

November Hallmanack

Nov 10, 1986

Dear Family:

We are looking forward to having Thanksgiving in the East with Sherlene and children and Barry and Virginia and children. Only I hope I get over this cold which is hanging over me still. (since Oct 6.

Virginia is talking about going up to Amish country in Lancaster Co., Pa., for Thanksgiving. That would be very nice as it is into this area that the Scotch-Irish moved after coming to America. Then they spread South and West from there.

After taking care of Nancy's children for a few days while they went to Dallas for a conference of parents of Blind children, I realize how unwise it would be for grandparents to raise their grandchildren. They would be either too permissive or too impatient and strict.

It was good to see what the children were doing, however. Chelsey goes to pre-school and she is learning to spell and write her name. She knows her phone number and address, which my own children didn't know until kindergarten or the first grade. Furthermore, Carli gets herself up, gets her own breakfast, combs and puts up her own hair and gets herself to school. She's in the sixth grade. Remember all the tears shed when I made you girls learn to put your hair up when you were in the seventh grade.

We're lucky, though. Tracy's puritan, and my southern English and scotch progenitors did not always live to see their grandchildren because of the death rate. Especially in the south. The death rate was high in New England when the first colonists came, but after a generation or two they became acclimated, and found the new world a healthier place than the old world.

When the civil war broke out in England in 1640 it essentially cut off immigration to New England for a while, and from 1640 to 1680 the population grew from 20,000 approx. to 90,000 by 1690. By natural growth. And in spite of deaths from epidemics such as small pox and typhoid and deaths from childbirth, etc.

In Virginia and the Carolinas, however, the death rate remained high. Immigrants and indentured servants died like flies from fevers and other problems. Cold weather is not all bad. It does kill off the mosquitos, etc.

Dad has been taking a conducting class this semester because the Bishop called him in and said he wanted him to be the ward music director, and lead the ward choir. Then we waited for dad to be sustained, and he never was. When the stake music director called Tracy to find out who was the current music director, Tracy asked him to call the Bishop and ask HIM and then let Tracy know what he found out.

It seems the Bishop had felt that the music people needed a change from music positions and let some go to the stake and gave others other jobs. All of a sudden there was a dearth of music people. He had to do some backing down in a hurry, and in his hurry he forgot to tell Tracy about the change. Tracy is going to leave the church. Just kidding. But others have left the church for less. Anyway Tracy is philosophical. He's learned a lot about conducting. He's also relieved that he isn't the ward choir director. Maybe some other time.

(over)

DJ is a pleasant, happy child. Except when he thinks he is going to the physical therapist. I swear he knew where we were going when we got in the car, Thursday, and he fussed from the time we left until the time we got home. I lost my keys at the therapists and never did find them==Dad had to get a new set for me and come and get me so we could pick up the car. The therapist had a cancel following DJ so he took us home.

Would like to know what's cooking at your house.

Love, Mom

Love, Mom

Love, Mom

Love, Mom

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