

of waiting for the child custody news and whether we could keep the house and stay in White Plains and whether I could afford to go to school and so many other things. I guess I've just lost too many babies. I thought I was going to have a heart attack waiting while the bishop started out by telling me the economic decisions. I had to finally stop him and say, "Please tell me about the kids." He said he started telling Dan about the kids and was interrupted with Dan's "Please tell me about the economics."

Anyway, I get custody of the children. Dan has visiting rights every other week from Friday at 7 p.m. until Sunday, 7 p.m. He has custody rights and decision-making authority when they are with him. I do the rest of the time. We divide holidays evenly and alternate. He gets them four weeks a year--once for a two-week stretch and then two one-week stretches.

I get \$400 a month child support. Period. No alimony. I also get the house, lock and barrel--also the mortgage payments and bills (taxes, etc.). Let's see if I can support this. My base salary is only \$15,000 a year, but they guarantee me \$25,000--but \$200 a week is draw on my commissions. So, after that draw, I have to count on commissions to bring my salary up where I can support this home. Dan and I were barely making it before when he was making \$53,000 + \$16,000 benefits. It will be a miracle and blessing if I can keep things going (especially since, with this new job, the sales don't seem to come very fast). But, somehow, I feel quite serene that things will work out.

I wanted to go back to school and get my master's and work my way into teaching, somehow, but finally decided against it. The classes are so expensive, and the education ones they were forcing me to retake were really a drag. I got an internship with the Blindbrook schools for \$4,000--for this they would get my substitute teaching a half year, and my student teaching another half year--while I would have had to borrow significantly to keep the house running. Then I wasn't really guaranteed a job when all was finished. I loved my teaching (aide) so much at Fox Meadow Elementary in Scarsdale last year--but I finally gave into the reality of my circumstance and took a sales job with CALL-USA, a company that operates in the building right next to where Dan used to work. In fact, we compete with AT&T for long-distance telephone service; but we also lease our lines from them. We are basically a reseller of AT&T telephone lines, relying on guaranteed savings and personalized customer service to cut a share of the pie for ourselves. We don't really compete with Sprint, MCI, or the big-guys. We're just trying to eke some money out of the small pieces of pie left. My company is run by Bill and Laura Grad, both about three years older than I, who with other investors started the company three years ago. They've made 3 million since, and none of it has gone into office amenities. No air-conditioning. Waste-baskets that are sawed-off cardboard boxes. But they seem thrilled to have me aboard, the two other salespersons are very friendly to me, I can walk there from home in twenty minutes, and it's a job. I'm finding that I can get more appointments than the other salespersons and that few people hang up on me in my telemarketing. I'm liking it a lot more than I thought I would, and my bosses are so pleased, they offered me a deal I negotiated for an additional 3% a month of the billing I bring in, in addition to the 25% initial commission. So maybe I can make some money.

In the meantime, Bishop Garff, at my request, arranged to release me from Public Communications and gave me the most wonderful Primary class. Since I began, two more children have started coming out, and I now have 18 children on the roll. They are seven and eight years old, with about half of them just-baptized. They have to be some of the most beautiful, noble, anxiously righteous kids in the Church. It is just the sweetest, warmest job I could ever have prayed for.