

May Hallmanack

1990

Dear Family:

Today is the second Sunday in May and Mother's day. So I will sit down and do my Motherly stint of getting a letter onto the computer. It's been a lovely day and I have heard from all of the children. Mother's day is worth having if for no other reason that it makes Mothers feel wanted, needed, and appreciated. And that's not too easy to come by, as you Mothers with teenagers can understand. It comes later. Thanks everyone for your cards, gifts, etc.--Especially the hugs, which I can feel even over the telephone. Tracy, Betsy and crew came and sang "A window, a Window---Oh, a boy's best friend is his Mother, his Mother," and a card which read "She's our Grandmuzzer and I say she stays--Art work by Susie. Those kids are getting so tall--picked up the tall genes from their Mother's side of the family, I guess. Even Susie--she's almost as tall as Mary. Doug and Nancy and DJ were here prior to their visit and stayed for awhile after and then had to go to visit Doug's mother, who has been in the Hospital.

Tidbits from our Sunday meetings: It is a little hard to understand why the Lord told the Israelites to go into the land he had marked to be a "promised" land to them and an inheritance, and DESTROY all the inhabitants. What about their constitutional "property" rights? Well, Ada Taylor said that the inhabitants were "ripened in inequity". Especially the Caananites (and she gave a great verbal pedigree chart telling who (from Noah) (Who had survived another "ripened") the Caananites descended from and also giving an emotional tribute to Egyptus the wife of Ham. Egyptus must have been an exceedingly righteous woman because her son Pharoah (the first of a string of them) was the first ruler of Egypt and also a very righteous man, whose desire to hold the Priesthood (which had been denied him by his Father, Noah because of the blood of Cain) was so great he instituted religious rites that were very similar to the rites of the Holy Priesthood). She also noted that in the days of Abraham, Abraham was told by the Lord NOT to destroy the Caananites because they were not "yet fully ripened in inequity".

She said (Which I have always maintained) that in our generation we have seen Egyptus' righteousness rewarded, for some of her descendants were "brought" to America (2 Nephi Chap 1:6: "...That there shall none come into this land save they shall be brought by the hand of the Lord.") and now in our day "all" righteous men have the right to hold the Priesthood.

When we see our own country "ripening", I hope that there will always be enough righteous people of all faiths who serve the God of the Land so that

American will never "fully ripen" and be destroyed.

CATS: In case some of you don't know it, last year Nancy found two cats for us from a litter in Provo for the farm. One was the usual "tiger" variety, and the other was about as Siamese looking as the real thing, blue eyes and all. We hoped the cats would kill mice and, especially, gophers. By the fall the Siamese had become very adventurous, wandering about--even crossing the thru-way at the bottom of the farm. When hunting season came it disappeared--I hope it wasn't shot by hunters. Nancy (living at the farm at the time) said that the "tiger" ^{cat} ~~cat~~ cried all night the night the other disappeared. Nancy let him into the house, which was forbidden by Grandpa who wanted the cats to be "outdoor" cats. Soon a female cat who had been snooping around was "invited" in by "Tiger". She was a wild one, but Grandpa has finally tamed her enough to let him pet her a little.

Last week I took the truck from the farm to the tulip cottage, and when I got back to the farm I heard a "meow". "Oh, Oh", I thought, "the cat has jumped into the truck." It was a cat, ~~alright~~, but not one I had ever seen. It was a tiny ball of a cat like Tiger, behind the seat of the truck. I took it out to the garage where we feed the cats and fed it some milk. It was so tiny that it hadn't even been weaned, and didn't even have sense enough to lick off it's nose when I dipped it in the milk.

I was substituting at the Cottage that day, and so had to leave, but Dawna, the girl downstairs in the North apartment, saw the kitten, took it in and washed out it's eyes, and let it go. From then on we didn't see the kitten--I thought perhaps Dawna had taken it in to nurse it, but Friday she showed me where the mother cat was feeding the kitten. She was just on some black plastic and so I tried to get her to let me put a peice of rug under her and the kitten and she growled at me, so I let it go.

That explains why "tiger" didn't raise his hackles at that kitten when I put it down. He's the Dad. Questions: How on earth did that kitten get in the back of the truck? Even if the mother cat had carried it there, Dad never leaves the truck open--Unsolved mystery! And was that kitten the only one of the litter? (I think it was the first litter the cat had had) If not, what happened to the other kittens?

You kids will probably remember, that of all the cats we have had, none have ever been petted or picked up by Dad. Dad is very affectionate with this cat--who wouldn't be--that cat has an absolute insatiable appetite for affection. Everyone loves tiger. I'm going to get a picture of Dad and the cat. A cat that can break down Dad's resistance to pets deserves to go down in at

least pictorial family history.

We have been spending a lot of time in Payson. Dad has planted (with some help) some 4,000 trees. Some in vacant spots in the planted field to the North of the house, and some in pots. We're really into big sales. He has sold four of the pots at the Tulip Cottage. But then he doesn't plan to really sell them until they get taller.

Dad has experimented with growing trees from seed this year, and is learning how. He has grown some columnar oaks, and also some maples. We are finding that there are a lot of different maples. When you start growing trees, you become more observant.

We are pleased with the changes in the Temple ceremony. And let the critics say what they want. I think the Brethren were inspired. If they had asked me (they didn't) I would have suggested one more change. It will come.

I haven't got the "cousin" sheets out--but am going to do so as soon as I get my May 15th Tulip Cottage checks out. I have sheets from Sherlene, Charlotte, Liz, David & Virginia. ?????????????????????? (Mag, nag!)

Mother's day had big sales. \$400. on Friday and \$600. on Saturday which was almost as good as Christmas. If we hang in there, the cottage may still pay. At this point, however, it would never support a family in addition to paying the bills. I don't know if it ever will.

Mary is taking the tests to get into the Y. They cost a bomb, but the tests give you college credits if you pass high enough, and so in the long run it's cheap credits. From what Mary said, you take a test for each subject you want credits in. She just finished the "French" tests. She's good at French.

Laura will enter Y in July. She will be living in the Dorms. Zina has a job at the bookstore. Her experience at the grocery store as a check out clerk has served her well. All the rest of you grandchildren who are coming to the Y--get yourself a specialty--or get yourselves good scholarships--especially the kind that isn't revoked if your grade average slips a little. The four year kind, with books and tuition, and a living allowance. All of our grandchildren are smart enough to do it--go after it.

Lov Ya--Grandmother

note: dda Taylor ask "how can you tell when a nation
is "supposed" in inequity - growth Red Ruby: "when they are so rotten
they stink" - you can tell I didn't use the "spelling" of chicken.