

I got ahead of my story a little. As usual. But I did pray for a miracle that night. I didn't want to miss the baptism, and it was a little late to call it off. I also prayed for inspiration in getting my talk. My head was so numb, I couldn't think of any "peg" to tie my thoughts around. Well, right after that prayer, Daniel dropped off to sleep. I went up to bed and, of course, didn't sleep, but Someone Up There fed me my talk--spoon-fed it, all night. Three hours later, Daniel woke up, said he felt "Great," was "HUNGRY," and wanted to go to Church. His swelling went clear down, he could feel his lips again--his bright red ears turned pink and went back to normal size--and he sat through church and the baptismal service as sweet as a lamb--he looked tired and pale, but people could not believe what he had gone through--to look at him. I think they thought we were making up fairy tales. And my talk went very well. By the end of Relief Society, 15 people had signed up for the course (I only had 11 manuals), and since then another 10 have called. We aren't going to fit in the cloak room anymore.

John Laing had come into town, so we had a garden meal that afternoon, and he just had to take our messy house with sewing scraps and bread pans all over the place (I also helped with the sprouting exhibit). But we had a wonderful visit. We never did get a birthday cake baked for Laura, but on Friday I baked gingerbread cookies from the original Pioneer recipe we got at her g.g. grandpa Lucius Scoville's restored bakery in Nauvoo. She took pictures and the cookies to school and did a report. Her teacher listens to the Tabernacle Choir every Sunday morning and has been asking all kinds of questions about the Church. Both our kids have fabulous teachers this year and are very happy with school.

Monday morning I went to Portchester with Betsy Ricks to do our visit teaching, and as soon as I walked in the door, (2:30), I got a call from William Bookman, the Reporter Dispatch columnist--who, by the way, we had found out in calling him, lives just 2 1/2 blocks up from us on Greenridge). He said he was sorry to miss the Expo, but he had very much enjoyed the Family Preparedness information. He had a deadline to meet, could he possibly come that evening to interview us and find out more for an editorial? I swallowed hard and said we'd be delighted. Boy, did the fly. You should have seen the mess. I decided to bake bread, to show him how the stored wheat bakes up. I prayed over that bread--and it was absolutely, the most beautiful, light, delicious bread I have ever baked in my life. Dan came home from work and cleaned the basement in case he wanted to see our shelving. When he came in the door at 7:30, the house was spotless, we were amazingly "together," and the bread had just come out of the oven. He stayed until 10, and we had a wonderful time. His column (enclosed) was published all over the Gannett chain. At Stk. Conf. today, Ann and Don Young said they read it in Poughkeepsie (it was right on the front page of the Lifestyles section). We called to tell him how much we appreciated the column, and he said his wife loved the bread, too, and as soon as she gets home from visit to her family, they are going to have us to dinner so they can ask more questions and get to know us better. I just feel we are on the brink of some real progress in this area. We're going to get a White Plains chapel yet!

Sis. Watkins has agreed to come a half hour early to the kids' lessons and play piano while I do cello and singing to the accompaniment. I have signed up for singing lessons, and my cello is being repaired to the tune of \$150. Daniel is starting violin with the school program, so will be practicing both piano and violin each day. Laura is taking ballet while Daniel is at Cub Scouts, and is learning Spanish from a boy in her class who is new to this country and is learning English. Her teacher is bi-lingual in Spanish and lets Laura go with him to help him learn and then gives Laura Spanish words. And I'm going to sign off. Dan gave me one of his pages. LUV!

We love each of you. Sorry for the delay. Iherlene

Don didn't have time to write - so for his other paper, I'm enclosing a copy of a Christmas idea I developed at Relief Society. I may submit it to the Ensigner this time. Nothing all that new.

They had an opening, so we are starting Laura on violin, too.

picked up today at 12:00

DECK YOUR FAMILY TREE

This holiday season, give loved ones something valuable that will become even more precious as the years go by. When visiting family members, dear friends, or perhaps someone alone in a hospital or nursing home, bring something different: one or twenty good-quality tapes, gaily beribboned, accompanied by you, your tape recorder, and freshly-baked cinnamon rolls.

Discover dreams and uncover light as you converse with your candidate, using an individualized set of carefully thought-out questions designed to reveal personality and capture retrospection. Even the most reticent relative usually succumbs to the promise of pecan-glazed fingers following cooperation with the first five questions. After that the problem often is to get him to stop talking long enough to eat anything at all.

When finished with this taped interchange, you may obtain permission to make a copy for yourself, leaving the original as a partial or complete "oral history."

Next season, you might surprise this relative or friend by further ornamenting his family tree with a collection of typed "Yule yarns" and other glistening reflections from the previous year's recording. What fun to tie them together with old family photos, recipes, scrapbook items or commentaries from other family members or friends! They could even be printed as gifts for other members of the family.

In compiling your questions, you may wish to include the following talk-tantalizers as you string together memories:

The Senses: sound, smell, taste, and touch sensations of early youth. Example: "When you were a child, just lingering toward sleep, what were the night sounds where you lived?"

Feelings and Emotions: most embarrassing, sad, funny, frightening, courageous, proud, uplifting, and spiritually motivating experiences.

youth. Example: "When you were a child, just lingering toward sleep, what were the night sounds where you lived?"

Feelings and Emotions: most embarrassing, sad, funny, frightening, courageous, proud, uplifting, and spiritually motivating experiences.

People: memories of grandparents, parents, brothers, sisters, spouse, children, grandchildren. Special friends, great teachers, kind neighbors. Church and government leaders. Their influence and example. A self-portrait would add to the interest.

Preferences: favorite (and least-favorite) books, movies, meetings, music, sports, colors, foods, animals, flowers and how they have changed over the years.

Places: homes, churches, schools, stores, retreats, clubs, tree-houses.

Processes: upbringing, peer-groupings, education, dating, courtship, apprenticeship, other career and life preparations.

Events: (World)--effects of depressions, wars, floods, famines, accidents, inaugurals, conferences, conventions. (Home)--births, marriages, deaths, separations, reunions, graduations, accidents, vacations, holiday and birthday traditions.

Service Rendered: family, church, and community.

Change: compare quality of breakfasts, recreation, education, fashion, travel, housing, appliances, plumbing, attitudes during life. What would you like to see changed in your life and ours, now?

Philosophy: about happiness and unhappiness, marriage, child-raising, religion, politics, spare time, diets.

Testimony: beginnings, growth, current vibrations.

Advice: goals and hopes for the next generation.

Finale: "What question should have been asked and was not?"

Be careful to check your recording from time to time to be sure volume and batteries are sufficient and store the tapes where they will not be unraveled by little fingers or become overheated.

--Sherlene H. Bartholomew
September, 1980