

Hope you don't mind my sending a copy of this. Sherlene says she liked it. (She has asked me to send her copies of things I hope have been expressed half-way adequately.) This was written as an expression of love, gratitude and praise not just for Rachel alone, but for all the marvelous extended-family wives, mothers, daughters, granddaughters on down, as well as, laterally, for all the amazing men and boys.

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Wallsburg, UT 84082  
April 12, 1998

Dear Rachel,

How exciting to know that you love Latin and are doing so well at it! The only Latin that's been running through my mind of late is that old refrain employed by poets to lament the passing of former glories: *Ubi sunt?* Seventy-five years have passed for me in a flash. Where are they? Where have they gone? As for glory, though, it is constantly before me, not departing, not diminishing. It is in our children and amazingly wonderful grandchildren like you.

I will add for you, to the above profound phrase from Latin, one of my all-time favorite expressions in any language: "*Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan,*" translated from the German as "The eternal-feminine draws us upward." Whether arising from a mother's tender love and aspirations for us or the expectations of a sweetheart that must be met, nothing else beyond faith in God can more powerfully lead us upward and onward.

This applies especially to the eternal-feminine influence closest to us but extends also to every girl and woman who personifies beauty and all that is lovely in life. All that is sweet and kind, gracious and gentle, self-effacing but not erasing, indelibly exemplifying Christ-like conduct. Also all that is lively, witty, vivacious and unanticipated, together with that indecipherable something indispensable to the feminine mystique. The few human foibles allowed further endear these precious ones to us and bind us to their hearts.

My wonderful mother, surrounded by a husband and five boys used to ironically exclaim at times, "Here I am, a lone woman in the Garden of Eden!" I chuckle (and wince) whenever I recall this and then invariably tell myself "Yes, and without her, where would have been the Eden in my life as a boy and hope for a continuing Eden in my life as a man?"

I trust this is also true to an approximately similar extent of a father's and a suitor's love and yearnings. I say "suitor" because it is the nature of women that a husband had better remain one always. (So why am I always forgetting this?)

Rachel, your name says it all. Fourteen years of service from Jacob for love of the biblical one, with all the accompanying deceptions and disappointments. I'm sure that like your namesake you will exert a *ne plus ultra* influence all your life, continually drawing others upward. What greater aspiration or blessing could one desire?

May all that you do, and all that all of us do be done to this end: "*ad majorem Dei gloriam.*"

All my love,

Abuelito Hall

Many of you, like Rachel, don't need translations, but just in case: *Ubi sunt*, Where are (they)? / *ne plus ultra*, the uttermost point (unsurpassed, incomparable) / *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, for the greater glory of God / *abuelito*, (roughly) little old grandpa (as a term of endearment, rather than just *abuelo*).