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Oct 5, 1986

Dear Family,

Conference always gives me such an uplift. A few hours hence and I can't remember all the specifics of the messages given but I do recall the feelings I had. I wish I could cling to these experiences longer but they always seem to fade as daily routines and chores crowd in. Fortunately another conference is just down the road a bit to rejuvenate them.

The job hunt goes on. As Bryan puts it "We have fish on the line but none are pulled in yet." Patience is a ^{great} fisherman's best quality. Right?

Sarah was baptized last month. The ward here has welcomed us with open arms and a nice, personalized baptismal service was held for Sarah and another young girl her age.

Hannah feels so important and grown up as a kindergartener. I help out once a week at the school and I am so impressed with both Sarah & Hannah's teachers.

Hyrum's speech is getting much

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clearer now. He still sucks two fingers
and pulls at his ears. He rubbed so much
~~Wax~~ on one ear that he broke the skin
and now the sore never heals because
the seal never really even gets a chance
to form. In weak moments I threaten
to tie a hat over his ears. I have to
remind myself that I played with my
hair into my teenage years. I'm sure that
annoyed you Mom - but I don't recall that
you scolded me for it. Poor Hyrum is only
3½. I guess he's entitled to a few bad
habits. (Even though he now has crooked
fingers, a bad overbite and I'm sure
in the near future a hole in his ear!)

Willis growls, empties cutboards,
plays in unflushed toilets (twice today alone!)
and etc. . . That's all about us. We think
of all of you often! Love, Charlotte