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Dear Family,

Today is a good day to write a family letter because somehow in the last few days I've hurt my back. It could have been caused many ways...Picking the apples off the apple tree and lifting the boxes of apples, or taking the garbage out.(it was HEAVY!) ...or all the bending over I have to do when I work with D.J. on his physical therapy. I went over to Dr. Kezarian's house. He had me bend and twist and stoop and stretch...and knew right what the problem was...just a strained lower back. My stomach muscles aren't strong enough he says. He's right! I've really let myself go. I weigh more today than I ever have before (except during my pregnancies). I'm not telling how much, but it's depressing. ...so what do I do? I eat. It makes me feel better to eat. Just like shopping makes you feel better when you're depressed. It really does! But only temporarily. (until you get on the scale again...or figure the budget.) ...Do you know what I mean? Well anyway-I'm sitting down right now, because when you have a strained lower back it feels better to sit, which is probably what I'll be doing all day long for a few days. And what else is there to do when you're sitting down besides watching the tube and EATING! That is why I decided to do something constructive like writing this gripe letter. (I'll try not to gripe anymore.) I've been feeling pretty depressed this week. (No, mom, it's not that time of the month.) I think it's because D.J. is developing at such a slow pace, and I worry so much about him.

Like mom mentioned in her letter, Doug and I are taking a trip to Dallas Texas to a convention for the parents of visually impaired children. I am really looking forward to going. There will be experts giving workshops and lectures on how to teach visually impaired and blind children. There will also be exhibits shown by companies who serve the blind. We should be able to see "state of the art" equipment like computers that talk. But best of all, and probably most important is that we'll be able to talk with parents that are going through what we are right now. Parents who can give each other support and encouragement. It'll really be a good thing to get away from it all, too.

Doug is playing fall soft ball, and city foot ball. The foot ball games are twice a week from around 8:30 or 9:30 P.M. till late late. It's flag football, but you'd never know it the way Doug comes home hammered on! if That's his own way of "Getting away from it all" ...or an outlet for stress then I guess it's a good thing and I shouldn't complain.

Did You all know that I was an Avon Lady? It's true! It's pretty fun. It only cost me 15.00 to become a representative, and they don't require you to buy demo's (but you may at your option.) or work certain hours. Thats what's great about it. I don't spend much time at it. Infact, last campaign (2 week period per brochure) I only spent 5 hours out, and made myself \$150. extra dollars. profit. Not bad at all! It's not always that easy, especially when I first started, but I enjoy meeting new people. I have my own ward and neighborhood as a territory, and they just built over 200 apartments (4 apt. buildings) right next to the trade tech. which is within my territory. I should do well with all those students who are using their parents credit cards and money! (tsk. tsk.) Some of the women who are in my district are earning as much as one -two thousand dollars profit per month, but their the ones who do it full time. Avon pays me 35% of my sales up to 250, 40% of my sales to 500, 45% of sales over 500, and 50% of sales over 1000. \$. And I don't have to wait for them to send me a check. I just send them what it cost me for the products ordered, and keep the rest for myself. I get alot of freebies too. free earrings, free perfume, free toys, free x-mas ornaments, and after I've sold 8,000 dollars worth of products, they'll give me a porcelain statue (its beautiful!) in thanks, and give me free life or limb-loss insurance of 75,000. or my choice of other gifts. This is boring you, right? sorry.

Carli is doing quite well selling candy after school. Chelsey is now in preschool, and is learning to write her name. She almost has it down. She has also learned to recognize her color words like "Red", "orange", "Yellow", etc. She knows all her shapes, colors, can count to 30, is learning to recognize certain letters of the alphabet when she sees them, has memorized several nursury rhymes, has memorized her address and phone number and can dial it too. She's really got a terrible fear of dogs, although she's never been attacked or bitten by one until now. I was car-pooling the children to preschool. We stopped to pick up one little boy, and when we honked, he failed to appear. So I sent chelsey to the door to see if he was home. Outside the door was a cute little dog, no bigger than a poodle. He didn't bark or growl, so I assumed he was a "Nice doggie". Chelsey was apprehensive, but I encouraged her to be brave, because he wouldn't hurt her. Guess what! I couldn't have been more wrong. In a second, he was all over her, biting and barking, and knashing at her. She fell to the ground, and the dog jumped on her chest and went for her face. I jumped from the car and managed to scare the dog away. Chelsey wasn't seriously hurt, just terribly frightened and scratched up a bit. Can you imagine how bad her fear of dogs will be now?! Before, she was so afraid, that she wouldn't dare walk across the street to play with a friend for fear a dog might be on the street. She would wake up at night screaming, or crying to think that a dog was in her closet, or imagining that one would jump through her window and "get her." Well, today one "got her." What'll I do now? Here all this time I've been striving to help her overcome her fear by facing them...and look what happened. woops. Well, I've got to go so I can watch the Ophra Winfry show and feed my face some more.

Love ya all, nancy