

I love all you yea-hoo's (even if I can't spell it)!

received yesterday! (Wish I
May 4-60)

Sherlene speaking, so you don't have to search down for the signature. It is now 1:33 a.m. Eastern Daylight Savings Time. I'd love to make Barry and Ginger think this is pure devotion to the cause of sending this round robin on. However, I must confess I woke up about an hour ago, sure it was 5:00 a.m. and time to get up. I love it when I wake up in the early morning like this (it happens about once a year) and my mind is peaceful, ideas dart in and out crystal clear, and all the hustle and bustle of the world is at rest. I just came downstairs and knelt in the study and prayed out loud and felt certain I was the only one praying in New York at this time of morning and that I was getting undivided reception and communications. Now I know the Lord is capable of that kind of communication any time of day, but I seem to be in better tune at 1:00 a.m.

I have so much to be grateful for this spring, I sometimes feel I can hardly contain all the happiness. This whole year has been such a struggle with the "winter of discontent," the warm thaw of spring has been triply appreciated. And this was such a freezing winter season, anyway. Our last two were very mild, by contrast. I'm the type who has cold feet in the middle of summer, and this winter the cold alone was a constant source of tension for me--especially with the lower thermostat. I don't know why AT&T can't have a division in S. California or Hawaii. Right now it looks as though our next move will probably be New Jersey, of all things (ugh!--I feel no affiliation at all for area where we would be living there--though I've learned by experience that I pretty well settle in wherever I go). But right now the azaleas and magnolias and violets and lily of the valley and tulips, daffodils and dogwood are blooming all over our yard and White Plains, New York seems like Paradise.

We have had absolutely radiant weather the past three or four weeks. You know, six or seven perfect spring days and then two days of gentle rain to keep things blooming and green and clear the air and then another stretch of beautiful weather. We have taken full advantage of it. Last fall Dan took the rototiller and mulched in all the leaves, so it could settle in under the snow. But this spring we got big ideas and moved the flagstones which surrounded our little circle garden, put them in a winding circle around the lilac and other shrubs and made a large rectangle garden back there (20 X 25). Dan moved the grass sod to other more sparse areas and made a beautiful garden out of it, spreading lime, mulch, and fertilizer and tilling it in deep. We got very scientific this year and took soil samples to the Ag. Dept. Our soil tested out 5.3 (very acid) so we have spread lots of lime on garden and lawn. We got up early April 1 on a Saturday and planted our garden in the rain. We were thoroughly drenched when it was over, but it was really fun.

The psychological benefits of gardening have got to be some of the best results. Something about working and talking with Dan in the fresh, crisp morning and listening to the birds sing has freshened my soul. Now all our 16 rows in the lower garden are coming up (all kinds of lettuce, peas, onions, carrots, radishes, parsley, beets, spinach, etc.). That was so much fun, we decided to enlarge the upper garden and made a thinner strip along the side of the house (about 15 by 25) and planted a second planting about two weeks later. We soaked those seeds two days, and they're sprouting already. If you want to save two or three weeks on a garden, just soak all the seeds.

Some of the bulbs I planted last fall didn't survive the winter, but what did come up was glorious. Two weeks ago was the height. It was such a delight to walk around the house each morning discovering the new blooms. I dug the sod and made a circle around the dogwood in the front and planted bright yellow tulips and daffodils there and also in natural clumps all around the house. All the daylilies we divided and planted all over are coming up and we've planted

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gladiolas and those tall, dramatic red lilies (can't remember the name) all over. Come June or July we should have another riot of color. After two tries, I finally got a purple clematis to come up this spring (the starts from home died--this is nursery stock). Dan has the garden bug, too, and has become a fern nut. He ordered ferns which he planted and nursed in his study, and they are now so big and beautiful, I want to keep them in the house. Besides, we have some ferns growing naturally outside that are thriving. He also has seedlings upstairs and all over the basement (under fluorescent lights he has rigged with timers and all. He has the most delicate flowers (annuals) of all types growing like grass and every kind of pepper, tomato, squash, pumpkin, cabbage, etc. seedling you could hope for in a garden. If they continue to thrive, we won't need nursery stock this year.

Dan got this fabulous book on compost piles called "Let it Rot" and we are very excited about our compost pile which fits neatly behind our stockade-like fence next to the neighbor's garage (but on our property and fenced out of his sight). The author is Stu Campbell and it is worth a trip to your library to get it. (Garden Way Publishing, Charlotte, Vermont). We feel very thrifty and ecological while replenishing our little garden of Eden, so to speak, with this fantastic new art of composting (it is an art, you know). So please come and see us soon; we are just getting started, but by the time you get here our pile should be a real showpiece and prime neighborhood attraction (and not for flies and rats, mind you!) I can just hear Mom saying, "What's new?"

We took some of the leftover flagstones and repaired our flagstone walk in front (that leads from the front brick walk over to the driveway.) Then we put our violets and lilies of the valley that we dug up from our upper garden area in there with the pansy and daffodils, and it is so pretty under the now-blooming azaleas. Dan brought home a whole bunch of pansies and geraniums the other day, and we planted those with pansy and the peonies Dan planted last year (on the little rock garden we're trying to make on the ledge between our driveway and the Mohr's home). That area has been trying to erode away, and we hope this will help. Dan has also been weeding, feeding, liming, and turf-building our lawn, and with the sod he added to sparse areas, it is starting to look like a real lawn. We've been going out and weeding early to catch every weed before it can settle in, and it just does look lovely. It feels so good to have made such progress in our gardening abilities--and we feel this is our year to get the house painted, too. It seems we are finally making some progress instead of feeling we are running full time just to keep even.

And we, as of April 1, are finally out of debt! Hurrah, hurrah. (Except for the mortgage on our house, of course). We have saved 6% of our salary in the Bell Savings Plan (they add 3%) ever since we got married, so we have always had that hedge. But we have been trying, besides that, to live on our income and we stretched very hard, getting into this home. The lady who gave us our home loan compared our house, heating, and Con Ed costs with Dan's salary and said she would only dare let us buy this house because of our food storage. We had one of these checking accounts that you could dip into over \$1,000 as another type of loan and we really ran up our Bankamerica and other cards on vacations (we always seemd to spend our dividend money beforehand on insurance and New York taxes). We knew Dan's salary would go up and we would make it, but it was very hard on both of us to always be behind and feel ourselves sinking each month. But sound the brass! We are now totally in the black and are now even coming out AHEAD and can start to talk about paying cash for some dream items like a Selectric Typewriter and a piano and dare I say furniture? The only problem is that we have been scrimping so long, it's a great temptation to loosen up in many areas now that we can, and it is so easy to dribble away that extra. That is one advantage of stretching and putting yourself on a financial commitment--it is a way of forcing yourself to save. We are so grateful we did go ahead and buy this home. They are consolidating all the area elementary schools because there just are not as many children coming into the schools and home costs are so high, younger families aren't moving in. Guess which school they consolidated to? Our very own Mamaroneck Avenue school that our children walk to. How about that? Mrs. Pellor, next door, just sold her home (they're moving in August), and she said she made a terrific profit. She said the new school districting had a lot to do with it. So we have been blessed again.

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Tuesday I went in for a personal conference with Daniel's teacher at school. In Kindergarten these conferences are scheduled with all the parents twice a year-- which I think is great. In the next three grades, we will get three a year. I had not talked with his teacher in several months (since I arranged for someone else to take my place as room mother), and I went in not knowing what to expect. The first time I went in, she gave a positive report but after that I got back some very negative reports that left me feeling like I'd really failed as a parent. I had felt greatly challenged by Daniel at home, but in general we still viewed him as a very choice, noble spirit who just happened to have an extra lot of energy. But when I started getting calls from Primary teachers (his Sunday School teacher has always loved him--and claims she's never had a problem), I started getting visions of Daniel getting branded as a problem child and troublemaker. His teacher was concerned because he was making friends with some of the very rowdy, immature children in the class, some of whom were almost two years younger than he. His schoolwork took a drastic turn down--it was very apparent that he wasn't even trying. The whole thing scared me enough that I (I also was having health problems that also influenced me) put real skids on my church and outside activities and started to settle in more at home.

I know I'm not a perfect mother, but we have always read a lot of stories to them, taken real time to answer their questions, and though I'm aware that I'm probably too demanding and expect too much of our children, I like to think they get a lot of praise, hugs and kisses and positive-type reinforcement, along with a few spontaneous outbursts and spankings. I had really considered myself to be a pretty good mother, and I found all of this very shattering. It put a strain on our marriage. Dan was as concerned as I, and he would give these gentle, little loving hints and suggestions about better-mothering that didn't make me feel much better. When our adoptions fell through, I deep down wondered if the Lord thought I was a lousy mother, too. This is going to sound dumb, but now that I think it's over, I might as well confess that I have been on the verge of serious depression all year. The only way I could handle it was to get so busy in trying to do missionary work and kind of get out of myself in service so that I didn't think of it so much. Emotionally and physically that miscarriage took a lot more out of me than I thought it was going to, too. I'm so glad we're going to visit Ginger and Barry on Memorial Day--the day I miscarried last year. I don't think that day will ever come again as long as I live that I don't cry a little over that lost baby. Isn't that the day that Grandma Langford died, too? Oh, brother. I sit here bawling over the typewriter and I started on such a high!

Well, I cried when I got home from that interview with Daniel's teacher, too-- but the other way. I just wish you grandparents and aunts and uncles could have shared that 20 minutes with me. What a perfect Mother's Day gift that Daniel and Mrs. Sheldon gave me. She said she scheduled me the very first because it was going to be such a happy experience and would make some of the harder interviews more bearable. She said she could not believe the fantastic change that had come over Daniel during the year. She said she would think it was a different child if he had a different face. Some of the words I heard were cooperative, helpful, "obviously the product of a beautiful, Christian home," mature (I feel like capitalizing that one), and get this one--showing great abilities to concentrate and study out a problem. She said that intellectually, she expects him to excell all the way through his schooling. She said the results of the tests recently given him were "simply astounding"--top of the class. But what really made me pop some buttons was some of the moral progress she observed. She said he went out of his way to befriend the unfortunate and sad children. She said at the first of the year he seemed less sure of himself and acted as though he felt threatened when other children did well or showed leadership. But she said as he became more secure in his own scholastic abilities and leadership, he became a peacemaker and friend and showed tremendous patience with the less fortunate. Really, I couldn't believe my ears. As she was talking I kept wondering if this was another daydream.

She also said it was a big revelation to her when Daniel had his six-year-old birthday. I guess she hadn't realized until then that he was almost a year older than many in the class. She said that knowledge would have helped her understand what was going on at the first of the year a lot better. Apparently her experience has been that "age six is full of tricks"--a very growing age and that in general, first grade teachers go through a lot that kindergarten teachers aren't supposed to suffer. She said Daniel was spurting in growth (therefore very restless) and is so far the only one to lose practically a mouthful of teeth.

Really, children farther down the line must have a great advantage. We parents learn so much with the first two.

In her first report she said he excelled in math skills and story telling, but said he didn't listen attentively, was easily distracted, needed more help than usual with his reasoning and judgment and often needed help in recalling what he had already learned. Also that he needed help with letter recognition and sounds. This time she said he was simply a superior student and here's what was at the bottom of the report:

"Daniel has made excellent progress in kindergarten--he has accepted and excelled (sic) in academic progress--he is now a leader among the other children and most compassionate with his classmates."

She also said that at playtime arguments among the boys often break out and they always look to Daniel for a solution that will make both sides happy.

You will have to forgive my bragging on and on. But after what we've gone through this year--I deserve to! As if that were not enough, on the way home from that little session, the police-lady at the corner stopped me and said she just had to tell me that my little boy brought her so much joy every day. She said she got such a kick out of seeing him leap, jump, fence-walk, puddle plop and zoom back and forth each day. She said he was dependable and courteous and always had that big, cheery smile.

One other thing Daniel's teacher said about him was that he was ALL BOY. She said she couldn't get over how excited he is about EVERYTHING. And curious. She said he always wanted to know all the details and absolutely would not rest until he got his questions answered. She said she had never seen a kid with so much energy, but that he had learned to control it in school, but once they went outside, he started running and NEVER stopped (I wish he'd learn that at home). She said (get this) she was going to miss having a child in her class with such exuberant joy, who made an adventure out of every experience. I tell you, I'm not sure my feet touched ground all the way home.

I told her she had better tell us at least one area we should work on for improvement for the sake of both his and our humility, and she said she was really totally thrilled and satisfied, to just go home and enjoy it. So we went home and Daniel and Laura celebrated with double-decker ice-cream cones and Daniel got FIVE WHOLE POINTS on his chart (they get a point every time they do something good, which gets erased when the opposite occurs, and a certain number of points gets a special trip to the park or whatever).

These past two days I have had to give Laura some extra attention. She has reveled in being "the good one" for a year--she has been such a goody we can hardly stand it at times, and when she got up yesterday and wanted me to teach her to read I knew she felt threatened again. Here we go again. We do love our little chilluns. By the way, they divided Daniel's Primary class and he has a new teacher, Sister Kathy Woodbury who says he shows deep spiritual insight for a child his age and that she can't imagine him ever misbehaving in class. Knock on wood.

We got the children the tape cassettes of New Testament stories (Robert Patch narrative) that go right along with the illustrated volumes we got them. Daniel listens to them every afternoon and will maintain interest an hour and a half. Then he comes down and bombards me with questions. Those tapes are worth the expense (and we got them on sale at 1/3 price through Dan's Dad). We had ordered them hoping to put them in their Easter baskets along with the jelly beans, but they didn't get here in time.

We have some marvelous records of those Book of Mormon stories Dan's grandmother wrote (I think we sent you all a copy). Dan had put the first one about Nephi on a tape and Daniel listened to that one so much, he can repeat the whole tape nearly word for word.

Laura is growing so much. She is naturally so sweet, she doesn't really need to try being a "goodie." I can remember feeling so exhausted with Daniel and praying so hard that the ~~next one~~ would be a help and strength to me and that is just what Laura really is. She just can't do enough to help her mother--and she really does help! She will fetch anything at the slightest hint and anticipates a lot of things. She'll come down and set the table without being asked and pick up her clothes without being told. She gets dressed by herself without being told and can choose out the right color combinations. And she tells me every day that she's so glad I'm her Mommy and that she thinks I'm so beautiful. That little girl is just a song and a cheer to me. She has her moments, too, but in general I worry that she has not learned a lot of things while I have been taking her progress and brightness for granted. But then she has the advantage of a brother to follow and learn from. She will enter kindergarten much better prepared than he was just because she's been learning his things all year.

Did I tell you I'm still in Public Communications? They were going to release me at Stake Conference, and I called the night before and begged for my job back. I had had a few weeks of peace and rest and was feeling on top of things again. Dan has been just wonderful. He took the full reins and has caught absolutely on fire with it. It was great that I quit for that month and he is so in charge, I have had nothing to do since, really. It has become a sort of "Church job shelter". Dan has been getting up at 5:00 a.m. (sometimes earlier) and cutting down on some of the usual Seventies' activities to do it, but I am so thrilled with what he has accomplished. He is so organized, and his results have been really meaningful. I've been doing typing and ~~we~~ stayed up 'til 2:00 a.m. last Sat. night getting all the materials assembled to distribute at Stake Conference, but other than that, it has been his baby and I have been enjoying a real rest.

Once when David and Karen were here, they essentially accused me of being a workaholic, and I was really offended. It took me about three weeks to cool off after they left. But I just physically got weaker and weaker and finally had to slow down. It has been pure heaven to finally get on a fairly consistent schedule here at home and be basically on top of things. We've had home-made bread every week, a home cleaned in stages during the week instead of crash-cleaned Saturdays, even the ironing done. I've even made progress on big jobs like scraping and cleaning all the downstairs windows. I've had more time to help others of my own initiative, instead of always barely managing my assigned tasks. Even our visit and home teaching families have had more attention and are showing real progress. I've been able to do things that have been having over my head a long time--like finally getting a copy of Laura's actual birth certificate and mending Dan's pants (unimaginable!). And our marriage is just really chirping this spring. I've said no enough times that several people at the Church probably think I'm on the road to ruin--but they can't see the perspective of the last ten years. Dan and I were called on a stake mission when we should have still been on our honeymoon. Our home and family life deserve some time and attention and I am just relishing it. Should have done it years ago.

Cal. Jr. is coming to visit us tomorrow (Fri.) and will stay through Sunday. We are really looking forward to his visit. Saturday we're going up to visit the Art Museum and then we'll have a picnic in Central Park. He and Dan have such a love for each other, it is just a joy to see two brothers harmonize the way they do. Cal also makes the children feel so loved and special. They can hardly wait 'til he arrives.

It is such a luxury for us to have family with us for any occasion. I suppose the distance helps us appreciate being with you more, but this is the greatest disadvantage of living so far East. I can't tell you what a wonderful lift it gave me to read all your letters. It really does help us stay together as a family. Let's keep this thing going.

Nancy, I was so moved by that story of how Doug helped that poor, old man. It's such a blessing to have Doug in the family. Both of you are an example to the rest of the family in so many ways--it makes me feel so good to see you enjoying your marriage and your baby so very much.

Ginger, did you and Barry get that sweet stuff spread? What a way to spend a Family Home Evening! What a prenatal environment to expose that child to. When he grows up to be a farmer, he'll say that smell reminds him of home. That truck episode must have been terrifying! We Hall girls are so inhibited and docile (some people would call it stupid?). I thought I was pretty independent, but I know I wouldn't have dared drive that truck. Ginger, you've got guts. How I love it! Barry's and Tracy's letters are really terrific. It just whets my appetite to hear from the other men in the family. Ahem.

David and Karen sound like they have an ideal setup. Dad says you've really got spunk and savvy in working with the company management. Thanks for hanging in there and showing a little aggression on behalf of the family. It also sounds like you're really going full steam ahead on your other goals. I really admire you for changing gears and direction the way you did. Life ought to be more of an adventure (though I'll settle for a little peace and serenity for a space).

Liz, the pictures are so cute. I can't get over how Emily has grown. Children change so fast. Congrats to Marty on that raise! When are YOU going to write a letter?

Tracy, I'll vote for the "Hollocaust." To me it has always meant simply a disaster of some kind or another. I don't think most people, unless they are Jews, necessarily associate it with the Nazi affair. I have a strong feeling that we'll discover one day that we Halls have some blood of Judah in us naturally. We Israelites who also happen to be Mormons and who have learned something of the nature of martyrdom, persecution, and forgiveness should be able to put the modern world in perspective with the past. I hate to see a perfectly useful word buried. I can understand why Tracy, after taking a class with Jews, made such a strong association with the word. The Jews in this part of the country, at least, waste a lot of time keeping their hate alive, talking about the "Holocaust." What happened to the Jews was a terrible, crass, inhumanly cruel and despicable example of modern barbarism. We should remember, though, that over six million Christians also died--many because they spoke out against persecution of Jews or risked their lives trying to help them escape. You seldom hear the Jews mention that. Certainly the Jewish loss was proportionately greater. But they would be a better and happier people if they believed in the word "forgive." I heard Rabbi Davis who heads a very wealthy, liberal Jewish segment in this area, say that his people never intends to forgive or forget what happened. They hold regular services in which they review the gruesome details and cry bitterly for justice. I attended one of their services, which included numerous references to the Nazi experience.

This Rabbi Davis who is so incensed at the persecutions the Jews suffered seems to be devoted full time this year to running the Moonies out of the country because they apparently "kidnapped" several youth in his congregation. Maybe the fantastic, malicious stories he tells about the Moon cult are true, but I can't help but think that he'd be better off to simply warn his congregation and then use his energy strengthening the families in his congregation and fortifying their youth program instead of traveling all over the country trying to rally people to throw the Moon cult out. Have you heard of any of our Mormon youth becoming Moonies? It could happen, but I haven't heard of it in our area.

Well, in this world's history Ephraim and Judah and Menasseh and a lot of other tribes have suffered holocausts of one type or another because we did not repent and live the commandments of God. I think our nation is being chastized right now with economic depression, energy shortages, unemployment, flood, blizzard, and famine because we're forgetting the God of the land. So maybe keeping the name "Hollocaust" would serve as a solemn reminder to us as a family, as well as serving us a "catchy" title.

When I was a little girl I used to pray that when I grew up I could go on a mission to the Jews. Of course I thought that would be in Israel. Little did I dream that I would someday be in Public Communications in New York where there nearly as many Jews as in Israel. I think we all yearn for the physical and spiritual victory of the Jews. I get more excited about what's going on in Israel than many of my Jewish neighbors. I find very few of them are Zionistic or conservative in their attachment to their heritage. I feel more prejudiced annihilating the word (Hollocaust) than using it, because it means we can't relax with ourselves. Now I am interested to hear what Tracy still thinks about the matter. I'll back down if it continues to upset you. Unity, unity and all that.

Betsy, that Christmas story you wrote could become a classic. What have you heard on publishing it? I have a girlfriend who is taking a course in creative writing and she told me she wanted to go to the library and research out the facts and write a story about the origins of "St. Nick." It was all I could do to keep my mouth shut and not show her your story. I RESISTED. I am getting a little more discreet in my old age. I agree that personality is personality wherever you live. But it must be easier for warm bones to relax.

Well, last week we got a letter that made our day. We had been trying so hard to bring some friends into the Church with no success, and that didn't do much for our spirits, either. But several years back in Illinois we had helped teach the Webers, who did join. Since moving here, we'd sent them several cards and letters, but they never answered, and I was feeling a little sad and wondering if we had offended them or something. Out of the blue, we got this fantastic letter in which they told they were totally active in the Church--"It is our life!" They are forming a new ward and she is 2nd counsellor in the Primary and he is A.P.Y.W. director! They are active in missionary work and are averaging 10 baptisms a month (4 families in Yorkville where they live!). And two additional children, bringing it to five (and they've been through the temple.) Said she was sorry she didn't write to tell us all the good news, but she's been so busy in the Church, she doesn't correspond much. But she said they wanted us to know "You will always have a special place in our hearts. You brought to us the greatest gift we could ever receive. We love you." So many joys coming all at once, we can hardly bear it. You'd think it might have been spread out a little over the winter!

P.S. I think the neighbor boys know I'm their friend again. I let them help paint our birdhouse last week (enamel pale yellow--an old Playskool postal box we salvaged) and they thought that was really a blast. New if we can just get a bird to adopt us who can fit into that little round hole. The robins, bluejays, pigeons, and local woodpecker can't make it.

They are going great guns in Illinois--dividing the stake again, and several wards--just booming with baptisms. I don't know why we had to leave before all the excitement. You know what preceded all that? The Stake called a full force of seventies and really pushed the seventies' program. We can't get any support for seventies in this stake. We only have three active seventies in our whole ward and in other wards, it's worse! Yet they are responsible for all the part-member families, as well as so much of the missionary effort. We heard that Pres. Kemp had been told he could increase the seventies force to 50 members. So this past stake conference, guess how many new seventies were sustained. One. For our whole, entire stake. With the new Elder Scott (a gem--reminds me of Daddy) there and Elder Harvin Ashton. A Beautiful Conference, but I could have cried when they only called one Seven^{ty}. Oh, well. Follow the brethren.

Just one more story, and believe me, I'm through!

We had a really bad incident with our neighbors a couple of weeks ago. Mrs. Pellor is divorced and she has two boys, 8 and 6 who play with an 8 yr. old across the street. Generally, they've been pretty good friends with Daniel and Laura and there have been few neighborhood wars. But sometimes out of the blue those boys would come over and do really destructive things--like throw mud balls at Dan's newly-painted (dry, fortunately) part of the house or break off our fruit and berry trees and bushes. We didn't make an issue out of either of those incidents, though Dan was pretty upset (I washed off the mud). Well, two Mondays ago, they tore down the fence Dan had just repaired (it stands between their home and ours and they're too lazy to walk ten steps around the hedge to fetch the balls that get kicked into our yard. Dan thought he would really follow Pres. Kimball's counsel and get that fence all repaired and mended--he really worked hard on it and it looked fine. Shortly after I discovered that, Laura came sobbing in the house. It took me half an hour to get her to tell what happened. Apparently the three boys had ganged up on her and told her they were going to take down her pants (they didn't do it) and that if she told her mother what they said, they would kill her! She really believed they would do it! I went out and found those boys and, mind you, kept my voice low and soft and controlled, but I think they knew I meant it--and told them I didn't ever want them to threaten Laura like that again. They all said Jeffrey had ruined the fence, and that he was the one who threatened to kill her. Jeffrey admitted under peer pressure, but I told them to tell their mothers that after Dan got home we were coming over to talk with them about it.

Well, a little while later, Jeffrey came over and said his mother had given him "holy hell" and he told her all and he was sorry. I told him I knew he wasn't really that kind of a boy and we wanted to be good neighbors and make them happy, etc. etc. But when Dan came home, he was really upset and said we should go talk with the parents. Then he said he thought we ought to have Family Home Evening first. Guess what the lesson was about? (Dan's turn to give it). Wouldn't you know: forgiveness. After that beautiful lesson, we decided to take them over a warm loaf of homemade bread, instead of raising a fuss. So Dan took it over, and Mrs. Pellor (Jeffrey's mother) took the bread, but was obviously braced for trouble. "Come in, I think we need to talk." Dan said, "Oh, no--that's all right--we just thought you might enjoy some of my wife's homemade bread." He said he saw her jaw drop a little, and he got halfway down the walk when she called after him: "Well, "I want you to know I think what my boys did was totally malicious, and it won't happen again!" The next week they told us they had sold their home and would be moving August 1, so we breathed a sigh of relief that we had had that family home evening lesson. They say a lovely young couple is moving in and they have a 2½ yr. old girl. Laura will be in her heaven. Finally a girl in the neighborhood! Poor Daniel won't have anyone to fight with.

Dan just came down and all this time I've been typing, he's been dreaming up things for me to do for Public Communications. He has our whole seminar planned--agenda, talks, spring emphasis. He's on fire. I do love that man. You should have heard the funeral talk and Easter program on which he was the featured speaker. Well, there goes my peace and rest for awhile.

Love to you, Sherlene and Company. Endit. ?A

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