

February 20, 1977

Dear Family: Just finished reading the Hallocast which came delivered in Person (the way I would like to have it delivered each time) via Elizabeth and her family. We have enjoyed having them so much that I just realized that I forgot to call Barry and Virginia and Sherlene and Dan and families during the excitement of the festivities. I think the real reason was that by the time dinner was over I was too tired to think straight. After all, I am now 56 and that makes me almost a senior citizen. I am beginning to feel like one, too. It was a lovely day, though. I would like to have eliminated the morning part, but being a Bishop's wife that was not possible. We had to go to an "senior Citizen's" party, held annually by the stake. We took in a morning movie at the Scera (you will be happy to know they have redecorated the theatre and have added NEW SEATS. Those were getting really sad, you know. There is one innovation which you won't like. They have eliminated the "lover's seats" which were put every so often at the ends of the rows) The movie was "Song of Norway" from which we came away sniffing sentimentally and wondering why the hollywood moguls don't make "those good movies" any more.

I am afraid that Hallocaust is such a catchy name that it has already stuck, but think that Elizabeth's suggestions are good ones. Everybody vote as to which name he or she likes best and make your own suggestions. I vote for Liz's Hallmanack, for it is "sticky", too, and I like her Hallways, but doubt if I could remember it. I have already had to look it up twice to type this letter, which is a further indication of the decrepit state of my brains.

There is one thing wrong with this system, and I would like to suggest that instead of each one of you taking your letter out yourself, that we let it return to a central depository (which I will volunteer to be) and I will take them and put them in envelopes or files or whatever so that we will have them on record. If you put in pictures or things which you want returned to you, you can remove those when the letter comes around, but when the letters get back to me I will remove all the old ones and leave the newer ones in to be read, etc. These will not belong to me but will be property of the "H. Tracy Hall" family organization (to be organized in future) and will be passed on to that organization. It will make a good reference history at some future date. Open to veto by anyone who wishes to do so.) Or if someone would like to volunteer to be "secretary" of the organization, we will send the letters to her or him or whatever.

I had a lovely birthday, thank you, all. Your turtles were promptly gobbled down by ginger, and did not do good to my diet at all, but then I am constantly getting "No good" to my diet so no worry. I will take your contribution (too substantial, you shouldn't have done it) to an orchid with me when we go to California. I can probably get a nice orchid for that amount. And now I will have plenty of room for it in my greenhouse.

Tracy I was impressed with your vocabulary. (Can that boy really be MY son. He surely didn't get his brains from his mother, or if he did, he took all of her and left her bereft of any. Maybe the father had something to do with that, eh?) "doubt, speculation, and apologetics that fill the cottony mouths of the sectarian theologians or the strident theatrics that fulminate from the mouths of the fundamentalists," indeed. I always said you missed your callings. I am interested in your interest in the Jews, Tracy, but do not like the idea of being one of the mothers of the "Prophets to the Jews" left lying in the streets of Jerusalem for three days. Please to confine your efforts to the Jewish West Coast.

(Oops. Picked up the wrong piece of paper)

I am glad that you are all taking the advice of the church and getting your year's supply of food in. Nancy and Doug and David and Karen are doing it too, but I will let them tell you about that. Dad decided that we had enough wheat for the three of us, but we decided to get another 500 lbs for insurance in case of catastrophe and everyone came in from the coast or whatever. (500 lbs of wheat wouldn't feed us all for long, but it would help in an emergency.) As Liz said we could all "cummune" out on the farm. (Bring your tents). I have to fill all my two quart jars with water. I am going to "can:" them, and put them on the shelf with newspapers around them and between them and just "leave" them for future reference. Hope we will never need to use them.

The thing I feel from reading your letters, is your great strength in the gospel, and nothing could make us happier than to know our children are living close to the Lord, because we know that as long as you are close to the Lord, that there is no earthly "unhappiness" which will throw you too much. The Lord really meant it when he said: 'My peace I give unto you--not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' "Take my burden upon you, for my yoke is easy and my burden light." It is wonderful to know that our posterity is growing up bathed in the light of the gospel, and learning of their heritage in that gospel, which is the greatest earthly heritage that a father and mother can bestow. All the gold and silver of the world cannot compensate for lack of christian ethic and gospel principles for your children to cling to in times of trial and trouble, and those will come to all of us sooner or later in our lives. That's what we're here for, isn't it--but it is a comfort to know that our Heavenly Father is there to comfort and sustain and encourage.

There is a feeling of spring in the air in Provo these last few days. The ground is sufficiently thawed out in Payson that I am going out Monday (Feb 22) and take my little hired boy and dig in the asparagus roots. In a few years you kids will have to plan to come to Utah when the Apricots, Peaches, or whatever are on so that you can can all this stuff we are planting. It is kind of a relief to know that I don't have to put up 10 bushels of tomatoes or peaches or apricots anymore, but at the same time I hate to see things go to waste and it will go against my grain to give away peaches, etc. which I know my children and grandchildren would like to be munching on all winter.

I guess you know I am going back to school this year. I am thoroughly enjoying it. And I know that if Betsy didn't have all those little children and if Karen didn't have hers that they would both just love to be back in the class room. I think that education is wasted on the young. They cannot enjoy it like I do, I'm sure. I just wish I had the time to really do what I would like to in my classes. I am taking humanities 101 from Jon Green this semester and would like to have more time to look up musicians, writers, poets, artists and etc and know more about their lives. After I saw "Song of Norway", I wanted to go home and look up the life of Grieg and see where he spent the rest of his life--did he have children--etc. Some of the music with which I was familiar in the movie, I had not previously attributed to his pen. My trouble (and I doubt if I'll change) is that when I listen to music--I just enjoy it--I pay no attention to who wrote it or when or why--so that if someone should ask me how I liked a certain symphony I would just have to say "Huh?"

However, we are going to "death of a salesman" next Wednesday, "The opera next week and also the Bolstoi? Ballet that will be part of the community concert offerings in March. John and Wendy Hall brought me Velasquez's "The maids in waiting" (a print) from their Semester abroad. By the way