

Also thank you Liz for the escape literature. (actually, not so escape--good stuff) Charlotte gave me a huge box of genealogical "clear" cover sheets and I intend to make a book of remembrance of all the weddings so that the children can look at it when they come grandmothering. And I loved the pictures, Sherlene. I am appalled (as I am always when I see myself mirrored in a store window or a photograph) with the weightiness of my carriage, and always resolve to do something about my figure. I am literally a "Big Mama." (Oh, dear" why do I like all those yummys that DO so much for me.) That is a wonderful picture of Dad and I will take it to Ogden next time to show him. That's another unfinished project that I am going to do--write the life History of my Father for him, but Ginger's volunteered to do that for me. I will just make a carbon of her work.

Oh by the way, Ginger, Most of all I loved the "mash" note. I love you too, and will put your mash note among my memorabilia. (wrong word, or something). Too lazy to look it up. Dad went out to get me a birthday present of four folding children's chairs to put up to my table, since my chairs are all split, but couldn't find any. Took Greg with him and Greg kept saying "do we HAVE to go to another store?"

I received an interesting letter from a Mrs. White in Oklahoma saying that she had read about my book in a genealogical helper and could she obtain a copy of it. She said that she had in her possession a letter (1840) from David and Margaret Bethurem to her progenitor a Dr. Joseph Kincaid. Whoopee! Hope they know more than I do about the family, and that they can clear up some points of non-knowledge such as what is the maiden name of Margaret Kincaid, wife of John, who was the father of James, wife of Margaret Bethurem, if you can figure THAT one out. More next time if I hear from her before then.

Daddy has been one sick feller, but I hope that he will get better now. He had a bad day yesterday and today has a sore throat, but went to church, anyway. I do hope he doesn't get back to where he was before. He had a pretty good week last week and I had (have) hopes that he is on the improve. He is a good man, your father, among other things.

We have ordered three dwarf apples, two dwarf apricots, ten thornless boysenberries, 100 Asparagus roots, two or three walnuts, a pecan (which won't live, I'll bet--at least not out in Payson-- two pear trees (maybe those didn't come through) and two cherries, for the payson farm. The house isn't finished as yet, but is coming along.

We thoroughly enjoy having David and his family back in Provo. It is nice to see the grandchildren a little more. We also enjoy having Nancy and Doug around. Where Nancy is there is never a dull moment. She has inherited some of that energy that her grandmother Langford had and she can do almost anything she sets her mind to doing. Carli is a cute little thing and smart as smart. She is not yet six months old and can turn herself over from back to front and front to back and is soon going to be crawling. If I crow like a proud grandmother you've got to remember that Carli is the first grandchild I have been able to watch grow. Now I can watch Michael grow too. (And Stephen and Mark). Of course I have the smartest, cutest grandchildren of anyone--but of course. Emily and Greg just came up the stairs all dressed up to go to Sunday School and they look so cute you can't believe it.

We will try to catch Sherlene and Dan and Ginger and Barry this afternoon. All are coming over to dinner (lunch) this afternoon and we will try then. We have enjoyed having Liz play and sing this morning--and wish they could stay longer. However--we are grateful that they made the long, long trip to see us.

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Wendy is going to Portugal on a mission and is now in the LTM.) and as I knew nothing about that particular artist I took him as one of my assignments in the class and thoroughly enjoyed looking <sup>her</sup> and his art up and studying it a little bit. I got two ++'s on my paper. (One plus excellent, ~~xxxx~~ a 0 satisfactory and a - unsatisfactory.)

I am taking that gruesome 170 History course and while I love History usually, to try to digest 700 pages of American history in 5 weeks something else. I am proud of me. I came out with a 90 in the test. 100 on the module (the role of the West in Am Hist) and now have two other tests to get through, one on the constitution and one on Issues in Am History, but I think the worst is behind me in that course.

I also am taking health (didn't pass the test to avoid taking that.) Then I have BOM which I am taking from someone who I don't care too much for, and will have all my groups when I take a Geology course next semester/

You can tell that I am hurrying. This afternoon we are going to try and take Liz and Marty out the the farm. I missed the boat. I should have done that this morning as we don't have Sunday School until 12:30., and if I go out this afternoon I will have to sluff choir practice. Guess which I will sluff? Yup. Choir practice.

If I get back I will go over to try to salve my conscience. Wonder how Liz feels about someone sluffing choir to be with their children. Family First. (Just listen to the rationalization.)

Liz and Marty left early this morning (this is next morning after I wrote the above). Daddy went to church yesterday and put in a full day but didn't feel well at all. He is getting a sore throat. Last night he had a fitful night. He has been consistently insomniac with this illness. I can tell how he feels by how he sleeps. I am somewhat tired myself this morning as I could not go back to sleep after Daddy woke up at 2 and then Liz and Marty left at five so I decided to just stay up and get a little work done.

Robert (Delbert's boy) and Denise, his sister are here in Provo going to the Y. Denise just arrived yesterday and we haven't seen her yet. Robert came over Sat evening while we were all here with a room mate of his that he wants to line Charlotte up with. I'm afraid he didn't get a warm reception (the room mate) we were all too involved.

Now I wonder how I kept the house as clean as I did when you kids were growing up. When there is a bunch of little kids here, the house is a shambles. It's worth it. you kids can make my house a shambles any time. However, I am wondering how I am going to like those drooling kids drooling on my new carpet I have ordered. Better cancel it, I guess. Tear up the present carpet, sand the floor, seal it, and let em drool. I am also having second thoughts about the carpet I ordered. Liz said that she read that gold is the worst color of all to keep up. Yuuck. I'd better ask around. And maybe I should get a different type carpet than the one I ordered. It's similar to the one in the bedroom and that one is hard to keep looking nice. Mrs. Norton has one in her room that looks indestructible. Hmmm. I guess I told you that we lost totally 1/3 of the orchids, another 1/3 is doubtful and 1/3 will survive but will probably be retarded a year's growth. Now things look even worse, now that rigor mortis (literally) has had a chance to set in. I will be surprised if we save any of the other 2/3s.

Keep up the good works, and let us know what you are doing through the hallocaust or whatever.

Love, Muzzer