

June 22, 1980

Dear Children

As the week has passed I have had several things come up I wanted to tell you about so here goes.

Thanks for your loving calls for Dad on Father's day. Today I think Grandfather Langford thinks he is in his own home. Heber called and wished him happy Father's day and afterwards I told him that Heber would come to see him later but he couldn't go home with him, ya hear? And he said, "Oh, I don't want to travel. I'm going to stay right here. Besides, it's just a big expense."

We had a real red letter week last week. Dad Langford has learned how to use the two piece garment (before he had a hard time realizing that he could pull the bottoms down). But now he seems to know how to use the garment and it is a big help. He got through the whole week without soiling himself or his garments. Great. And his stool returned to normal. I was really beginning to worry because it had been loose for some time.

Robert Langford and wife had a 9 pound baby boy about last weds or Thurs. Heber said it was discovered however, that the baby did not have an esophagus connected to his stomach so they rushed him to the Primary Hospital for surgery. Then decided to wait until Sat. Sat they intended to put a tube into the stomach so that he could be fed and a tube from the throat so that he would continue to "eat" and then wait for six months so that he could get strong enough for the strenuous 12 hour operation involved. They go into the intestine and take out a peice that has blood veins in and join the stomach and throat or whatever and from then on the baby is "normal" so to speak. However, when they got inside they decided they had to go ahead with the whole thing. The baby survived the operation and after a couple of weeks they think they can take him home and feed him per normal. It's been a harrowing week for them. You might remember the baby in your prayers. It was fortunate that the baby was a husky 9 pounder.

You will remember that Mike had a baby with the same problem. The Dr. still does not think that there is any hereditary factor connected but that it was just a freak coincident.

I usually try to get Dad into the shower at least once a week (usually it has to be oftener), but the last two weeks he has taken a bath. He turns himself over onto his knees in the bathtub and can get out that way. Believe me it isn't easy, but one advantage is that he really gets clean. Since we have soft water, I put some detergent (dove) into the water, and he gets clean even if he doesn't "wash". Habit, however, is a strong thing. He doesn't wash, but just wets if he is in the shower, but if he is in the tub he really "washes". In fact, he usually washes his hair two or three times, forgetting he has already washed it.

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He is healthier and stronger than when he came, but I guess at 92 unless you keep up physical activity, you lose the muscle strength you once had. Dad won't let me do any "shoveling" if he is working with me in the garden, but he doesn't have "Thrust" enough in his muscles to dig in our native Provo soil. When I really want to work in the garden, I try not to involve him as it is more hassle than help. Yesterday I was dividing Iris, and I had conned Dad into (Tracy) into digging them as I could not get the shovel under them (not enough "Thrust", there either). He had done this, and so then I had to cut off the tops and put them into the garbage, and ^{put roots into} plastic bags to take down to Mega to just strew about and see if they will grow of their own volition. (Iris are tough). So I had him come out and hold the bag for me when I put them in. I also let him pick strawberries and he helps me pull weeds. One thing he has taken upon himself. He eliminates every dandelion in the place. Dad Hall used to dig them so vigorously ~~he~~ made holes in the lawn. Dad Langford just pulls off the heads of the dandelions and does not dig them at all. It seems to work. At least they have little chance to seed and that will be a big help.

I cannot figure why I am not a neat person. Dad is neat, and mother was a good housekeeper. Dad gets up every morning and makes his bed and shaves and dresses. He is programmed. But if washing (dried clothes) are around, he tries to sort and take care of them. This is difficult as he does not know what to do with them, but he ends up making neat little piles here and there, which is an improvement over the random piles put here and there by myself.

I wish I could find another old man who likes to play checkers. He is a good player and likes to play and would, if he could, play all day long. We'll have to take turns playing with him when we are at camp.

Sherlene and Dan have decided to go to camp after all. They came into some money. (Bigger income tax refund than they had thought they would get.) Charlotte and Bryan and Virginia and Barry are all toying with the idea of moving into different houses. We will watch the Hallmanack for further developments.

Meanwhile Mother has done some wild speculating with \$10,000. of Dad's hard earned money. These guys say they hope to double our money in one year by investing in and turning over multiple housing units in Dallas Texas. I have \$5,000 in "Bonnie Jean" apts and \$5,000 in "Oak Crest" apts. They say in Texas they rent by the week. That 52 percent of the population rents, and that a one bedroom apt in Dallas rents for over \$200 a month. Anyway, I was going to put a mortgage on my little Payson house and invest another \$40,000 with them, and Dad advised me against it. (The male chauvenist bankers would not loan without his co-signature). He has a tendency to be right. We decided to wait and see what happens to my original \$10,000. Ben DeHoyos told me about them. He invested \$5,000. and held it for six weeks and made 30% on his investment. Get out your calculators and figure out what that is in a year. We'll see. Like betting with the horses, you have to be careful not to be greedy and put in the food money.

Love, Mother

note: says I'm not savvy about in the food money.