

April Hallmanack
April 6, 1990

Dear Family:

The March 30 deadline for "cousin" sheets and histories has been reached, but if any of you haven't sent in your sheets, do so soon, as it will take me a week or so to get them organized and out. I think you will find getting reacquainted with your cousins will be interesting.

We saw Daniel off for Guatamala last Monday. By "we" I mean Tracy and his family, and Dad and I. Dad and I took the Mac that has been giving us fits back up to near Layton as the man who fixed it last said he would fix it again free. It will take a couple of weeks. This trip and getting in from outer Slobovia at the airport made us a little later getting to the airport than we had planned. Sherlene and Dan, he looked great and was anxious to get going.

It was great having Liz and family here last week. They got in some good spring skiing and Erin found out she liked skiing, too. Liz stayed home with Mom and loafed--as near as you can call loafing when you are on vacation and only have one week to see everyone you want to see.

The 1st of April, Sunday we had a family home evening and sang some of the old Mormon hymns which no longer appear in the hymn books. A bout with strep throat put a damper on the week for John and Emily. Emily came down with it in time to be miserable on the way home.

We enjoyed conference. Conference time is always a time for "renewal" and "re-energizing" of the faith. I never fail to marvel at the caliber of leaders we are blessed with.

At the airport Betsy, who had a bad fall while walking a late spring evening, told us that the problems in Haiti had essentially stopped the mail. They hadn't heard from Tracy for a month. Zina just came to study, and she said that they finally got a letter from him and that he is fine. He said that the last letter he had received was one written in February. I guess the whole system was slowed down both ways.

The mission President had the missionaries stay inside during the riots, and while they saw some tire burning and heard some shots, little else happened. Tracy has had a transfer and has a new companion. He is in one of the more wealthy areas of the city, but Zina said that there are still a lot of poor mixed in. This was in response to my comment that he would probably find the work slower in the rich area than in the poorer sections of the city. One interesting comment she made was that several of the missionaries got into a hassle with their landlord over who owned the water. Apparently there is no city-wide piping system for the water, but you store your water in large tanks which are refilled by big tank trucks. (Do you have to boil or treat that water after you get it, Tracy?) This resulted in some emergency transfers for those missionaries. Tracy apparently remained aloof from this. Good going, Tracy! Can you imagine trying to keep the washing, bathing, and cleaning water going for a big family with tank trucks? Restrictions would have to be put on those "run-it-out until it runs cold" showers we Americans are prone to indulge in.

The lazy? days of winter are over. We have had beautiful spring weather. The Apricot trees have bloomed and the blossoms make a beautiful white blanket on the ground

beneath the trees now. The Peach trees are ready to burst and the forsythia is gloriously golden. The daffodils are fading (sob) but they are being replaced with the tulips which are just breaking into bloom.

Grandpa has his work cut out for him on the farm. Yesterday he received 4000 evergreen seedlings which he will probably pot in the pots ^(the pots) which should have come Tuesday, and are now promised for today. The seedlings are stuffed in the downstairs refrigerator at home, here, and in the two refrigerators at the farm, and the one in the basement of the Tulip Cottage.

One of the young men who worked for ^{Grandpa} ~~him~~ last year is entering the mission home on the 18th and is working two jobs to try to get enough money to help his folks keep him and his sister in the mission field. There are still a lot of good LDS people sacrificing to help spread the word.

We are proud (bad word) of the way our grandchildren are growing up. They're great. (I believe the word is "awesome") The church is going to rapidly get large infusions of great leadership in the coming decade or two from those growing up guys and gals. It will be fascinating to watch the marriage choices as they come along. (Who's getting married?)

I have been worried about Grandfather. He has been complaining about his hip, and limping. He had an appointment with an orthopedic surgeon but decided it was "muscular". However, he finally went down to see Dr. Wallace, who always helped Dr. Kezerian with his surgery and who is pretty good when it comes to setting bones, etc., and his prognosis was that he has the start of a ? (forget the type) hernia. There is a place in the large bone of the hip where the major arteries and nerves go from the body into the legs. Sometimes fatty tissue protrudes into this opening and causes pressure and pain. Dr. Wallace says he wasn't ready for the surgeon yet, and told him to lose the fat (what fat?) on his stomach and do stomach exercises to strengthen the muscles of his stomach. He also taught him how to massage the area to try to loosen the stress and if it got really painful to use ice.

This business of getting old is for the birds, but if thin Tracy is having that kind of a problem, I am a prime target for such as my stomach muscles are zilch and I am carrying around a lot of fat in that area. Everyone get down and do leg raises and get those stomach muscles taut again. Yuuck. Enough complaining. I see by my "page preview" that I am over my allotted two pages. I will try to change the font so that you can't read it because it is too small, so that I can get it on two pages.

Love, Grandmother

Clarifying note: I forgot to state that when Betsy fell she broke two fingers on her right hand and as a result has a cast on her arm almost to the elbow. Someone else will have to do the letter writing for a while until she mends. Also the dishes, and the cooking etc., etc. We will try to use the zerox to send you some of Tracy's experiences in Haiti.

Nancy and Doug are in their new home. Nancy is working at Jenny Craig's weigh-loss clinic as a counselor. What I am afraid of is that she will be so conscious of "weight" that she will become too thin. She's looking good. They like their new ward. Both Chelsey and Carli are in their new schools. Guess where Carli goes? To Farrer Jr High. Shades of the past—the second generation of the Halls to go there. Does that establish us as "old stock". Hardly. Some families have been in Provo since its settlement. No progress there.