

Mar, 1989

Dear Family,

I haven't written for a long time...I guess it's either Write...or Walk! Well, I still want to belong, so I better write, huh!

Have you heard the latest excitement about our new house? It's not very exciting. Our Mortgage company got thrown in jail. Craig & Jeff Harris, (the owners) and their secretary & accountant & loan officer Carla (don't know her last name) were getting loans through Mountain America (the underwriters) for people who didn't exist, and depositing the money into their own accounts. Also a construction company called Ultimation was involved...and when they didn't get their fair cut of the money...they plea bargained with federal agents (FBI) and told all. It's far more involved than I can explain, but the attorneys and the FBI froze all of the assets (including our partially built house) until further investigation. We had to go to the underwriters and prove that we were indeed the Douglas & Nancy Mecham who had applied for the loan, and not "paid" impostors. We had to show them our licences and social security cards etc. We called the attorneys, who said that we checked out alright, and that they will go ahead and release funds to us wednesday march 15, and by Friday the 17th latest...so we can go ahead with construction. It was a little embarassing to drive by the house and see a sign on the front of it that said; "NO TRASPASSING! ALL WORK HAS BEEN HALTED ON THIS PREMISIS. FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT..." BLAH, BLAH, BLAH. It was headline news for a couple of weeks. I hope that our mortgage co. didn't "skim" any money from our construction loan. That would complicate things a little. We don't want to have to pay for some one elses ~~shadey~~ criminal actions.

On the brighter side of things. D.J. is now in school. He is in an all day early intervention program with the Utah school for the Blind. He is picked up by a van at 8:15A.M. and gets home at 4:15 P.M. They are really teaching him alot. He looks at (when I say "looks" I mean with his hands) braile picture books. He can identify shapes (except difficult ones like triangle & rectangle etc) by feeling them. He can tell you which is big, and which is small. He can say alot of words now, two word sentences are coming, and he's still able to say three and four word sentences at the doctor like "I go home now!" They are potty training him at school. They place him on the potty chair (strap him in) for 2 minutes, three times a day. He also takes a nap in the afternoon. They sing, repeat nursury rhymes, learn to count, and work with physical and speech therapists daily. D.J.'s teacher was thrilled to get him in her class. He is the only "Vanilla Kid" (that means just blind, no other disabilities) in his class. She says that he can do things that even her 5 year old kindergarten class kids can't do. ...except walk. He has a problem with his legs. We're going to look into getting braces on his legs and feet. He can really make a mess feeding himself, but insists on doing it. He can also drink from a cup, but does dribble from time to time. He likes to take his conformers out of his eye and chew them in half, throw them on the floor, and yell "mommy!" Do you think he's trying to tell me something?



Chelsey was selected Student of the week at her school. Her picture was displayed in the glass case at the front of the school. She was treated to a hamburger, fries and drink at a local burger shop. She really is a smart one! She scored 100% on 8 spelling tests in a row. (and I didn't even help her study for them.) ...shame.

Carli is really a social bug at school. Her school ranks among the top 10 Jr. High schools in the nation for high test scores. They offer alot of rewards to kids who behave right in school, as well as score high with grades. Free pizza, special dances for students who raise grade point average by 1 point from previous semester, etc. She has alot of friends, and is a good citizen, but really struggles to get by in some classes. I drive her to orem every morning, and pick her up every afternoon after school so that she can attend this school. Sometimes I wonder why. I really enjoy Carli at this age. (she's 12) She is almost as tall as me (2" shorter) and wears the same shoe size. She's a big help at home, although I can't get her to babysit Chelsey for more than 2 times in a row. Chelsey and Carli are like snakes and mice together. Full of venom, and ready to strike at any moment.

Dougs mom is in the hospital again. She was in the Hospital in October for a heart attack. Now she is in for Angioplasty, done on her terribly plugged arteries in her legs. They were so severely plugged up that when they did the rotor-rooter treatment on them, chunks of plaque broke away and floated downstream, and they had to surgically remove them from her artery. She'll be in the hospital for another 3 or 4 days, and then I'll take care of her for another few weeks until she can move around. She had her surgery the same day Dan had his, and Dad was at home resting up after his eye surgery. I hope that's all for awhile. (The doctor said that Dougs mothers blocked arteries were due to many many years of smoking, and that people who are exposed to smoke are more at risk than those who actually smoke.) She said; "Those doctors blame everything on smoking."

I am going to apply for a job as flight attendant for Delta. I know 3 girls who work for Delta. One of them is the supervisor over aprox. 1000 flight attendants here in Salt Lake. She doesn't actually hire, but she may have a big influence on the guy who does hire. She said she'd make sure that my application gets on the right desk, and she'll write a cover letter recommending me for the job. I would have great benifits, and might be dropping in on you all alot more than you'd probably like. We'll see.

My ceramic business is on hold until the house gets finished. I was working in with David, but I had to leave due to a greatly expanding business on his part. Thanks to David for the time(and the mess)he did put up with my business.

LUVS and KISSES (even if you don't wantem)  
Nancy



24 February 1989

Dear Tracy and Ida Rose,

We are really slow in getting around to writing Christmas Cards and notes. Now, little by little we hope to do a bit of catching up on our correspondence.

This year, like so many previous years, we had set the goal of getting Christmas Greetings mailed on time. But this year, like many other years, we would have had to scurry to mail cards by the week before Christmas. The builder who started the addition to our house on October 17th, was pretty much on schedule. And thanks to a very mild fall and winter, this was in the painting and trim stages by November 18th and the carpets were scheduled to be laid the week of December 15th. So right after Thanksgiving we would work diligently at getting Christmas Cards in the mail.

Hal's annual physical examination on November 18 put another dimension into our year ends activities. The doctor discovered what he thought was either an aneurism in the aorta or a tumor in the area behind the stomach. So immediately following an ultra sound test, which ruled out the aneurism, an appointment was made with an Oncologist. Blood tests, X-rays, bone marrow and bone sample tests, CAT Scans of the chest and abdomen, followed in sequence. Everything looked OK except there was a rather large tumor behind the stomach, very likely a Lymphoma, and the next logical step was exploratory surgery to get the tissue samples needed to determine the correct treatment.

The first date at the hospital, December 12, had to be rescheduled to December 22, since Hal came down with a cold. Christmas day in the hospital could have been more pleasant. On that day Hal ended up in the Intensive Care Unit with what turned out to be a partially collapsed lung and a touch of pneumonia. But Jean was able to bring him home on December 30th, the year ended well, and we look optimistically at the future.

The tumor was a Lymphoma, which is not the type to be removed surgically, but responds well to Chemotherapy. Three treatments have been completed (1/12, 2/3 & 2/24). So far, Hal has not been ill following the treatments. The combination of chemicals goes by the acronym of CHOP (Cyclophosphamide, Doxorubicin, Vincristine, Prednisone). Some of the common trade names for these drugs are (Cytoxan, Adriamycin, Oncovin, Deltason or Meticorten or Orasone). Hal is actually getting (Cytoxan, Adriamycin, Vincristin, and Decadron).

Hal is feeling quite good, gaining back some of the weight he lost in the hospital, and (with the developing 'Yeul Brenner look') is trying to take good care of Jean who is still working in the clinic at Parson's Child and Family Center in Albany.

Hal had two Priesthood Blessings, one before the tests and one before surgery. Though the stay in the hospital was not exactly pleasant we felt at peace all of the time. The love, concern, and support shown by our children, family members, friends, neighbors, and acquaintances was touching. We feel really blessed.



The year 1988 has been both interesting and pleasant since it included reunions and visits with friends and relatives.

In February, Jean flew to Florida for a weeks visit with her two brothers and their families.

In May, Jean, Stephen, and Hal flew to Utah for 3 weeks visiting and fishing. Rebecca and James joined us on the Memorial Day week end so we were all together for the Garbe Family Reunion, which this year was held in Ephraim, and for the celebration of the 65th Wedding Anniversary of Hal's parents.

Jim has an apartment in the Stockade Area of downtown Schenecady (219 Green Street, Apt #4, the same building where Wayne and Helen Wiscomb lived about 1949-1950) but he drove to Boston so he and Rebecca could fly together on the trip to Utah. Rebecca still works at Lotus Development Corporation in the Boston area but commutes each day from Merrimac, New Hampshire. Steve is living at home and is trying to work school in with a full time job and managers training program with the McDonald Corporation.

Hal made a second trip to Utah (Sept. 27-Oct. 18) for some more visiting and fishing. He had a great time but try as he will he is not able to catch more fish than either his mother (now 87) nor his dad (now 89). They are remarkable people, we really love them.

The visit with you when we had lunch in Provo was a special treat. We were sorry that time did not allow us to come to your home to spend some more time with you. We are really looking forward to when we can see you again. This afternoon we are going to an open house at Brereton's for Don and Ernestine, who were married on February 14th. She looks like just the right kind of wife for Don. He is serving on a temple mission in the Washington DC temple and has a shedule of 3 weeks at the temple and 1 week in Schenectady each month. She just completed a mission there and I trust will now have an extended call. We presume you read about Bruce Belnaps call as the director of the Washington Temple Visitors Center.

You may have noted in the local paper or in the BYU news that Cliff S. Barton (who used to be in the Albany-Hudson District Presidency, and was the Albany Branch President for a few years) died on January 4th this year. Hal's brother who teaches at the Y sent us the obituary. I believe Cliff had retired; he was 69.

We mentioned our building project which was nearing completion as Christmas approached. In October of 1987, when the awning which covered our back patio was still up, we had a surprise early snow fall which demolished the canvas, and did some damage to the pipe frame supports for the awning. For years we had been toying with the idea of adding to the back of our house, so this forced us to make a decision as to whether to repair and replace--or to go ahead with the addition. After considerable thought (which took all summer) we have now a 12 X 23 room instead of the concrete patio area. The addition also has an extended roof on the north side to cover a 12 X 4 entrance porch deck. We are really enjoying this change in our house and now wonder why we did not do it years ago.

We send our love and best wishes to you for a happy and healthy new year. We also add our testimonial for having regular physical examinations at least yearly.

*Hi - didn't hear from you and pray that all is well with you. We don't know if we'll be out this year esp til July as Hal has treatments til then! Brrr! are they expensive. Regards to all - Hal + Jean.*



Two more interviews: A retired couple from Cochabamba. These inter-views are so choice!

Back from our walk... So far, Santiago looks and feels just the same. Of course we didn't walk as far as the new subway system and other new construction farther downtown. We bought a few things at a nearby supermercado and have already enjoyed some real bread (marraquetas) and delicious Chilean fruit (best in the world!) Just now Pres. and Sis. Schmidt, Santiago North Mission, stopped by to greet us. They are excellent people. Answering a question on the political situation, Pres. Schmidt informed us that one of our stake presidents is a personal friend of Augusto Pinochet, the president of Chile. Some people in the U.S. have been very critical of Pres. Pinochet, but it seems to me that he has provided a period of stability in Chile, with a minimum of repression, and has avoided serious pitfalls by ~~not~~ steering Chile clear of leftist influences. Consider the example of Argentina. The U.S. itself must be blamed in part for much of the anti-Yankee feeling in Latin America, because of certain attitudes and policies, but unfortunately some countries, to emphasize their independence and snub the U.S. have turned to the "East." As a result, much of Argentina's equipment for generating power was obtained from Russia and Czechoslovakia. Now the country is experiencing a terrible crisis. Power plant breakdowns throughout the country have left vast areas without electricity. Factories are paralyzed, food is spoiling for lack of refrigeration, and water is scarce (with pumps not working and also because of a prolonged drought). Our hearts bleed for our dear friends in Buenos Aires, Rosario, and just about everywhere <sup>in</sup> Argentina.

Speaking of water, we are back to boiling it again, but so far I've only remembered once not to brush my teeth with tap water. I'd better get with it! Last time, my State Department physical exam at the end of our four years here turned up three types of parasites (worms, ugh!) plus amoebas.

1-26-89. Two Chilean missionaries have already arrived, 2 days early and 1 day early. Both are from Arica, far in the north--a 3-day bus ride in stifling heat, a good part of ~~the~~ the way through the Atacama Desert, where it never rains. This afternoon I went to the airport early to get my computer out of the aduana (customs) where it has been impounded. I'll be able to get it out without paying "los derechos" (duty/taxes) but... "mañana." Our Bolivians arrived late and without six of their number, who had visa problems. I still don't know this building ~~very~~ well (with its many church offices), but with the help of three church employees, each of us at one corner of the wheelchair, we managed to get Elder Marcos Eguino up a back way where there are fewer stairs. I admired and loved him at first sight. His body is so crippled, but here he was, so handsome and fine, wanting to serve his Savior on a mission. He looks very Bolivian, so at the start of our interview my mouth dropped wide open when he said he'd like to speak English. After a few words, he began to look 100% American to me, so perfect was his pronunciation. ~~Imagine~~ Imagine, learning such faultless English in a U.S. hospital, (confined to beds and, later, wheel chairs. Amazing! When he returned to Bolivia, <sup>(after 4 years)</sup> he found that his parents had met the missionaries and joined the Church. After careful study and prayer, he joined too. He has paid his way in life teaching English at home and has studied accounting. He can program in Applesoft and has used various software programs ~~for~~ for accounting. As a result of ~~polio~~ polio, his right hand is very small and shriveled, but his left is normal. He can type O.K. Both legs are very short and crippled. His humble testimony to me was so sincere and spiritual I couldn't keep tears from my eyes. What a great young man! If I ever complain about anything--especially about my lot in life--give me a swift kick where I deserve it!

Well, I'm less than half-way through my interviews, so I'd better get back to it. There's only time for 5 minutes each, but they have such fascinating things to tell--about how they joined the church, etc., that I'm averaging about 20 minutes each. We feel so blessed we can't stand it! Miss you! Love you!  
Ever-loving Mom & Dad



April Hallmanack, 1989

Dear Family:

I can hardly wait until the May Ensign comes out so I can re-read President Benson's message which was read by President Hinckley at the opening of the Sat? Sun? conference. I felt that everything he said pertained to myself.

Certainly he hit the nail on the head when he said that Pride was one of the worst sins of modern day. And he really covered the waterfront. I felt that he was really inspired. We pay our tithes, and attend church, and do a lot of things that we think are going to get us into the celestial kingdom and sometimes forget other things we need to pay attention to.

In our Sunday School class this Sunday a discussion of President Benson's talk came up in connection with the lesson of the 42nd section of the D & C.

During the discussion Tom Cheney related a story as follows:

In Plato's day most people did not have carpets. But Plato bought himself a beautiful Persian Carpet. One day his friend (?) Demiothenes came over and saw the carpet and, stomping on it, declared: "I stomp on Plato's pride!"

And Plato said: "Yes, and even with MORE pride."

Entering into the discussion also came the idea of how it may have been Pride that kept the early saints from establishing Zion and building the temple in Missouri. Will pride keep us from establishing a righteous people and building a Zion which will help to bring about the second coming of the Savior? I know I'm not ready to live the law of consecration, and that is what we must be able to do if we are to establish Zion.

We had a great time holding an Easter egg hunt for all the Provo-present Grandchildren. (We missed the rest of you) We had had beautiful weather until the day before the hunt, but rain was predicted for Easter and several times I debated whether I would dare to defy prediction and have it outside. I resisted temptation and decided to be prudent and sure enough it rained. The grandkids seemed to have had a good time hunting for them in the house. Especially when they were able to find goodies after the hunt was over which had been overlooked by the thundering herd. We enjoyed having Liz and Marty and kids here for the week of Easter. They left conference morning early, and listened to the conference on the way home. They drove right through, and fortunately did not run into any bad weather. Can you believe it--they were able to ski almost every day. Must have cost Marty a bomb. Marty went the two days it snowed, and missed the best ski day of all when it didn't snow. Liz and Erin were smart and stayed home.

By the way, whoever accidentally put their knee or whatever through the front door--don't worry about it. It turned out to be a blessing. The plastic panel in the door had a crack in it in another place and I had been threatening to get a new door--one which was a little more burglar secure. However David convinced me that anyone who really wanted to get in the house could do so by simply breaking one of the glass doors on the South side. So I let Dad put in a new panel of the insulating plastic which he already had on hand from insulating the greenhouse. And the door feels more substantial than it did before and let's light into the hallway nicely. Thanks for pushing us into fixing that panel. Now we need to put a coat of varnish on the wood of the door.

During the week we also all went to see Mary in "Brigadoon" She had one of the three female leads and did a beautiful job. She was so incredibly beautiful. She put me in mind of the picture of Liz that appeared on the front cover of a production that Liz was in when she was at the Y. In a long flowing white garb. Tracy Jr. was going to take a video of her one night. I hope there is a picture on the video that can be isolated for a picture that will do justice to her performance.



Our Grandkids are all growing up into beautiful people. (No--I'M NOT PROUD --Just "pleased" as our Heavenly Father in "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.") And best of all, they seem to be as nice as they are beautiful.

On the T.V. last week we saw a report on a new venereal disease which is becoming rampant. It is a virus which produces venereal warts. It is hard to cure and researchers find it has caused cervical cancer in women. One woman, only 21, had to have a historectomy because of cervical cancer which they beleived may have been induced by this new disease.

More and more it is evident that man cannot go on disobeying God's commandment "thou shalt not commit adultery". Tracy was concerned that the young people in our ward may not be being taught by teachers and parents about the many dangers of drugs and sexual disease, including Aids. He brought it up in ward council and there was a lot of "dodging" which made him conclude that these young people may not be adequately warned about the dangers of disobeying the Lord's council on sexual promiscuity. It is really the parents responsibility. Tracy remembers how hard it was for him (and for myself) to discuss these topics--and during a time when there was not nearly the dangers which face our young people today.

Are you parents adequately teaching your children about these dangers?

Sex is so "public" nowadays. I had not even heard of "homosexuality" before I was married. I don't know whether I was dumb or innocent. But I think our young people have a hard time being "innocent" today, and isn't that too bad? In a world where "necking" and "petting" (words from my generation and the generation of our children) would be considered child's play, talk nowadays is about "relationships" and "room-mates" and "my place, or yours".

Everyone is excited about the "fusion" news releases. Tracy says the latest release is that the U of U's patents on fusion will cost at least \$500,000. Barry, you may be in the wrong law business.

Everyone is excited about it, and of course, everyone is jumping on the band wagon. Extrapolations are that it will be a long time before the process will be economic, if ever. But predictions can be wrong. Before Dad invented the Belt it was thought if science ever produced man-made diamonds, it would only be a laboratory curiosity.

How is your cholesterol. I just finished going to the Dr. Everything is AOK. I will probably live to be 150, except that I have a cholesterol reading of 262 which puts me in the "risk" category. Tracy's is high, too, but not as high as mine, but his blood pressure is higher than mine which evens things out.

I had mine taken after the Easter week, and all that ham and goodies may have had some effect. The Dr. says to get going with daily exercise. We have been watching our diet, but I have to admit my sweet tooth has been getting the upper hand, dietwise. The Dr says I should have about six ounces of oat bran a day. Yuuck. I have found a painless way to take oatbran is to make oat bran muffins (Recipe on the package). Six of them a day would give me my six ounces. I guess I will eat them in place of bread. I don't want to live to be 150 anyway.

Luv Ya.

Mom & Grandmom Hall

P.S. I was going to print this on a larger font but somehow erased it. Get out your magnifying glasses.



begging for one for years. I had finally consented to letting them have one a few months ago when moving to Oregon became eminent. The intensity of their pleadings increased just before we came. Hannah was the one who prevailed upon me. She seems to have an affinity for animals. I consented under one condition, "This will be an outside cat." Charlotte started calling around from listings in the paper and picked one up. We have a small enclosed patio off the back of the house where the kitty spends most of his time. I am just glad that it is already litter box trained.

Willis is learning to be nice to "Magic". He has finally figured out that the cat's fur will not come off of his body. I think Willis has also learned that cats do not like to be kicked. The poor kitty did not come home for dinner one night after Willis was especially abusive. Willis does not intend to be mean; he is just very intrigued with a toy that moves by itself. The kitty is taking it quite well. Willis will be three next week.

I am teaching the 16-17 year old kids in Sunday school. Charlotte has been called to be the Primary pianist. We took our family to walk around the Portland temple grounds one Sunday afternoon. The exterior of the structure is complete, but not the grounds. The white marble is very striking and stately looking. The children enjoyed seeing the beautiful edifice.

The Primary organization presented the sacrament meeting program last Sunday. Both of our girls had volunteered for speaking parts. They are unafraid to speak to a large audience and did a fine job. They have gained considerable confidence over the years by occasionally bearing their testimonies on fast Sundays. Hyrum and Hannah bore their testimonies today in fast meeting.

Charlotte here. A parent group from the school raised funds for a new playground. Local stores donated materials and parents donated labor and built a wonderful playground with mazes, spiral slides, tire bridges and etc. The children are thrilled with it! Hannah's class was split. In two months of second grade she has had 3 teachers! We're grateful that the children have weathered all these transitions so well. Hyrum was tested for speech problems and was found to be well behind the norm for his age. His teacher says that he is doing really well in all other areas. Hyrum, Hannah and Sarah seem to have adjusted well to their new school.

I've been thinking alot about David and Tracy and their business ventures and I hope that all is going well. I hope that I can be as supportive of Bryan as Betsy and Karen have been to their self employed husbands. How are the house building plans going, Nancy and Doug? Thanks for the genealogical information Sherlene!

How is southern California treating you Bev and Jeff? We had a very nice visit with Ellen on the phone yesterday and Willis today.

Love,

Bryan, Charlotte, Sarah, Hannah, Hyrum and Willis Weight



LA IGLESIA DE  
JESUCRISTO  
DE LOS SANTOS  
DE LOS ULTIMOS  
DIAS

CENTRO DE ENTRENAMIENTO MISIONAL

Pocuro 1980  
Santiago, Chile

19 de febrero 1989

THE NEVER-ENDING NEWS  
There's always something! Things keep happening!

A small tribute to our teachers... Words fail. Hna. Teresa López is expecting--very soon--and still comes to teach two days a week (1-1/2 hrs. each time). Everyone just loves her. No one tires of telling us what an inspiring teacher she is... as if we didn't know! She inspires us too. "What will we do," I asked her, "cuando se mejora?" (when you get better--meaning "when you have your baby.") "Oh, my husband will take over for me." Her husband? He's only a stake president, a great one, with his job (prof. of auto mechanics) and tons of responsibilities, and he'll take the time to teach for us!

We interrupt this... A crisis. One of our missionaries, from Punta Arenas, asked for an interview right after the above exclamation mark. She was weeping, sobbing, and wanted to go home. It took me much too long to realize that our wonderful CEM (MTC) was the problem. Merrill noticed something right off, as soon as we arrived, and I should have paid more attention. I was only faithfully following the schedule outlined for us... There's no provision or room for exercise. We're cooped up here day after day all day--and night. The place is clean and quite nice but we're always surrounded by walls. The poor dear sister had claustrophobia!

I took her down to the cafeteria, in the basement, so she wouldn't miss her supper (7:00 to 8:00 p.m.) and made arrangements with her companion to forget the schedule and take her for a walk around the grounds (daylight saving time here). Then I went back upstairs to tell Merrill what had happened and we both hurried down to the "casino." Obviously, what was good for Hna. Mansilla was good for everybody. When I announced that we were all going outside for a walk, they instantly broke into such loud cheering and applause that you'd have thought we were heroes of the Soviet Union. So we've just returned from a one-hour walk, mainly around and around the temple grounds. You wouldn't believe what fun it was and how refreshing. I am going to "tamper" with the schedule so that we can do this every day. As we gathered again at the front door to go back inside, Sis. Mansilla was smiling and happy. I thanked her profusely as the one responsible for getting us out from behind the walls.

A short sketch of one more teacher, for now: Hna. Sonia Guevara, back from her mission about two years. Her voice goes full tilt, with a lovely musical lilt. Today Elder Baez, from Uruguay, asked her to please slow down so he could understand her. As a result, the class went 15 minutes overtime. Funny, I was catching every word. She doesn't open her mouth only a millimeter, like some, but gives each sound a thorough, full articulation and clear enunciation. As a Chilean, of course she does "eat" plenty of final s's and fricative consonants. She's such a cute little wisp of a girl, gliding forth and back, with precise but flowing--and usually very rapid--gestures, her beautiful shoulder-length hair bouncing and whirling, in complete control of a group of 50 or more, that watching and admiring her it's a terrible strain to refrain from a broad grin of pleasure and delight. One of her incomparably entrancing, effective, and spiritually inspiring classes is partly on "modales" (good manners). I've never been more scared than now of inept, clumsy use of knife and fork. And as for stretching in public, I'll never dare, or carelessly forget, for the rest of what will be my unnatural life. She uses props, sets a table, etc., and shows us how not and how. ¡Ay, pobre de nosotros (poor us) if we commit any gaffes! I mean she completely commands our fearful compliance by means of her impeccable, elegant manners and comical depictions of boorish, uncultivated us.



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We interrupt this... A crisis. One of our missionaries, from Punta Arenas, asked for an interview right after the above exclamation mark. She was weeping, sobbing, and wanted to go home. It took me much too long to realize that our wonderful CEM (MTC) was the problem. Merrill noticed something right off, as soon as we arrived, and I should have paid more attention. I was only faithfully following the schedule outlined for us... There's no provision or room for exercise. We're cooped up here day after day all day--and night. The place is clean and quite nice but we're always surrounded by walls. The poor dear sister had claustrophobia!

I took her down to the cafeteria, in the basement, so she wouldn't miss her supper (7:00 to 8:00 p.m.) and made arrangements with her companion to forget the schedule and take her for a walk around the grounds (daylight saving time here). Then I went back upstairs to tell Merrill what had happened and we both hurried down to the "casino." Obviously, what was good for Hna. Mansilla was good for everybody. When I announced that we were all going outside for a walk, they instantly broke into such loud cheering and applause that you'd have thought we were heroes of the Soviet Union. So we've just returned from a one-hour walk, mainly around and around the temple grounds. You wouldn't believe what fun it was and how refreshing. I am going to "tamper" with the schedule so that we can do this every day. As we gathered again at the front door to go back inside, Sis. Mansilla was smiling and happy. I thanked her profusely as the one responsible for getting us out from behind the walls.

A short sketch of one more teacher, for now: Hna. Sonia Guevara, back from her mission about two years. Her voice goes full tilt, with a lovely musical lilt. Today Elder Baez, from Uruguay, asked her to please slow down so he could understand her. As a result, the class went 15 minutes overtime. Funny, I was catching every word. She doesn't open her mouth only a millimeter, like some, but gives each sound a thorough, full articulation and clear enunciation. As a Chilean, of course she does "eat" plenty of final s's and fricative consonants. She's such a cute little wisp of a girl, gliding forth and back, with precise but flowing--and usually very rapid--gestures, her beautiful shoulder-length hair bouncing and whirling, in complete control of a group of 50 or more, that watching and admiring her it's a terrible strain to refrain from a broad grin of pleasure and delight. One of her incomparably entrancing, effective, and spiritually inspiring classes is partly on "modales" (good manners). I've never been more scared than now of inept, clumsy use of knife and fork. And as for stretching in public, I'll never dare, or carelessly forget, for the rest of what will be my unnatural life. She uses props, sets a table, etc., and shows us how not and how. ¡Ay, pobre de nosotros (poor us) if we commit any gaffes! I mean she completely commands our fearful compliance by means of her impeccable, elegant manners and comical depictions of boorish, uncultivated us.





Thursday, March 30 '89

Dear Mail Family (Including those w/out Mail in their name!),

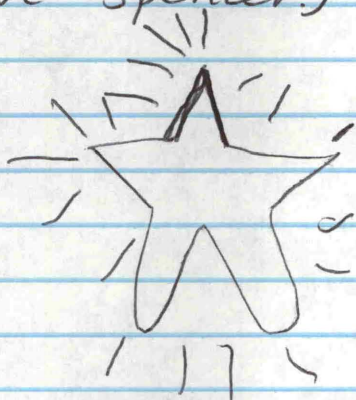
Hello, I hope you are all happy and well. Uncle Dan, I hope you have a swift and pleasant recovery. Aunt Sherlene, it's good to know I have an aunt who's brave enough to drive on New York City streets. (If I ever have to do it, I'll come to you for pointers)

Here at the Mail barn, it's business as usual.

WE LOVE YOU GRANDPA

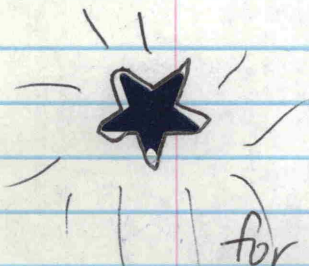
6 years old →

Spencer did these decorations.  
(We love Spencer.)



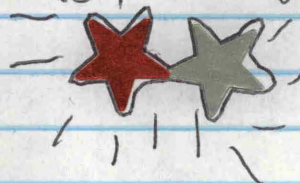
AND

GRANDMA



It's 2:25 p.m. and Mom is mad at Alex for putting plastic easter eggs filled with water into the ~~fridge~~ freezer. Lili is getting ready to go roller skating. <sup>11 1/2 years old</sup> Alex <sup>10 years old</sup> Lili

H.T. 15 years old



skating. Tracy's at B.Y.U., Dad (Tracy Jr.) is at work. Mary's probably still at School, in her aerobics class. She performed as Jean in "Brigadeon" at Orem High for the last time Tuesday night. She did a beautiful job, as some of you know.

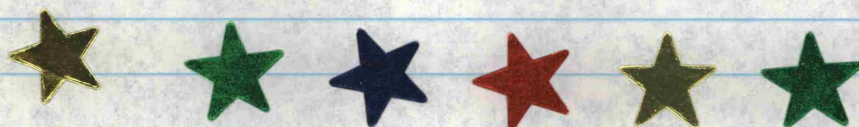
over



Grandma contributed to closing night 'tokens of appreciation' by sending over six orchid corsages. Thanks, Grandma! (Do you want to make me one for the prom? ~~My~~ My date would be pleased, I'm sure.) (Hee hee)

Who have I missed? Robert, Susanna, Anthony, Gertrude (the cat), and Moses (the dog.) They are all doing well and are busy with their various interests.

Me: I love being 17, I love my <sup>classes</sup> ~~classes~~ at Orem High and B.Y.W., I love to flirt (and I'm pretty good at it), I love to study and learn, and I'm glad summer's coming.



← Zina did these decorations.

That's all, folks. For now, anyway.

Love, Zina

P.S. Daniel are you really learning to cha-cha & polka? ~~Choreo~~ Cool, I'm too. How about the swing and the fox trot? I can do those, but I'm still waiting to learn: rhumba, samba, quick step, <sup>and</sup> Charleston. Ballroom dance is fun, isn't it? ~~We can make~~ ~~scribble~~ scribble, scribble.



HAUMANACK

Dear Grandma, I was here at 12:10.  
Here's the Hallmanack letter I promised you.  
I'm getting myself some lunch while I'm  
here.

Love, Zina





## ELLOS PREPARARON EL CAMINO WENDELL HERBERT HALL Y MERRYLL W. HALL

El advenimiento del año 1962 sorprendió a los chilenos en los preparativos previos a la iniciación del campeonato mundial de football; cuya sede sería nuestro país y en el cual nuestra representación nacional obtendría una destacada participación.

Mientras tanto en la naciente Misión Chilena de la Iglesia de Jesucristo de los Santos de los Últimos Días sus líderes afinaban los detalles relacionados con la pronta construcción de la primera capilla mormona en Chile, la cual se levantaría en los terrenos comprados por la Iglesia en la calle Manuel de Salas 401 en Ñuñoa.

Fue justamente en medio de estos preparativos los primeros días de marzo de ese año que arribó a nuestro país una familia mormona desde los Estados Unidos integrada por Wendell H. Hall, su esposa, Merryll, y sus seis hijos.

El hermano Hall venía a hacerse cargo del Instituto Chileno Norteamericano de Cultura de Valparaíso y Viña del Mar en calidad de Director Administrativo.

En esta posición, su calidad de miembro de la Iglesia Mormona muy pronto llegaría a ser destacada. De hecho el diario *El Mercurio* de Valparaíso editorializó refiriéndose a él como el "austero mormón" quien "tan pronto como llegó a Valparaíso se entregó sin reservas a sus tareas, haciéndose admirar y querer de todos por la recta intención que puso en ellas y por la cabal eficacia con que supo realizarlas".

La familia Hall rápidamente se integró a la actividad de la naciente Iglesia en Valparaíso, llegando a convertirse en un gran apoyo para la obra misional.

Un mes después de su arribo, el hermano Hall fue llamado por el presidente de la Misión Chilena, el élder A. Delbert Palmer para servir como presidente del Distrito de Valparaíso.



En una conferencia efectuada el 15 de abril de 1962 en el Sindicato Huckle, a la cual asistieron 300 personas, se sostuvo al nuevo presidente del Distrito de Valparaíso y se relevó de tal posición al élder Franklin S. Harris III, un misionero proselitista, que por un tiempo cumplió funciones de liderazgo presidiendo el Distrito.

Como consejeros del presidente Hall fueron llamados en aquella ocasión los hermanos José Osorio (Primer Consejero) y Guillermo Núñez (Segundo Consejero) y como secretario el hermano Eduardo Montero.

La estadía de la familia Hall a comienzos de la década de los años sesenta en nuestro país se extendió por cuatro años. El 25 de marzo de 1966 el historiador de la Misión escribió: "La familia de Wendell Hall salió para los Estados Unidos después de cuatro años de dirigir el Instituto Chileno Norteamericano de Cultura de Valparaíso y Viña del Mar y después de mucho servicio a la Iglesia como un asistente al presidente, ayudando a los líderes locales de la Iglesia en la costa. Echaré de menos al hermano y hermana Hall y sus seis hijos".

Tanto *El Mercurio* de Valparaíso como el diario *La Estrella* dedicaron sendos espacios para despedir y agradecer la fructífera labor del hermano Hall al frente del Instituto "por la efectiva misión de buen artífice de la amistad entre dos pueblos que nacieron a la vida independiente casi por la misma época".

Hoy en el primer mes de este año 1989 los hermanos Hall han regresado a Chile, en calidad de Presidentes del Centro de Entrenamiento Misional.

Sin duda que toda la experiencia del élder Hall ganada en sus diferentes asignaciones durante el curso de su vida, destacándose entre ellas su misión de tiempo completo en Argentina (1946-1949), sus funciones como director del Instituto Chileno Norteamericano de Cultura de Valparaíso y Viña del Mar (1962-1966), sus 22 años de docencia como profesor de español en la Universidad de Brigham Young y sus tres años como presidente de la Misión Argentina Buenos Aires Norte y Buenos Aires Sur (1981-1984) será volcada con amor en la tarea de dirección y docencia en el Centro de Entrenamiento Misional de Chile, y por lo tanto en el enriquecimiento de las vidas de los cientos de jóvenes que pasaran por sus aulas en camino de su misión.

En los Estados Unidos quedaron sus hijos y sus 21 nietos y el recuerdo de ese momento especial cuando un siervo del Señor les entrevistó y les hizo saber que el Señor les necesitaba en Chile, el país que físicamente habían dejado ya casi 23 años atrás, pero que espiritualmente llevaban en sus corazones.

"En ese momento mi alma subió, traspasó el techo y quedó en las nubes, un regocijo muy grande elevó mi corazón", expresaría el élder Hall al asumir su llamamiento en Santiago.

Bienvenidos, presidentes, y hermana Hall, la Iglesia en Chile volverá a verse fortalecida con vuestra presencia como ya lo fue en sus primeros días de establecida, y una gran alegría llegará a los hogares de muchas buenas familias que os recuerdan desde aquellos días en que caminasteis por las calles y cerros del legendario puerto de Valparaíso.



Hope Tracy's eyes are o.k. Daniel H. Bartholomew sure writes a good letter for such a young man - And what beautiful writing!

LA IGLESIA DE  
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CENTRO DE ENTRENAMIENTO MISIONAL

Pocuro 1980  
Santiago, Chile

19 de marzo 1989

THE NEVER-ENDING NEWS

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Relating the simplest act to the words and example of Jesus invests it with radiance and joy. At the farewell meeting for Group #3, slim, quiet Elder Aguirre, the one with the handsome wavy black hair, after thanking Merrill for her motherly kindnesses went on to thank me--excessively. When did I do anything special for this dear Bolivian elder? I asked myself. Then I remembered. When he was sick and feverish, I brought a glass of cold water to him, in bed, and then another and another. Remembrance of Matthew 10:42 made my heart swell in gratitude for the way, the light and the life and my eyes evidenced once again that my cup runneth over. From the inanimate ink on a page of the Bible, the Savior's words had come to life into my life: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

This morning, before Merrill got dressed, I was blessed to heat a cup of warm water for a sick sister and in the middle of the hand-written scribbles for this typed paragraph I got to warm some milk for an elder with stomach pains. How warm was my reward! Thinking of this and of Matthew 13:52, I shared a golden treasure of mine with the missionaries in testimony meeting this morning: El placer de servir (The Pleasure of Serving) by Gabriela Mistral, famous Chilean poet--Nobel Prize winner about 50 years ago.

Toda la naturaleza es un anhelo de servicio:  
sirve la nube, sirve el viento, sirve el surco.

Donde haya un árbol que plantar, plántalo tú,  
donde haya un error que enmendar, enmiéndalo tú.

Sé el que apartó la piedra del campo,  
el odio entre los corazones,  
y las dificultades del problema.

Hay la alegría de ser sano y de ser justo,  
pero hay, sobre todo, la hermosa, la inmensa  
alegría de servir.

Qué triste sería el mundo si todo en él estuviera hecho,  
si no hubiera un rosal que plantar,  
una empresa que emprender.

Que no te llamen solamente los trabajos fáciles.  
Es tan bello hacer lo que otros esquivan.

Pero no caigas en el error de que sólo se hace  
mérito con los grandes trabajos.

Hay pequeños servicios que son buenos servicios:  
adornar una mesa, ordenar unos libros,  
peinar una niña.

Aquél es el que critica, éste es el que destruye.  
Tú, sé el que sirve.

El servir no es faena sólo de seres inferiores.  
Dios, que da el fruto y la luz, sirve.  
Pudiera llamársele así: "El que sirve".

Y tiene sus ojos en nuestras manos  
y nos pregunta cada día:  
¿Serviste hoy? ¿A quién? ¿Al árbol,  
a tu amigo o a tu madre?

All of nature is a yearning for service:  
The cloud serves, and the wind and the  
furrow. Where there is a tree to plant,  
you plant it. Where there is a mistake  
to undo, let it be you. You be the one  
to remove the rock from the field, the  
hate from human hearts, and the difficulti  
from the problem. There is joy in being  
wise and just, but above all there is the  
beautiful, the immense happiness of serv-  
ing. How sad the world would be if every-  
thing in it was already done. If there  
was no rosebush to plant, no  
enterprise to undertake. Do not limit  
yourself to easy tasks. It's so beauti-  
ful to do what others dodge. But don't  
fall prey to the error that only great  
tasks are worthwhile. There are small  
services that are good ones: decorating  
a table, arranging some books, combing a  
little girl's hair. That one is the one  
who criticizes, that other one is the one  
who destroys. You be the one who serves.  
Serving is not a labor only for inferior  
beings. God, who gives fruit and light,  
serves. His name might be given thus:  
"He who serves." And he has his eyes on  
our hands and he asks us every day: "Did  
you serve today? Whom? A tree, your  
friend, or your mother?"

(Sorry. No time or talent to make the  
translation come out lovely as in Spanish.



## "A town like Alice"

"And he has his eyes on our hands." Wives and mothers easily beat us men at service--hands down. Yet, whenever possible, I happily fix a leaky faucet or attach a shelf. And I'd give my best fishing rod right now to comb little Rachel's or Heidi's hair. Yours too, Alice and Cheryl and Charlotte. Line up, you 15 grandsons, and I'll comb out the cowlicks and snarls (No hayseeds?) in your hair. I suppose I would have to bribe them in order to have the pleasure. Some of my sweetest, saddest memories are of Grandma Emma Burdett Tracy, who lived with us in Marriott, Utah, unable to walk, and whom my dad, Howard, would carry in his caring arms. This tousle-headed barefoot boy could seldom spare the time from running around on the farm to sit for a second on her lap and get a hug and a kiss and a peppermint. I've been sorry since. I remember, when she died, how I went behind the house, rested my head and arms on the old washing machine with its hand-cranked wringer and cried.

Matthew 13:52. "Every (missionary) who is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto the man that is a householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things old and new." Way back before my mission to Argentina (1946-49) I started gathering treasures for my black looseleaf notebook. Later it served as a source for many talks by our kids. A pity I haven't added to it more consistently. John has far outdone me. I speak in terms of notebooks. For him it's drawers of filing cabinets. No doubt he also has much more filed away in his head and in his heart.

Occasionally Merrill and I get to speak to future missionaries. Last night it was at the Las Condes Stake Center. In the opening exercises, a youth about 16 who gave an awkward but excellent talk caught my attention. A little later, as he sang with a group that stood right in front of us on the stand, I noticed how his fairly rich bass voice, for one so young, stood out above the rest. For some reason I took the time to mention his words about the gifts of the Spirit and elaborated at some length in response to one of the questions directed to me: "Is it hard to live the life required of a missionary?" Afterwards, the budding bass came up to me with tears in his eyes, his voice breaking with emotion, and asked me for help in being good. His friends in and out of school were continually using bad words and filling his mind with bad thoughts. I put my arm around him and prayed for inspiration to console and strengthen him. His parents are separated and he has no father at home as a model and guide. Just letting him talk and listening with love probably helped him more than anything I said. It makes me feel very small and weak when people look up to me in expectation of valuable assistance. Of course it's because I'm president of the CEM, but I'm only Wendell Hall, Nin, one of the least of these my brothers and sisters--as you who know me know. Crowded, but among good company with the least.

Proud to belong.

Before our turn came, after moving into the cultural hall, a barbershop quartet performed five numbers, with typical razzmatazz. They were terrific and sang in near-native English. Only one of the four is a member. They may be the only barbershop quartet in South America. Their singing reminded me of "The Music Man" and that great tune "Oh Lida Rose...", which naturally reminded me of Ida Rose. Enclosed are some suspenseful installments from "Thirty Days in China"--excerpts from her and Tracy's diaries. They should write a novel, or a script for a movie. Take care!

Ever-loving Mom and Dad / Merrill & Wendell

*Merrill & Wendell*



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As for our present group, 2 Uruguayans arrived Wednesday (our only free day, theoretically, between groups), on Thursday the usual LLOYD flight (pronounced "zhoyd") brought 8 Bolivians, and on Friday morning (before training begins) 13 Chileans arrived, as expected. Friday, Cochabamba informed us that 6 more Bolivians would be arriving Saturday. Only 4 came, as far as we could tell. At around midnight... a call from a public telephone. Elder Villegas had gone from the airport (to the northwest) clear across this city of 4 million to the other end of town. Never averse to adventure, I quickly got dressed and took off, though bone tired. (Mercifully, I'm only skinny, not bony.) Though unfamiliar with most of the streets, I didn't get lost once and found Elder Villegas fast. Luckily, some members way out Tobalaba way had recognized the poor wandering soul as a missionary (though with no name tag yet) and called the CEM. Why those in charge in Bolivia don't give them our address and phone number is a great mystery. I try to call them but have only been able to get through once--before all these problems started to develop. When they called about the 6 who were coming (while I was teaching), Merrill could understand them perfectly but they couldn't hear her. Guess we'll have to try a Telex or write some letters.

March 7. This time we have a sister afflicted with epilepsy. Before she came we were happy to read in her Missionary Recommendation that her attacks are mild and largely controlled by medication. Merrill hopes she won't lose her fingernail. Sunday morning in the sisters' meeting--held in the living room of our apartment--Hna. Lilian Fernández (Los Angeles, Chile) suffered quite a serious attack. To prevent asphyxiation from swallowing her tongue, Mom inserted her index finger. Hna. Fernández clamped down very hard, and when I was hurriedly summoned from priesthood meeting, I found it impossible to open her jaws, so tightly were they clenched together. In the interim, however, Mom had managed to remove her finger. I felt quite helpless, but we stretched her out as comfortably as possible on a sofa and I gently patted and stroked her cheeks and head until her convulsions subsided. It was clear



that she was breathing adequately, though in spasmodic in- and exhalations through her nose.

Many times we wish we had brought our thick Home Medical Guide with us. Mom and I are kept busy dispensing aspirins and other medications we are not familiar with, worriedly and nervously relying on the scanty information supplied on bottles, tubes and boxes of stuff we inherited from Pres. and Sis. Davis. Though this group is small (28), I have given more blessings than ever--usually with 3 to 5 elders assisting me so that they can gain experience. Once again we are admiring a handicapped person full of desire and faith to serve the Lord in spite of an affliction quite hard to bear. Since her blessing, Hna. Fernández has been all right. What a miracle and a relief it was that our entire group managed to go to the temple this morning without anyone throwing up or having to run for the rest room.

In sacrament meeting the well-springs of my heart were overflowing, moistening my eyes. Deeply touched by the love and concern expressed for Sis. Fernández by her CEM companions, I sat looking with fond appreciation at one missionary after another from my seat on a one-foot-high stand, wondering how to best express my love for them in the five minutes typically left for me. In spite of their sporadic youthful excesses and indiscipline, they are the hope of the world, part of a wonderful royal army. I asked them to define "pre" as in "presidente" for me. Very sharp, almost all of them at once gave the Spanish equivalents of "before" or "in front of." And Latin "sedere"? Only one missionary responded this time, but correctly: "to sit." So, "presidente" means "one who sits in front." After expressing how thrilled I was to be their president, sitting in front and therefore able to behold their beautiful faces, reflecting righteousness, dedication and love, I stated that really, at that moment, I felt more like their "prestarente." The same elder came up with the meaning I wanted for Latin "stare"--"to stand." I said I felt constrained to come to my feet in their presence--as before royal princesses and princes, paying homage, honor and respect to them. Then I quoted the first verse of "¡Mirad, reales huestes, ya entran a luchar!" (Behold, a royal army goes forth...) with a certain amount of intensity and emotion, and they seemed to appreciate this tribute.

We gratefully stand in loving homage to each of you.



Merrill & Merrill



We are very happy to share The Book of Mormon. It is a book uniquely simple and profound, that continues to enrich our lives in a lasting way. Written by prophets, but in a different setting and culture than the Bible, it stands as a second and distinct witness of the Messiah.

Introductory pages tell of the book's origin, translation, and the testimony of special witnesses.



The book itself takes us back to Jerusalem, 600 b.c. A man named Lehi, and his family, are warned by God to leave the city. They are led across the waters to the western hemisphere. Over time, great cultures and conflicts develop. Successive prophets tell plainly of the need and coming of a Redeemer. His mission and teachings are the central theme. The book's high point is the visit of the resurrected Christ who teaches and heals the people.

The record ends with a civil war about 400 B.C. At this time the prophet Mormon condenses the records of his people into a single account. His son and survivor, Moroni, adds a witness and farewell (p. 523). He promises that we may know of the truth of the book if we read, ponder, and pray with real intent.

We have tested this promise. By thoughtful reading and asking God whether the book is true, you too can receive a spiritual confirmation of the book's authenticity. We invite you to try this promise and share in the joy this witness brings.

Dan & Sherlene Bartholomew  
180 North Maple Avenue  
Basking Ridge, NJ 07920



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March 7. This time we have a sister afflicted with epilepsy. Before she came we were happy to read in her Missionary Recommendation that her attacks are mild and largely controlled by medication. Merrill hopes she won't lose her fingernail. Sunday morning in the sisters' meeting--held in the living room of our apartment--Hna. Lilian Fernández (Los Angeles, Chile) suffered quite a serious attack. To prevent asphyxiation from swallowing her tongue, Mom inserted her index finger. Hna. Fernández clamped down very hard, and when I was hurriedly summoned from priesthood meeting, I found it impossible to open her jaws, so tightly were they clenched together. In the interim, however, Mom had managed to remove her finger. I felt quite helpless, but we stretched her out as comfortably as possible on a sofa and I gently patted and stroked her cheeks and head until her convulsions subsided. It was clear



that she was breathing adequately, though in spasmodic in- and exhalations through her nose.

Many times we wish we had brought our thick Home Medical Guide with us. Mom and I are kept busy dispensing aspirins and other medications we are not familiar with, worriedly and nervously relying on the scanty information supplied on bottles, tubes and boxes of stuff we inherited from Pres. and Sis. Davis. Though this group is small (28), I have given more blessings than ever--usually with 3 to 5 elders assisting me so that they can gain experience. Once again we are admiring a handicapped person full of desire and faith to serve the Lord in spite of an affliction quite hard to bear. Since her blessing, Hna. Fernández has been all right. What a miracle and a relief it was that our entire group managed to go to the temple this morning without anyone throwing up or having to run for the rest room.

In sacrament meeting the well-springs of my heart were overflowing, moistening my eyes. Deeply touched by the love and concern expressed for Sis. Fernández by her CEM companions, I sat looking with fond appreciation at one missionary after another from my seat on a one-foot-high stand, wondering how to best express my love for them in the five minutes typically left for me. In spite of their sporadic youthful excesses and indiscipline, they are the hope of the world, part of a wonderful royal army. I asked them to define "pre" as in "presidente" for me. Very sharp, almost all of them at once gave the Spanish equivalents of "before" or "in front of." And Latin "sedere"? Only one missionary responded this time, but correctly: "to sit." So, "presidente" means "one who sits in front." After expressing how thrilled I was to be their president, sitting in front and therefore able to behold their beautiful faces, reflecting righteousness, dedication and love, I stated that really, at that moment, I felt more like their "prestarente." The same elder came up with the meaning I wanted for Latin "stare"--"to stand." I said I felt constrained to come to my feet in their presence--as before royal princesses and princes, paying homage, honor and respect to them. Then I quoted the first verse of "¡Mirad, reales huestes, ya entran a luchar!" (Behold, a royal army goes forth...) with a certain amount of intensity and emotion, and they seemed to appreciate this tribute.

We gratefully stand in loving homage to each of you.



Merrill & Merrill



Hope Tracy's eyes are o.k. Daniel H. Bartholomew writes a good letter for such a young man - And what beautiful writing!

LA IGLESIA DE  
JESUCRISTO  
DE LOS SANTOS  
DE LOS ULTIMOS  
DIAS

CENTRO DE ENTRENAMIENTO MISIONAL

Pocuro 1980  
Santiago, Chile

19 de marzo 1989

THE NEVER-ENDING NEWS  
There's always something! Things keep happening!

Relating the simplest act to the words and example of Jesus invests it with radiance and joy. At the farewell meeting for Group #3, slim, quiet Elder Aguirre, the one with the handsome wavy black hair, after thanking Merrill for her motherly kindnesses went on to thank me--excessively. When did I do anything special for this dear Bolivian elder? I asked myself. Then I remembered. When he was sick and feverish, I brought a glass of cold water to him, in bed, and then another and another. Remembrance of Matthew 10:42 made my heart swell in gratitude for the way, the light and the life and my eyes evidenced once again that my cup runneth over. From the inanimate ink on a page of the Bible, the Savior's words had come to life into my life: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

This morning, before Merrill got dressed, I was blessed to heat a cup of warm water for a sick sister and in the middle of the hand-written scribbles for this typed paragraph I got to warm some milk for an elder with stomach pains. How warm was my reward! Thinking of this and of Matthew 13:52, I shared a golden treasure of mine with the missionaries in testimony meeting this morning: El placer de servir (The Pleasure of Serving) by Gabriela Mistral, famous Chilean poet--Nobel Prize winner about 50 years ago.

Toda la naturaleza es un anhelo de servicio:  
sirve la nube, sirve el viento, sirve el surco.

Donde haya un árbol que plantar, plántalo tú,  
donde haya un error que enmendar, enmiéndalo tú.

Sé el que apartó la piedra del campo,  
el odio entre los corazones,  
y las dificultades del problema.

Hay la alegría de ser sano y de ser justo,  
pero hay, sobre todo, la hermosa, la inmensa  
alegría de servir.

Qué triste sería el mundo si todo en él estuviera  
si no hubiera un rosal que plantar,  
una empresa que emprender.

Que no te llamen solamente los trabajos fáciles.  
Es tan bello hacer lo que otros esquivan.

Pero no caigas en el error de que sólo se hace  
mérito con los grandes trabajos.

Hay pequeños servicios que son buenos servicios:  
adornar una mesa, ordenar unos libros,  
peinar una niña.

Aqué! es el que critica, éste es el que destruye.  
Tú, sé el que sirve.

El servir no es faena sólo de seres inferiores.  
Dios, que da el fruto y la luz, sirve.  
Pudiera llamársele así: "El que sirve".

Y tiene sus ojos en nuestras manos  
y nos pregunta cada día:  
¿Serviste hoy? ¿A quién? ¿Al árbol,  
a tu amigo o a tu madre?

All of nature is a yearning for service:  
The cloud serves, and the wind and the  
furrow. Where there is a tree to plant,  
you plant it. Where there is a mistake  
to undo, let it be you. You be the one  
to remove the rock from the field, the  
hate from human hearts, and the difficulti  
from the problem. There is joy in being  
wise and just, but above all there is the  
beautiful, the immense happiness of serv-  
ing. How sad the world would be if every-  
thing in it was already done. If there  
was no rosebush to plant, no  
enterprise to undertake. Do not limit  
yourself to easy tasks. It's so beauti-  
ful to do what others dodge. But don't  
fall prey to the error that only great  
tasks are worthwhile. There are small  
services that are good ones: decorating  
a table, arranging some books, combing a  
little girl's hair. That one is the one  
who criticizes, that other one is the one  
who destroys. You be the one who serves.  
Serving is not a labor only for inferior  
beings. God, who gives fruit and light,  
serves. His name might be given thus:  
"He who serves." And he has his eyes on  
our hands and he asks us every day: "Did  
you serve today? Whom? A tree, your  
friend, or your mother?"

(Sorry. No time or talent to make the  
translation come out lovely as in Spanish.



"a down like Alice"

"And he has his eyes on our hands." Wives and mothers easily beat us men at service-- hands down. Yet, whenever possible, I happily fix a leaky faucet or attach a shelf. And I'd give my best fishing rod right now to comb little Rachel's or Heidi's hair. Yours too, Alice and Cheryl and Charlotte. Line up, you 15 grandsons, and I'll comb out the cowlicks and snarls (No hayseeds?) in your hair. I suppose I would have to bribe them in order to have the pleasure. Some of my sweetest, saddest memories are of Grandma Emma Burdett Tracy, who lived with us in Marriott, Utah, unable to walk, and whom my dad, Howard, would carry in his caring arms. This tousle-headed barefoot boy could seldom spare the time from running around on the farm to sit for a second on her lap and get a hug and a kiss and a peppermint. I've been sorry since. I remember, when she died, how I went behind the house, rested my head and arms on the old washing machine with its hand-cranked wringer and cried.

Matthew 13:52. "Every (missionary) who is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto the man that is a householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things old and new." Way back before my mission to Argentina (1946-49) I started gathering treasures for my black looseleaf notebook. Later it served as a source for many talks by our kids. A pity I haven't added to it more consistently. John has far outdone me. I speak in terms of notebooks. For him it's drawers of filing cabinets. No doubt he also has much more filed away in his head and in his heart.

Occasionally Merrill and I get to speak to future missionaries. Last night it was at the Las Condes Stake Center. In the opening exercises, a youth about 16 who gave an awkward but excellent talk caught my attention. A little later, as he sang with a group that stood right in front of us on the stand, I noticed how his fairly rich bass voice, for one so young, stood out above the rest. For some reason I took the time to mention his words about the gifts of the Spirit and elaborated at some length in response to one of the questions directed to me: "Is it hard to live the life required of a missionary?" Afterwards, the budding bass came up to me with tears in his eyes, his voice breaking with emotion, and asked me for help in being good. His friends in and out of school were continually using bad words and filling his mind with bad thoughts. I put my arm around him and prayed for inspiration to console and strengthen him. His parents are separated and he has no father at home as a model and guide. Just letting him talk and listening with love probably helped him more than anything I said. It makes me feel very small and weak when people look up to me in expectation of valuable assistance. Of course it's because I'm president of the CEM, but I'm only Wendell Hall, Nin, one of the least of these my brothers and sisters--as you who know me know. Crowded, but among good company with the least.

Proud to belong.

Before our turn came, after moving into the cultural hall, a barbershop quartet performed five numbers, with typical razzmatazz. They were terrific and sang in near-native English. Only one of the four is a member. They may be the only barbershop quartet in South America. Their singing reminded me of "The Music Man" and that great tune "Oh Lida Rose...", which naturally reminded me of Ida Rose. Enclosed are some suspenseful installments from "Thirty Days in China"--excerpts from her and Tracy's diaries. They should write a novel, or a script for a movie. Take care!

Ever-loving Mom and Dad / Merrill & Wendell

Merrill & Wendell



THEY PREPARED THE WAY  
Wendell Herbert and Merryll W. Hall

The coming of the year 1962 found Chile preparing for the World Soccer Championship games, with our country as host and in which our national all-star team would have an outstanding participation. Meanwhile, the just established Chilean Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints was completing the details for construction of the first Mormon chapel in Chile, which would be erected on a property purchased by the Church on 401 Manuel de Sales Street in Ñuñoa (suburb of Santiago).

It was right in the middle of these preparations, during the first days of March of that year that a Mormon family arrived in our country, consisting of Wendell H. Hall, his wife Merryll, and their six children. Brother Hall had arrived to take charge of the Instituto Chileno-Norteamericano de Cultura de Valparaíso y Viña del Mar as administrative director. In this position, note was soon made of the fact that he was a member of the Mormon Church. The newspaper El Mercurio, for example, referred to him in an article as "the austere Mormon who as soon as he arrived in Valparaíso went right to work, dedicating himself fully to his tasks and becoming admired and loved by all for his upright purposefulness in performing them and the great effectiveness with which they were accomplished.

The Hall family quickly became involved in the activities of the Church in Valparaíso as it was getting established and lent great support to the missionary work. One month after his arrival, Bro. Hall was called to be president of the Valparaíso District by A. Delbert Palmer, president of the Chilean Mission. In a conference which took place April 15, 1962, in the Hucke Labor Union Hall, at which 300 people were present, the new president of the Valparaíso District was sustained and Elder Franklin S. Harris III, a missionary who had been presiding over the district, was released. José Osorio was called to be first counselor to Pres. Hall and Guillermo Núñez as second counselor, with Eduardo Montero as secretary.

The Halls remained in Chile for four years. On March 25, 1966, the mission historian wrote "The family of Wendell Hall left for the United States after four years of directing the Instituto Chileno-Americano de Cultura de Valparaíso y Viña del Mar and after much service to the Church as an assistant to the president, helping the local leaders of the Church on the coast. We shall miss Bro. and Sis. Hall and their six children. Both El Mercurio and the newspaper La Estrella devoted articles to saying goodbye and thanking Bro. Hall for his fruitful work as director of the Instituto, "for his effectiveness as a builder of friendship between two countries who gained their independence at about the same time."

Now, during the first month of this year, 1989, Bro. and Sis. Hall have returned to Chile in the capacity of presidents of the Missionary Training Center. Without doubt all of the experience that Elder Hall has gained in his different assignments during the course of his life, of special importance among them his mission to Argentina (1946-1949), his position as director of the Instituto Chileno-Norteamericano de Cultura de Valparaíso y Viña del Mar (1962-1966), his 22 years as professor of Spanish at the University of Brigham Young and his three years as president of the Buenos Aires North and South Missions (1981-1984) will be poured with love into the task of presiding over and teaching in the Missionary Training Center of Chile, thereby enriching the lives of the hundreds of young people who will pass through its classrooms on the way to their missions.

Their children and their 21 grandchildren remained behind in the United States, together with the memory of that special event when a servant of the Lord interviewed them and let them know that the Lord needed them in Chile, the country they had physically left 23 years before but which had always remained in their hearts. "At that moment my soul soared through the ceiling and on up to the clouds, so great was the joy that lifted my heart, said Pres. Hall on assuming the responsibilities of his new calling in Santiago.

Welcome, Pres. and Sis. Hall. The Church in Chile will again see itself strengthened by your presence as it was in the early days of its establishment here, and great happiness will be felt in the homes of the many good families who remember you from those days in which you walked along the steets and up the hills of the legendary port of Valparaíso.

*Thanks for the check!*