

Feb, 25, 1981

Dear Children:

Thank you for all your birthday gifts and cards. I feel pampered and cherished. David and Karen gave me one of those fool proof cameras so now I can take pictures of grandchildren all by myself. I can hardly wait to try it out (I have already) on Hannah, and on Anthony Rondot, the latest star in the Hall Heavens. If you are wondering where they got the Anthony (other than that they liked it, it hails back to Anthony Hall, an early Hall progenitor (as does Hannah--not to mention Hannah English Progenitors) (Which probably didn't even enter into the choice), and the Rondot is the Maiden name of Betsy's mother.

I must have made up my own mind that Anthony was going to be a girl, because I am still Her-ring him.

Dad seems to be adjusting to the girls—at least he hasn't tried to throw them out recently. Whenever they have a friend in, however, he gets high as a kite. It is fun having the girls around, except for that angle of it, they add life and interest to our lives. Teresa and Anna have planned on going on missions with their father, but there is a young man hot on Teresa's trail and if he doesn't back off—or if she doesn't, there may be some changes in that plan.

Since the girls are living here we see more of the Wendell Hall family than we have formerly. Wendy and her husband Sandy drop around occasionally, they have a cute little baby girl, named Alice after the little sister who died years ago.

Dad and I are planning to go to the tool show in Cal, the last week in March. We will probably leave Monday morning early and get in Cal, in the evening late. Tracy will go to the tool show until he gets saturated which will be probably be about Wednesday. Thursday we will probably travel up the coast to S.F. to visit Marty and Liz and then leave their house early (very early) on Saturday, so as to get back for Sunday. Wish we could make that kind of visit to our kids on the East Coast.

I am enjoying my History class, but all my TRADITIONS of mormondom are suffering from the cruel exposure of fact. The embroidery of time and repetition have built up beautiful, if somewhat fanciful traditions. Even the seagull story becomes not quite the "miracle" it was. However, you can't fool me—I KNOW IT WAS A MIRACLE. So There,

Dad was a tremendous hit at the Ward Sing-a-long. His eye is still cloudy, but he has no difficulty driving and seems to be able to study better than he used to. It floats in and out and up and down so his vision is not always clouded. Hopefully, it will clear up eventually.

I have a new WALL GROUP of framed family pictures. It is not permanent as I have more to do, but the kitchen is rapidly becoming the FAMILY room.

Luv ya all.

Muzzer Hall

March 4, 1981

Dear Family,

We've had an interesting month. The thermostat on our oven went out, so I've cooked all of our meals on the stove top. A good neighbor offered to let us use her oven when we want to. (She used our washer for two weeks until hers was repaired.) I took her up on her offer several times. Anewthermostat arrived via UPS last night. I am delighted to have a working oven again!

A couple of years ago mom brought us three cat... orchids that would not bloom in Utah. All three had blooms this month. By valentines day we had over twenty orchids in bloom. Imade (my first corsages ever) corsages and we delivered them to the widows and single sisters in our ward. We had fun doing it. When mom and dad come down in March for the tool show, mom will have to show me how she makes her corsages.

Bryan has been working hard in the garden. We are enjoying radishes and strawberries. The peas are coming on and will be ready to eat next week. He also planted four fruit trees. they are plum, apricot, peach, and apple.

The bishop asked Bryan and I to come and see him. We thought it would be about the ward budget but instead he called me to be the spiritual living teacher in the R.S. I taught my first lesson last Sunday. It was alot of nerves and work but after it was over I enjoyed it. The sisters answered questions and carried a good discussion.

Love, Bryan, Charloote, Sarah, and Hannah

P.S. Charlotte may have wrote this letter but Bryan typed it. **CHOKE**

Bryan

WOOD FAMILY, 3804 N. 18th St., Arlington, Va. 22207 (703) 243-3690 FEBRUARY 28, 1981

Dear Family,

February seemed like such a long and lonely month. I suppose that's due to all the nice Valentine and birthday memories I associate with it. It's also due in large part to the long hours Barry has had to work lately. I started logging hours this week to see how bad it really was. Since Monday morning of this week (today's Friday) Barry has seen the children a total of 3hrs. and 35 min. waking time. I've seen a little more of him as I get up earlier and stay up later than the kids generally speaking. I frequently (mostly) keep the children up at night until 9 and sometimes 10 p.m. so they see their Dad at night as they are frequently still asleep when he leaves in the a.m. Maybe the answer to all this is to start getting up at 5 a.m. instead of the 6:30 and 7:00 a.m. hours we've been keeping. Actually, the answer is to do some serious job hunting. It'd be easier to do if Barry didn't really enjoy the kind of law he's currently practicing. The other night we sat up late and discussed some options open to us. One of them is the possibility of Barry either opening up his own communications firm here in the area or opening up a "branch" with an already established firm looking to broaden their interests. Barry's case load is so heavy right now that he has enough work to keep him busy around the clock. He hasn't taken a complete Saturday off in a very long time. If he did strike out on his own, he'd be able to take a number of K&E's clients with him. (We'd also starve for a few years until he got established.) There is still the nibble from O'Melviney and Myers in the air. We got a note from John Roney thanking Barry for his note (which he wrote to thank John for the breakfast with him earlier in the month) and it said, "I look forward to talking with you further as our plans develop." (This arrived in the mail just today.) So, it appears we've not yet been crossed off their list. At the breakfast Barry had with Mr. Roney he indicated that the firm would expect at least a four or five year stay in Paris to justify the expense of sending him there. In that length of time I'd have bi-lingual kids and maybe even pick up the language myself. Meanwhile--we put off some much needed renovation to the living room while we wait to see if an offer materializes.

We received our 1981 assessment for our little 3 bedroom brick colonial on 1/7th of an acre. Mom, you know how small our home is! Can you believe our assessment is \$88,000!! Barry's going to fight it, but I don't think we'll win as we did when we fought the assessment two years ago. Homes similar to ours in this area are selling for over \$100,000. I'm really glad that we bought when we did. It'd be difficult to be in the market for a first house right now. Barry figured out what one acre of land in our neighborhood would be worth and it's over \$250,000. That's just the land!

Nathan is growing so fast as to have outgrown the outfits his grandparents sent for Christmas. We put "icky stuff" on his thumb for two consecutive days and are happy to report that he's gone two weeks without sucking them! We hope he's "broken". Warren is recovered from his respiratory problems and still is a delightful child. We are generally all well, though I still suffer from some aches and pains associated with my pregnancy. May 7th seems such a long time in coming!

We're delighted with the addition of #23 to the niece and nephew list and trust he now has a name to go with the number. We hope Betsy is feeling her strength return. All our love to everyone. I think of you all daily and long to see you again soon.

*Love, Ginger & family*

80 Greenridge Ave., White Plains, NY 10605 914-949-0606, March 4, 1981

Hi!

We enjoyed the last batch of letters and hope this will come on time to join the next one. Did you each remember to send a Family Group Sheet? Thanks for your prayers. Our drought is almost solved. We finally got some rain and right now, after a month of spring-like weather which lifted our bulbs and spirits--it is SNOWING! Ten inches has been predicted for this round!

Dan ~~has~~ finished a company course on giving presentations more effectively. For a solid, grueling week, he practiced day and night to give presentations which were then videotaped for the group to critique. Talk about pressure! When Dan is too busy to hold devotionals--he's REALLY busy! He felt it was a very valuable course, and his ability to communicate really did get better. 'Wish I could take a course like that. He has still been coaching and practicing with the ward basketball team--but is threatening to quit for the baseball season. He accepted my invitation to the Ladies' Preference Ball which our Stk. R.S. put on for Valentine's Day; he also got drafted to accompany a quartet at the festival held for the floorshow that evening. His music also got "drafted" up and over the piano and I got to go out on stage to chase it. All in an evening's excitement!

We spent our Winter vacation week at home catching up and getting Daniel's Bear requirements finished. We were very proud of him as he received his awards and new Webelos cap. He also played "Sonatina" for those present, a good practice for his upcoming recital. Laura also now has a Girl Scout manual, and we are adapting it for her needs. She is such a little joy to have around--always planting sweet notes around the house. I can't count the times she has made my day with some thoughtful little deed, note, or comment. Both are now getting efficient with the dishes and cleanup and are old enough to be a real help around the house.

I am a little tired of food this month. I provided muffins for the PTA Teacher-Luncheon (after two batches of bread--can you believe!--fell flat), baked an entire day for the Cub Scout banquet--and was on the cleanup crew--got roped into the ward dinner and concert committee, and took a P.T.A. honey order (they are getting introduced to food storage--I'm doing a wheat demonstration for them). I also spent hours phoning around trying to get a wheat and grain order together. I finally opted to join a local co-op and am going to Pleasantville Friday to get 1500 pounds of stuff. We also just ordered 5 cases of honey--we use it for almost everything now. We got in a budget crunch last month, so I decided to use more food storage--it takes too long to process that stuff--on a continual basis. I would never survive a real famine--the cooking would kill me. My final rendezvous came last week--in terms of baking. I thought I would fellowship a new Korean family that moved in and brought them a plate of cookies with an invitation to come with us to hear a first discussion from some Korean-speaking elders we had arranged to ship in from the City. The daughter invited me in, as she expected her mother momentarily home from the library. Momentarily, her mother misjudged the width of the driveway and sideswiped our car as she tried to get around me to her garage (she didn't need to--it is a big, circular drive). At any rate, such good intentions climaxed when Dan got to take the husband an estimate for \$428 damages on our car last night. For some reason, they just couldn't make it to our "discussion." Their car was in even worse shape.

Well, I'd tell you about the little three-year-old boy we might adopt, but my two-thirds-page is up. Just pray he'll end up in the home best for him (several were contacted by my bishops in several stakes--but we decided "Yes," if we're chosen). He is half Jewish and half Puerto-Rican and Black. Really a cute kid.

We love and miss you all, D,S, D'nl & La

NEIL FAMILY, March 10, 1981

Dear Family:

I'm late in getting the Hallmanac out this month, a break for Sherlene, since I just received her letter this afternoon. Please remember that I must receive your letter by the 5th, so those who live far away must mail sooner than the 4th!

Last month we took the children to Año Nuevo State Park to see the elephant seals. Every year the seals come to the same beach to bear babies and mate. The State Park Service takes tours right up to the seals, but the tours are booked for months in advance so we got our reservations in last December. I was so afraid! We went on a drizzly, overcast day, which causes the seals to be more active, and they were scooting around the beach all around us, fighting with each other for male dominance and mating. (It was an educational experience for the kids.) They weigh tons and can move really fast, sometimes crushing their own babies, and I was so afraid the kids would get too close (never closer than twenty feet the ranger said) and be mauled by a seal. The men in the tour seemed fascinated by the fact that the seals live in harems, the strongest males having the biggest harems, and the dominant males constantly fighting off challenging males. Anyway, it was a very interesting day.

Sonia Johnson is in the Bay Area this week causing trouble for the Church. San Francisco is quick to pick up on wierdos and she was on TV and radio all last week. One lady called in to one of the talk shows, said she was a methodist, and proceeded to tell Sonia that she didn't believe a word she said about the Mormons, that she was a bitter woman (Sonia), and frankly, was sick and tired of hearing about her excommunication, etc. Our local rabble rouser is quickly heading towards a showdown with our bishop. She had her temple recommend revoked, but somehow managed to slip into the temple (The brother at the front desk failed to check the list of revokees) and caused trouble during the ceremony and had to be removed from the room! She is always the first to bear her testimony on fast day and uses the time to preach her personal revelation regarding the ERA and woman's rights. It has been an interesting experience for our ward, though. Many people are downright rude to Cherry, while others go out of their way to show their love, which is promptly rebuffed. It's an opportunity for turning the other cheek--Marty says he's starting to count, and when he gets to seventy times seven.....watch out!

I am looking forward to when Marty will be released from his stake mission. Our life gets so hectic! I have to go to Mutual on Wednesday and Marty is gone tuesday and thursday nights. Sometimes I have to get a babysitter for Wednesday if they absolutely have to have him go out on Wednesday. I just lost my Beehive assistant, so things are really going to get rough. The bishopric has been trying to find someone for the Laurel assistant and has been turned down six times. As soon as they are told they must be available every Wednesday night and Sunday morning, plus other activities (firesides, Youth Conference, service projects, etc.), people get cold feet and turn the call down. So I don't expect to have an assistant too soon. I really enjoy this calling, but don't see how I can keep it up forever. It's too hard on our family. Maybe things will ease up when Marty is released. I think they should call him to be "supportive of his wife" and not give him a new job.

Greg has signed up for Little League, but when I found out it required two practices a week, plus two games (parents expected to be at the games) I got a little upset. I am hoping his team will not materialize. Seems they are having a hard time getting a coach. Marty would like to coach, but as games and rehearsals are on week nights, he is unavailable. Greg is in cub scouts, takes music lessons, and just finished soccer, that's enough isn't it? Since Mom ends up doing half the work--chauffer, refreshment provider, cheerleader--I say enough!

For Standards Night in Mutual this year we are having a mock wedding. When the girls get to the chapel, the bishop is going to come in and say there must have been a scheduling error, that a wedding was to be performed, but since they were already there, they could stay and watch. Then when the Bishop gets to the part where he says "If there is anyone here who knows why this couple should not be married, let them speak now or forever hold their peace," several members of the audience will stand and speak. There will be an ancestor who sacrificed by crossing the plains so her family and descendants could have the fullness of the gospel, a primary and mutual teacher, a future child who would not be born under the covenant, and the parents of the bride. Then there will be a speaker to tie it all together. Obviously, the girls will realize by then that it was just a play. We think it should be effective. Since half the parents of the girls in our mutual are inactive or non-member, we've decided not to invite the parents. The bishop felt some might be offended. I'm decorating a three tier wedding cake for refreshments--how do I get myself into these things!?

John Patrick is changing so fast. He looks so much like his father and not so much like the other kids. He's going to have darker hair, too. He is such a sensitive baby. He still doesn't like his bath and cries when I yell at the other children. He used to cry at soccer games when people would cheer for their children. He was pretty sick with bronchiolitis last month.

Well, I'm going on and on because there is extra room this month. I didn't expect to get a letter from Betsy and Tracy this month, but it would have been nice to hear from David and Nancy. Maybe next month? Hope all is well with your families.

We're looking forward to Mom and Dad's visit. We're all set to shop for stereos!

Love, Marty and Liz