

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1990

Dear Mom,

I am sending this letter to you to let you know how much I love you and how grateful I am to you for the rich blessings I have received during my life because you are my mother.

Ever since I was a little boy I have always known that you loved me. The pure love which you gave me has made me a happy person all my life. I look back to my childhood and the experiences I had with you and I get such a wonderful, warm feeling.

Just as precious to me is the gift of faith which I received by your example. Your dedication to the church and your love of Jesus Christ made me want to be the same way. I will never forget those tapes that my parents bought for me of the Bible stories. Listening to those tapes taught me so much about the lives and words of the prophets. Your testimony and the sacrifice you made to go on a mission to Germany have also had tremendous impact on my life. Because of your testimony, I have always wanted to go on a mission.

Finally, I want to thank you for supporting me materially all my life. I have always had clothes to wear, food to eat, and a comfortable bed to sleep in. I received these freely of my parents and I want to thank you for sacrificing so much to support me.

I would ask you to forgive me for the many times (in) which I was disrespectful and when I spoke harsh words at you. I feel terrible about the way I treated my parents as a teenager and I hope you and God can and will forgive me.

Yesterday, I went to the temple and did sealings for the dead. I suddenly realized the enormity of the plan of our Heavenly Father and how many blessings I have received because I was born to you. Thank you isn't enough. I want you to know that I love you very much. I have received so many blessings through you that I can hardly comprehend them. I will be grateful to you and Dad forever. Love, your son, Daniel Hall Bartholomew

*Dear Mom - latest editions from
Daniel. I am sharing the top one with you
and Dad confidentially, parent to parent! 😊
The other two can be shared with the family.
He also sent a letter to Dad on similar
note and a plea for money that
would wring the heart of the most
hardened Scowge (but missed mine!) 😊*

*Love, Mom
Zhele*

MARCH 1, 1990

Hi Laura!

I got your awesome letter on the awesome dragon stationery (Yes! I love it!) and it was simply awesome.

Don't get a boyfriend yet. Wait 'til you get to BYU where there're millions of Mormon boys just slathering to meet a fine young blonde lady from New York such as yourself.

I'm glad to hear you're running and getting more ^{compact}. That is a very good thing, but for heaven's sakes CLEAN UP THAT ROOM! Oh, I just don't know how I can bear it (am I sounding like Mom yet?) [NO!]

You must send me a package of that dragon stationery.

Also, the other day my district leader got homemade wheat bread from his Grandma. It tasted just like Mom's. That stuff beats chocolate. Please tell Mom to send me at least a couple of loaves. [Really, now--I like the "Grandma" idea.]

Listen here now, no more telling me stories about going to NYC to the Hard Rock Cafe (just kidding). I wish I had been there with you.

Yesterday was awesome. It was P(pay)-day. We got up at 4:45 a.m., showered, did our laundry, went to the temple and did sealings for the dead, played basketball, ate lunch (Bacon Lettuce Tomato Sandwiches ummmmmmmmm good), slept, read, and then went to our evening class.

If I was [sic] you, I'd go on a mission. It's incredible here. Anyway, that's up to you. Heck (whoops!). By the time I get back you'll be married and a mommie. Whooooeee!

You had better appreciate that key! [He surreptitiously--but not enough sent her a copy of the key to our car.] When I got my license I had to plead and beg and follow Mom and Dad pleading at the top of my lungs saying, "Please let me drive--I won't listen to rock music for a week!!!" They'd wait 'til I bled from my eyes before they'd let me drive to Shop-Rite to pick up a loaf of bread. I also had to walk to school in five feet of snow uphill both ways... but we'll save that story for later.

I love you so much and I miss you more than the Beatles (now you truly know how much I love you).

May you wake up tomorrow with a natural tan and have a thousand young men following you around begging for dates!!!

Your incredibly cool and humble brother, Elder Daniel H. Bartholomew

P.S. Take care of those tapes and stop using the phone in my room! Did you hear me? OUT!

Just kiddin'. Make my room your front office [over my dead body]!

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1990THE NEWS-----
ALL THE NEWS-----
THAT WE CAN FIT!

Let's see. In the past week a lot has happened. Elder Kikuchi came and spoke to us Tuesday evening. He as really inspiring and after he spoke we were all really looking forward to getting to Guatemala. Afterwards, I went up to shake hands with him and thank him for blessing Mom and Dad. When I told him I was Elder Bartholomew he pulled me aside, gave me a big hug (all the other missionaries were waiting in line for measly handshakes) and told me to tell my parents he loved them. Needless to say, I felt great.

My district went to the temple and did sealings for the dead. I've never quite felt anything like that. I suddenly realized the enormity of our Heavenly Father's plan for us. When I left I was higher than a kite.

Classes have been going very well and we've begun learning the first discussion in Spanish. It's awesome.

I'm really enjoying the weather here as well. We've received a lot of snow (the members here have been praying for moisture, it snowed buckets for almost three days), but the sun came out and melted it all. The temperature is just about perfect and it has been very sunny lately.

By the way, I was just walking to class the other day and all of a sudden I bumped right into Sister Ferderber and her daughter-in-law. I must confess I gave her a hug. It was so good to see her (oh, come on, give me a break, she was my seminary teacher). I gave her daughter-in-law a handshake. I'll have to watch it though. Those handshakes get a little rary(?) for us missionaries (us being so innocent and all).

There's a really funny (yet true) story going around here. Apparently Pres. Spencer W. Kimball was here at the MTC, and a missionary stood up in the meeting and asked if it was OK to kiss your girlfriend at the airport before you left. Pres. Kimball said something about how he always liked to get a "big drink of water before going out into the desert." In other words, sure, go ahead, kiss your girlfriend at the airport. Unfortunately, I don't have a girlfriend. Oh well. Perhaps one of my friends here will share a couple of sips from his canteen. Oh, come on, Mom, your face has an expression like you just swallowed a whole grapefruit.

I got your letters and paquetes and thank you very much. Love,
Daniel H. Bartholomew

P.S. Tell Mom that when I get back I expect her to have a new Chow-Chow for me to meet. I know she will (ha ha ha). [Very funny.]