

March 2, 1989

Dear Children, & all,

I just wanted to write a few things to add to Dad's weekly letter.

We have a nice apartment which is adequate for us. It is very convenient, almost too convenient. Our apartment entrance is from the MTC Foyer & Office. We are never very far away from the missionaries.

It's like being on a camp-out with them for 12 days. Wendell can't complete a meal without being interrupted about something.

Our schedule calls for 3 days between groups, but as it is now we don't have any days at all between groups. The 12 days of instruction end on a Tuesday. We all go to the Temple at 8:00 Tuesday morning. Then after lunch the Bolivians are taken to the airport to depart at 2 p.m. The rest go to different missions in Chile. Their buses usually leave late at night. So they are around until they are taken to the bus station. One group this time at 7 p.m., the rest at 10 p.m. so it's a full day on departure.

The next day on Wednesday which should be a free day for us, the missionaries from Uruguay arrive—they have a 32 hour bus ride from Montevideo. We don't know why they arrive 2 days early. We have only had 2 with each group from Uruguay & they serve their missions in Chile.

On Thursday afternoon the Bolivians arrive. On Friday morning the Chileans come. So we really don't have any days without some missionaries here. Wednesdays are the wash days to clean from the last group & get ready for the next group. Since we had 48 in the last group that meant washing 96 sheets & 48 pillow cases. We have 2 washing machines & 2 dryers. Jorge Quiñeros, our secretary, does all the cleaning of bathrooms, & vacuuming, etc., but I help with the washing & drying. While the missionaries are here

we also wash their clothes for them since no one but Jorge + I are allowed to use the machines. With such a large group last time I was washing clothes continually. It's not so bad when we have a smaller group. The first group was 24 + the group coming now will be 26.

I try to sit in on most of the classes, but that's a lot of sitting. Dad teaches some good classes + the other volunteers who come to teach are excellent teachers.

Sister Acosta who has been off of her mission for about 2 months now has been helping me a lot. She teaches according to the schedule they way it should be done + helps with the Sunday Sisters meeting. I'm still trying to understand the Chilean rapid speech. I am understanding more all the time, but it is harder to pronounce the words myself. But the missionaries are very understanding + try to help me.

This is a good experience for us, + I feel that Dad's talents are being wasted if he is not doing something like this. He is such a good teacher + can seem to handle any situation.

Like Dad has written before, we eat a lot of fruit + vegetables + also a lot of fish. I try to fix enough to eat to fatten Dad up a bit, but I am the only one getting fatter. Of course the bread helps to do that - it is so good.

We receive the Church News, Ensign, New Era + Friend, which is about all I have time to read besides the scriptures. In our classes we are reading the scriptures all the time, but I try to read as much as I can by myself every day.

Dad said his eyes were hungry for something else to read also, so yesterday we went to the Bi-National Center so he could get a book to read. Of course he can read any time, any place - like on the subway yesterday.

I just had to write to tell about some of the funny things that Dad does + says.

In our last group not one of the 48 missionaries could play the piano. So we always sang without it, but with each of them taking turns in leading. When one missionary was leading the hymn "O My Father," Dad got up + said it would take an eternity to get through it, so he got it started a little faster.

In our first group was a married couple from Bolivia, Elder + Sister Pino. They were a retired couple + he had been a Bishop. They were a very good influence for the rest of the group. At our final testimony meeting with this group Elder Pino was praising Dad + said he had never met anyone like him before. He said he was writing a letter to their son to tell him about Dad but didn't have the words to describe him.

When he said that I thought, "Can anyone explain Wendell?" The other morning when Wendell got up he said, "This isn't what the cat dragged in. The cat wasn't even interested."

There are so many things that happen + take place here that I can't write them all.

But we love it. It's a challenge for me..

I'll close with a scripture that is all-inclusive.

II Nephi 31: 20. "Wherefore, ye must press forward with a steadfastness in Christ, having a perfect brightness of hope, and a love of God and of all men. Wherefore, if ye shall press forward, feasting upon the word of Christ and endure to the end, behold thus saith the Father: Ye shall have eternal life."

Love, mom.

Wendell

P.S. I'm enclosing a photo of our 2nd Group outside the Santiago Temple.