

March 10, 1990

Dear Family,

Emily just came in from her first driving practice. "I was awesome!" she told us. She keeps pressing me to let her drive home from school when I pick her up, but I am a nervous mother, and tell her she is much better off driving with her Dad. Emily has nine months until she turns sixteen and can get her license, so we have lots and lots of time to practice driving--all that great mother-daughter bonding time.

My asthma is much better and I have no coughing, but I haven't returned to my teaching work at Pinewood. The doctor finally gave me a steroid inhaler, and within a week and a half I was not coughing and could breathe freely. After coughing for four months straight, it was such a relief to be well again. I still use the inhaler twice a day, but have cut way back on all other medication.

I'm not sure I want to go back to work. Even though it was just three afternoons a week, the mornings of those days were spent in preparation, and I didn't get much else done. I had to quit work, because the inhalers I was using caused my throat to be sore, and that, combined with the coughing, made it pretty tough to sing and teach. I must admit that I miss the kids.

John has had some asthma this winter, also. His seems to be aggravated by exercise--especially if it is outdoors. He has an inhaler at school and has had to use it almost every day. I think that when the cool weather ends he will improve.

Basketball season has ended, and Greg is sad because he's been playing four years now. The team went into playoffs but lost. They came in second in California Central Coast Section, Division V (schools with 300 or fewer students). Now comes Church Basketball.

John has caught the basketball fever and is playing in a YMCA league. He made himself a New Year's resolution to practice basketball every day, so when he gets home from school, he changes his clothes and gets right at it. He's a pretty good little player, also. Last week the coach changed his game to Sunday, and he and another L.D.S. boy on the same team were devastated. The team lost, of course. We let John make the choice to play or not, and although he decided not to play, he was so agonized by the decision, he spent all of Saturday moping around the house and I finally put him to bed early, because I couldn't stand the crying any more. Then he couldn't get to sleep until 11:00.

Marty has not been travelling so much, lately. Just short trips here and there. He's going somewhere next week--ends up in Dallas, where he'll also visit his brother and parents.

We're going to get a Macintosh computer and set up a music writing studio soon. I'm getting excited about it. Marty and I are signing up to take a class on "Understanding how to use a Sequencer and Midi System" at Foothill Community College, which is just a mile up the street from our home. Trouble is, Marty thinks we're setting up the start of a professional studio, the goal to publish and

make money, and I look upon the whole thing as a fascinating hobby, and wouldn't it be nice if I published some things....

Keith Merrill, a film maker in our ward, is making a film for the Church on Church History to be shown in a large theater that is being constructed in the old Hotel Utah. It will become part of the Temple Square guided tour. He is filming a pioneer scene at Independence Rock and our family has been invited to travel back and take part in that small part of the film. We think it might be fun and are seriously considering going. I think it would only be fun if we could take a camper. Marty thinks we should camp out. Go for the authenticity!

I hope all of you received our Valentine's day package. Some of you may be crossed off my next Holiday Cookie List for not responding. I am trying for the American Aunt of the Year Award, you know, and need all your votes.

Have a happy week. Looking forward to seeing the Utah Kin the last week of March, when we'll be in Provo.

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Today is Sunday and the family has just been traumatized by having Emily drive us to Church. Some of our roads here in Los Altos are quite narrow, and Emily, in her diligence at driving on her side of the road, kind of wind-whipped a BMW and Volvo parked by the side of the road. Greg nearly had a cow and Marty made her move over so he could drive. Guess who went into Church in tears. She'll eventually be a good driver, I am sure. She drives a mean piano, too. Played in Church this morning. She played "Adieu a la foret" by Schumann, in English.

Speaking of Greg and cows...Greg wrote a parody of William Faulkner's story "The Bear" in his sophomore English class a couple of years ago. It was a very long and wordy (not unlike Faulkner) story of a boy hunting this dreaded cow. The teacher liked it so much, she copied it for her own files, and has shared it with all her classes each year. This year, Greg has the same teacher again for AP English, and for a term project, video-taped a version of "The Cow." Greg, and some of his video buff friends, did some very clever editing, added a musical sound track and created quite a hit, so now she reads the story and shows the video. It must be nice to know that after you graduate from High School you will still be remembered--at least as long as Mrs. Eichmeier is there.

He also (in his sophomore year...it was a very good year) started the "creative quiz" in the dreaded Mrs. Beebe's biology class. While taking one particular quiz, Greg quickly became aware that he had no chance of passing, and so wrote a very "creative" answer to the essay question. It must have been a real scream, because Mrs. Beebe shared it with all the faculty and students, and gave him full credit. Since then she has allowed each student full credit for one "Creative Quiz" a semester, thanks to Greg Neil.

Love,

Liz