

NEIL HALLMANAC

May 10, 1990

Dear Family:

I can hardly believe it's almost the end of the school year! Things are beginning to wind down and we're making plans for summer.

I've caught a miserable cold which doesn't want to go away. Started taking antibiotics yesterday for a sore throat. Hope that helps. I'm not much smarter about this electronic equipment than I was last month. This will be a slow process, I can see. Greg wrote a neat song, and I wrote a short "pleasant melody" which I saved onto my disk labeled "Liz--the Early Years." Optimistic--don't you think?

We've started some improvements on this old place. This week our new fence went up along one side and between our driveway and Pinewood. It really looks nice and cleaned up the vegetative clutter along the side of our house. We're trying to line up some contractors to look at our two and a half bathrooms for updating and expanding. That sure is a hassle! I hate answering machines! We're going to rob space from one of our linen closets to make one of the bathrooms a bit larger.

Marty had his executive physical this month. The doctor told him he should lose a few pounds, and although his cholesterol was only 187, his triglyceride level was imbalanced. The doctor thought he should go on medication (vitamin B-6, I think) to lower it--but Marty hasn't done anything about it yet--except he's more faithful about jogging or walking each morning! I need to lose ten pounds, also. We've both added ten pounds in the last two years. Comparatively speaking, I think Marty's in great shape for a man his age, though.

The three older kids were all in the Upper Campus Variety and Talent Show this week. Erin and a friend sang a song from "The Little Mermaid," and Emily played a two-piano duet with a friend. Greg won first prize with his skit imitating a few different rock stars--very funny! Financially, he just about broke even, because he had to rent and purchase costumes. I don't know where he gets his lack of inhibition--not from this parent.



I packed up some of my kid's outgrown clothes to send to Charlotte last week. I also had some packages to return to Land's End, and since I was busy, Marty said he would help me out (since most of the returns to Land's End were clothes ordered for him.) I forgot to tell him that one of the packages I had ready to go was to be sent to Charlotte, so he addressed them all to Land's End and took them to the Post Office. A little while later he was complaining about the postal costs on the three packages, when it hit me that he'd just shipped off to Land's End some hand-me-down clothes!! We quickly ran back to the Post Office, which fortunately was our neighborhood branch office, where a friendly clerk let us take our package back. Whew! I know if it had been the main office we never would have got that package back! Land's End has a wonderful return policy, but **that's** asking too much!

Well I did it! 'Sent out a letter to my students announcing my decision to quit teaching. It was a difficult decision, but I'm glad I've finally made it. We're looking forward to more nutritious meals around here, and I'm hoping to have more free time. Somehow though, "free time" around here has a way of filling up.

Emily will be in Provo on Friday, June 22nd, to Sunday, July 1. She's going to the B.Y.U. Music Camp, and is quite excited about it. I hope she gets a good feel for the campus environment and music department. She will be able to hear lectures on anything from "electronic music" to "music as a career" and be able to receive some private and group piano instruction.

"Godspell" turned out to be a very touching musical and Greg and Emily really enjoyed their participation. I was really touched by Emily's singing performance of the adulterous woman about to be stoned. She really seemed to be in emotional pain and had a real "feel" for the part. Turns out, when she was thrown to the "ground" to be stoned, she scraped her knee quite badly on the carpet, and **was** bleeding and in pain!

Hope all's well with y'all. We're getting along, getting along.  
Love, Liz