

June 4, 1985 80 Greenridge Ave., White Plains, NY

Dear Family,

I am feeling very grateful and blessed today. It has been an interesting month, to say the least. A lot of AT&T people are getting "reduced" while the Company continues its slimming operation. We feel grateful that he has been assured his job is intact. Just in case we get transferred, we're trying to get the house fixed up. I spent a week shopping around, getting estimates, etc. What a pain. I just couldn't find what I wanted in ways of materials or workers. I got a new list of referrals, and I'll try again this week, I guess. Fixing up homes just isn't my thing. I think I'd enjoy it more if I hadn't had to do it all last year when I was in charge of redecorating our offices at work.

Dan is enjoying his new project more than he thought. AT&T sent him to stay in the Marriott in New Jersey for a week's course in management training. It was good for him to have a change of pace and scenery, especially after finishing this finals. While he was gone, I cleaned out a lot of junk from the basement, garage, and yard. I worked as fast as I could all week, and only got about 1/3 finished. When Dan got back, I learned he spelled some of that stuff "junque," and I about got put out on the curb! Heh, heh--he's going to New Jersey again this weekend for another course. What I dread is what will happen to my priceless treasures the next time I leave. Our problem is we haven't had to move enough, and when we did move, the Company covered all costs. Everybody around us has moved and given us all the stuff too good to throw away and too awful to take with them.

Pathmark had a huge sidewalk sale, and I felt blessed to get good deals on canned goods and household supplies. Last year I about depleted all our food storage. Putting all that stuff away was what finally forced me to face that basement. I also got 60 gallons of spring water on sale (\$.40 a gallon)--it feels good to have that if the predicted drought takes hold. We've had rain for our garden about every third evening or day--but they say none of it ended up in our fast-drying reservoirs.

Laura is still glorying in the joy of having her own dog. What a companionship. However, it's not all glory for Mom. He has been shedding all over the house. Every time I turn around I'm walking on dog hair. A couple of weeks ago, Dan took him to the vet (part of the deal getting me to agree to get this dog was that he would handle the vet end of things). Dr. Vogel tried to get Laura to put the muzzle on him because he was threatening to eat Dr. Vogel alive. Then he acted like he would like to eat Laura. After a charming scene in which Teddy acted like a wild wolf, threw-up and urinated when they finally got him muzzled, and about turned over the table, Dr. Vogel got him tranquilized so he could give him three shots. They came and got me to help carry Teddy out (Dr. Vogel is a neighbor), and Dr. Vogel told me he would get rid of a dog like that--he was dangerous, and to please find another vet for him. He said he didn't like Chows and only took Teddy as a case because we were neighbors--and since it was ^{Dr. Vogel's} his birthday, was especially glad to still be alive. Anyway, Teddy had all the kids in the neighborhood cooing and stroking him after we carried him home. When he finally came to the next day, he acted so humble and obedient--I think he thought going to the doctor was a punishment or something. Three shots and preventive heart-worm pills cost \$85. Anybody want a dog? But we love him.

Last week I tried to soak a strained muscle in the tub and about boiled myself (no cracks from the "egg" gallery). The hot water tap came off in my hand and I found our temperature and pressure were both HIGH! I was scalded from my neck down to my knees and they couldn't put cool water on me because with the hot water jetting out like that, there was no cold water pressure. Dan gave me a quick blessing and they got me down to the emergency room where I got covered with white goop and wrapped in gauze like a real "mummy." Codeine helped me sleep the first night, but after that I didn't need any pain pills, and my recovery was fabulous. For two days it was hard to move, but pain was negligible, and I've had almost no discomfort nor peeling. I truly thank the Lord for a quick recovery and the love and help and support of Dan and the children. They were wonderful in bringing meals and doing housework through that and also the Conference talk I gave this weekend (gone all day Saturday)--Relief Society Stake Conf. in New Canaan, CT. I gave two 55 min. workshops and gave a new talk ad lib (since I couldn't get my lenses in)--and I think it was a lot better than the BYU talk where I felt intimidated by the fact that I was at a University and felt

I had to document and quote too much. When I can't use my physical eyes, I have to lean more on my spiritual eyes. I used the parable of the "leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal" and made bread in front of everyone--making analogies with the addition of each ingredient and emphasizing more than necessary that I was not talking about home-made bread, any more than the Savior was. When I got to the salt, I said it was the creativity the Spirit brings and told two examples from our lives growing up with Mom. I told about Mom's making those capes for Liz and her attendants so Liz could be modest and still fill the requirement to wear a swimsuit in the parade, when she was "Regatta Queen." I also told about Mom's sending us chocolates to thank us for Mother's and Father's Day for making them grandparents. Thanks, they were yummy and made us all fatter posterity. Ah, the joys of F-A-T!! By the way, ours didn't get here until May 31. Can you believe it?

Anyway, it was a wonderful experience to be there and hear what speakers I could and see our "Because of Elizabeth" production. It made me think of our ancestors in Nauvoo and rekindled a desire to get more genealogy done. (I am doing some comparing, thinking of buying a portable computer that I can take to the library and just feed in the facts.) There was a very positive feedback from my workshops, and a woman from American Mother's Comm. asked me to come and speak in Manhattan. I was so tired when she asked me, I'm afraid I wasn't very gracious. Told her it was time to stay home and take care of my own family. When I got home, Dan saw how drained I was, and he was great. Mopped the floors, cleaned up the house, did the dishes. I think I got up too soon after the burn accident and overdid it a little. I don't think I've ever been so bushed. Anyway, when you feel that dependent, it sure makes you appreciate your family. I'm trying this week, now that I feel stronger, to return their love and support and let them feel as good as I did.

By the way, Mom and Dad Bartholomew (sorry, I have to combine letters today), a young woman came up before one of my workshops and said she had been through your tour of the Joseph Smith monument the week before. She said she was so impressed with your spirit and kindness and so happy to know you had a relative in our stake. She enjoyed your tour so much and said to be sure to send you her feelings of appreciation.

The kids are doing their usual young men's and women's, scouting, school activities. Susan Wilcox, our young women's pres. was just released and Laura is feeling terrible about it, and so are we. A new woman has moved in, though, and we think Sis. Davis will be wonderful, too. But we lost our ride to M.I.A. each week (Susan is a neighbor). Laura is doing especially well in school this term, and we're so proud of her good work. Daniel has been getting A's in doodling during class and writing creative stories all night when he's supposed to be doing homework. He usually writes the first paragraph about 15 times and then changes his theme and writes a new first paragraph another 15 times. I am collecting first paragraphs (which by the way, are very good). Some day maybe I can put them all together into one story and call it "Collages of teenage thought" or something like that. Daniel's greatest bursts of inspiration come when he is procrastinating cleaning his bedroom. The creature I am sending along with this letter is the result of one such procrastination. A pretty neat drawing, considering the room it emerged from.* Daniel's big anticipation now is the track meet this weekend which the stake is holding at West Point. Last year Daniel won 1st prize in 2 categories, as I remember, and some others. But this year he will have to run with the older boys, some of whom are very S_P-E-E-D-Y. So we're going to go root for him and make a day of it.

In Public Communications, I'm going ahead with the Book of Mormon emphasis for the publicity insert we want to publish throughout the Gannett chain. I spent all day yesterday getting my estimates and figures together, so we can submit our project for final approval of the Stk. Presidency. Now we just have to raise the money for this project--but we have enough fat cats around, we don't anticipate a problem. It fits in beautifully with the new missionary discussion emphasis, and Pres. Christiansen, our mission president is behind it all the way. Mom, Sis. Mayfield got transferred before I could get her for dinner--but I did give her enough referrals to keep her very busy. They pulled her out with our English-Speaking sisters and replaced them with Spanish-speaking. Signs of the times. We love you and pray for you and hope Dad is feeling much better now (tried to call you all weekend--where were you?).

Loye, Sherlene

* It probably crawled out of one of his drawers!