

November 6, 1983

Dear Family:

I'm beginning to feel like a nagger again. But it is so nice to hear from you each month. The children who are close we see often enough to keep somewhat up to date, but there are experiences which go on within your families which appear in letters which never get exposed to view otherwise. Like experiences with Tracy and Betsy's home school, etc. and sometimes these don't get written down unless you write in the Hallmanack unless you are conscientious journal writers. Maybe that is why it is so hard to a Hallmanack contribution from David, because he is a good journalist, but there are experiences with the children which he never sees and which shows up in Karen's letters. Besides WE don't get to read your journal. David is our MEGA informanant. Hope he tells us all about the big robbery at Mega in his letter this month. I want you to know, Liz that I told all the Provoans to write. Which is why I feel like a nagger.

I think I finally have the christmas list correct. If not call me quick.

FAMILY TO <u>RECEIVE</u> GIFT	FAMILY TO <u>SEND</u> GIFT
SHERLENE AND DAN.....	LIZ AND MARTY
TRACY AND BETSY.....	VIRGINIA AND BARRY
DAVID AND KAREN.....	CHARLOTTE AND BRYAN
LIZ AND MARTY.....	NANCY AND DOUG
GINGER AND BARRY.....	SHERLENE AND DAN
CHARLOTTE AND BRYAN.....	TRACY AND BETSY
NANCY AND DOUG	DAVID AND KAREN

Our telephone bills are going to increase, so our communication might, of necessity, return to the written word. the monthly letters, if properly written can contain a family history in brief. Save them.

Does anyone get a feeling, as I do, of urgency? Perhaps because of the approaching holiday. With Thanksgiving coming up (wish you were all here) and with the family christmas party only a month from that maybe that is why I have that feeling.

I invited Jim, Melba and Dad to Dinner for Thanksgiving, and Jim said that dad is having little strokes. Sometimes he can hardly walk, and then he will improve. He said that leaving the home upsets him so much it takes several days to recover, even if they take him out to dinner. They said he was so sick a week ago (sunday) they thought he wouldn't last the day, but during the week he improved so much they never knew it had happened. He is having bowel and bladder accidents more often, but Jim says that he can't use the diapers for adults until he quits TRYING to go by himself. It would be too hard to handle for Dad. Bless his heart. Jim says that he heard him one morning when he got up say : "Damn. I'm still here." He's getting like Grandfather Hall. He would say before he went to bed. "Well, I won't be here tomorrow." But he was--much to his distress.

Things are shaping up at home. Dad has fixed almost every tap in the house. we still have a big hole in the wall in the basement bath, but the shower is now fixed and not leaking. There is still a leak in the student apt. But it can be turned off and we are not using that often, now. Also we had to fix the taps in the apartments at the farm house and the taps in my little house in Payson. Leaks, Leaks, everywhere, and up goes the water bills. Dad still has a little plumbing to do outside. Did I say little? After almost 30 years in the ground, our valves on the sprinkling system are all leaking.

Dad has finally gone back to work at Mega. He originally planned to go back in July, but when he said that I suggested September. It was finally November. And we have been working hard when we weren't laid up with surgery or backs. Dad's Dr. has released him and says his knee should get completely better. It does seem to be doing well, and better every day. A page isn't enough, is it? Not when you are long winded like I am. We love you all. There will be 33 at Thanksgiving dinner. Wish it were more. ~~xshexix~~ All of you. LOVE.

Mom

Sorry. There's a story I simply have to tell you. Dad has been teaching a missionary class in Church and one of the projects is to prepare testimonies for the missionaries like the ones you sent to us while we were on our mission. He had written up one for us and had put it "where he would know just where to find it" until he got back the pictures we were going to send with it. Friday morning he got back the pictures and spent a long time looking for that typed up testimony. He finally told me he could not find it, and how long he had been looking for it.

"You're approaching it wrong," I said. "You Pray about it. And the Lord will show you where to find it." (I use this all the time.)

A few minutes later he came down the hall towards the kitchen looking like the cat that had swallowed the canary.

"I found it!" he said.

"Did you pray about it?" I asked.

"Yes I did, and I went right to it." Just shows to go you--never underestimate the power of prayer. A word of caution. I do not overuse this power. But when I have a real need, I use it, and it never fails me. Or I should say the Lord never fails me. I used this once when Betsy was in the car waiting to go to the hospital when she was miscarrying their first child. I couldn't find my car keys (what else is new). I said a prayer and walked right to where they were. It shows you that the Lord means it when he tells us to pray over our flocks, and our herds. I guess it is easy for the Lord to answer a prayer where the only missing factor is your own. It's harder where the free agency of another person is involved. He never interferes with that. But he keeps helping you, anyway, even if it is only to bring peace to the one praying. Those of you with approaching teenagers might keep that in mind.