

June Hallmanack, 89

Dear Family:

Happy Birthdays to Doug, Zina, Robert, and Liz. Dad and I now have three grandchildren who are old enough to serve in the armed forces, but not old enough to get married without parents consent (who gets married, anyway, these days?) or sign legal documents. This must vary from state to state because I always thought it was unfair to make our sons and daughters go to war when they couldn't get married without parental permission.

Note: If Dad and I (or both of us) should pop off suddenly (we do not plan to do so) I have saved enough of "The descendants And Progenitors of Fielding Langford" for all the grandchildren. Right now they are down at the shed on the landing of the stairs that lead to the little attic. I should get them down and pass them out to you parents to give to the grandchildren when they are eighteen, but then, on the other hand, if I live to be 90 (good night--do I want to live until I am 90?) I can pass them out myself. I figure that they probably won't be even interested enough in genealogy to even read the thing until they are 18, but I may be underestimating our Grandchildren.

Dad and I went up to Weber (Ogden) last night where Dad was acting as a "presenter" of one of the awards the school give out to faculty, students, etc. for whatever. He had to wear a tux, and he gave them his usual size. When he put it on there was 3 inches extra in the waist and a whole size at least in the coat. He has got his weight down to 147 with his hard work on the farm, and when Eugene took his bloodpressure when we decorated the family graves on Memorial day, it was down to 120 which is really good for him.

Speaking of memorial day, what do you locals say to forming a caravan on next Memorial day and taking the families around to the various graves of deceased family members which are at least in the Wasatch front area?

Then we could all go to a park or up into a canyon and have a picnic.

This year my Iris were all gone, as was the Bridal Wreath but my roses had put out their first glorious full-bush bloom, and the Peonies were out for about the first time so I could use them. Its good to do honor to those who have gone before us and paved the way with their hard work. We ought to at least know where they are buried.

Every year we say we need to get us a burial plot, but there are so many questions we need to answer. Should we get more than just two plots--shall we see if there are unused plots near to our own parents? I think we'll probably just get two plots. David and Karen already have plots in Riverton, and Nancy and Doug and Tracy and Betsy are still young enough that they may be miles away from Utah when they are buried. We almost bought plots in a cemetery in Schenectady. Now wouldn't that have been a mistake.

But we really thought we would be there all of our lives. In the old days sometimes whole families were near each other in the same cemetery. That is the case with the Halls in one cemetery in Ohio. Sometimes members of two or three generations are in the same cemetery. Well, come to think of it, that's not so different. There are two generations of Tracy's and two of the Halls, and two of the Burdetts in the old Ogden Cemetery. Two generations of the Langford's in the American Fork cemetery and two in the Ogden Aultorest (chapel of flowers) cemetery. Come to think of it, when my generation is buried, there will be three generations in the Ogden cemetery on both the Langford and Hall sides, and Wendell and Merrill will probably be in the Provo Cemetery, so we wouldn't be entirely alone, would owe?

It would be nice to think we would all be near at the Resurrection, but time and space will not mean much then will it. Maybe we could all arrange to meet in a certain place on that great day? Oops. Will we all come forth at the same time. Probably, I trust that none of you would be so bad as to not come forth the morning of the first resurrection. Some of us might have Cadillac bodies and some Ford and Chevrolet but I think most of us will rise on that glorious day. Then I'll go shopping for a new dress. I do get carried away, don't I?

Dad has put up a shade house on the farm, and the place is slowly beginning to look like something beside a vacant piece of land with a tract house on it.

I am writing this on June 4th and hope that all of you are sending me a Hallmanack of your own to join this. If written right, each family would have a brief history of the family goings on for that month--and it would be nice to know what each family is doing. An easy way to write a family history.

Yesterday I went shopping to buy a new dress. unfortunately over indulgence and not enough exercise has rendered my form definitely undivine. I came home without a dress. Most of the dresses now do not disguise fat but accent it. And when you have 14 shoulders and 18 or 20 hips you have a definite problem. Good night! Do I want that to be recorded for posterity? Anyway, you girls don't be so unselfish--even if you are still having your babies, get yourself some nice clothes--you'll never look better than you do now. I know, you say to yourself--I'll just lose 10 or 15 lbs before I buy those clothes. But that can go on for ever. I know. Look good now. If you can't afford to buy them--make them, but you really can't save anything by making them if you buy on sales. AS THE "ME" ADDS ON TV SAY: "YOU'RE WORTH IT!"

Luv ya all

Grandmother (and Grandfather, by implication) Hall

June 18, 1989

Additional Note: Tracy had an orthoscopic knee operation last Monday about 4:30 P.M. (Schedule: 12:30) When the Dr. took his exrays he said he had really good cartilage in his knee and should come out of the operation just fine. He suspected a tear in the cartilage and that's what it turned out to be. He said (to me) that he had to remove a third of the cartilage, but when he came in to see Tracy he said he had "left" 95% of it. Translate that. I have had trouble keeping him down as he keeps wanting to go see his "babies" on the farm, and when he is out there he moves around to much on uneven soil.

All those who want to go in on the law-suit, get your money and your signature into the lawyers (address on last letter) and wait. David is our representative--don't contact lawyers, contact him. You have to face the possibility that we will lose what we invest, but on the other hand, we may also win. It's like investing in the stock market, but there is a religious conotation that goes with the law-suit. Should I go to Smith and try to solve it between me and thee. And then take a neighbor and try to solve it? We are unfortunately living in a day when the philosphy is take advantage if you can--whatever is to your own advantage, that is. A man's word is no longer his bond--even a so called iron-clad contract is not a bond any more.

Virginia will be in Utah the last part of July. They are coming to a Wood reunion to be held in Coere D? Don't know how to spell it. Dad gets his check up /Tuesday.

May 7, 1989

Dear Family,

Our cat, Magic/Spike, died this past week. He has been ill for over a month. I wanted to take him in but Bryan thought we should let him take his chances. I finally took the poor cat to the vet. He wasn't eating and was extremely thin. He was diagnosed as having feline leukemia. The doctor said that he was extremely dehydrated and would not live long. I took Magic home so that all the kids could say good-bye to him. After much weeping, we took him back to the vet and had him put to sleep. There was an unofficial neighborhood funeral held in our backyard. Hyrum made a cross, Sarah made a sign which we stapled to it, Hannah cried and Willis kept saying he didn't want him to die. We planted a lot of flowers over his burial plot. All the kids decided that Magic was on his way to cat heaven. The normal question that arises following such traumatic experiences is, "Can we get a new kitten?" The answer, "No." (Well, at least not for a long time, if Bryan can help it.) Hannah drew a nice picture of Magic walking along with a rainbow stretching out behind him. When I went to have Magic put to sleep she was wailing and hysterical. I was pleased to see that in her grief she could produce such a positive drawing.

Bryan moves into a leased office space tomorrow morning. He found a 215 sq ft space in an office building in down town Lake Oswego. He is interviewing a secretary tomorrow afternoon. We had an ad agency work up some advertising ideas for the business. We have decided that we need to reach the consumer. We will be advertising in local real estate magazines that are offered free to the public.

The Portland Temple open house will be June 15th-July 7th. We are very excited to see the opening of the temple. It is a beautiful and is in a lovely setting. Sarah and Hannah will be able to go to the dedication.

I went up to the Seattle temple with our Relief Society last Tuesday. I met a former Tacoma neighbor of Betsy. She, I can't remember her name, said she lived right next door. She commented that when she came home from a hard day at work she would go over to Betsy's mother to talk and receive great comfort from her. She now lives in Gig Harbor.

Congratulations to Willis on receiving his doctorate. What an accomplishment! Congratulations are also extended to Stephanie for supporting him through the long haul!

That's about all for now. We love you all and look forward to your letters! Love, Bryan, Charlotte, and family

Update on Charlotte's family: Willis broke a leg on the trampoline.
Can you imagine Charlotte trying to keep him immobile? Good luck,
Charlotte, and May he heal rapidly.

Mom

May 7, 1986

Dear family,

Thank you for all of your lovely family letters. We had fun reading all of them. Us, the Weight family miss you all. We just can't wait for the next family reunion.

Our cat Magic, got a disease called Feline Leukemia so we had to put him to sleep. It's when the cat won't eat because his throat hurts so much. He was suffering and he would ~~have~~ have died anyway. We buried him in a Oter Pop box that was empty. He died March 4, 1989. I helped burie him, after ward we planted flowers on top.

We put are trampoline about 2 and $\frac{1}{2}$ mounths ago. I feel like friends just come over only to jump. Although it has been fun We made up a rule that no one can jump on Sunday. Us kid are disapointed about that. →

Cut off Sarah's last page" were disappointed about that.

Note to Sarah: Thanks for the good letter, Sarah. Let's have more.

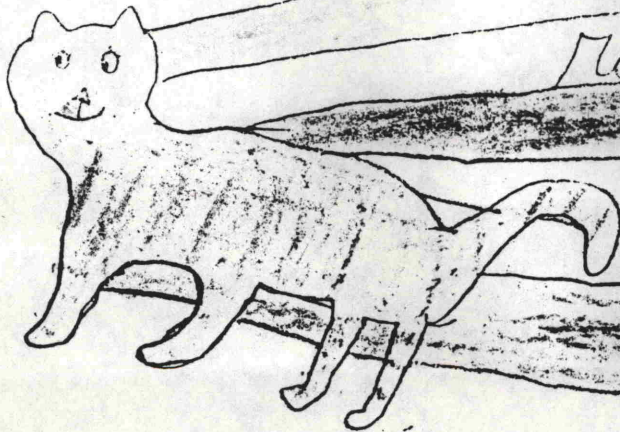
Every one is forgetting about writing in ~~the~~ journals. My mom finally got me to sit down and write a family letter. I don't have very good cursive writing eather. Oh well ~~I~~ I'll do the best I can. Our address is 1575 Laburnum Way Lake Oswego OR. 97034 just in case you didn't know. There are four kids in our family Hyrum, Hannah, Willis, and me Sarah. ~~I~~ Well I'd better go by

Love you all

Sarah Wright!

From Hannah

Magick



rainbow

LA IGLESIA DE
JESUCRISTO
DE LOS SANTOS
DE LOS ULTIMOS
DIAS

CENTRO DE ENTRENAMIENTO MISIONAL

Pocuro 1980
Santiago, Chile

29 de abril 1989

THE NEVER-ENDING NEWS THE NEVER-ENDING NEWS
There's always something! Things keep happening! We never run out of

The rainy season has come. This morning there was flooding and the paving stones were slick. Many streets have asphalt or concrete surfaces but others, including Pedro de Valdivia, have century-old "adoquines." At 6:00 this morning when I drove a Chilean elder to the airport to catch a plane to Arica (northern Chile), I had to drive very carefully. This CEM is a way-station and a travel service. For missionaries and others. Most frequently the Osorno Mission is involved. U.S. missionaries sometimes stay here till late in the evening when I drive them to the bus station together with the Chilean missionaries who are also going to Osorno. U.S. missionaries returning to the States stop by here too. Not long ago we had a missionary from Buenos Aires South to pick up and take care of before sending him off on a plane to Calama (near Chuquicamata, the famous copper mine, largest in the world). He had been disfellowshipped ("suspendido") and sent home one month early. I must be a fairly approachable person. At his first opportunity, the elder asked me what disfellowshippment meant, apparently having lacked the courage to ask his mission president. (He assumed that it signified excommunication.) I explained the difference and gave him the best counsel and encouragement I could. He was very grateful for the love that Merrill and I showed him.

Some of our tasks remind me of a German story I read many years ago. Many. I mean even before Wendy was born, when I was teaching German (plus Spanish and English as a foreign language) at Northland College in Ashland, Wisconsin. Johnny and Jeannie may remember looking up at the hospital window there on the October day when we met Wendy. (What a cutie! Wendy Boo.) The motif of the story was "Warum ich?" (Why me?) The only answer to that is "Because you're there." The Good Samaritan didn't ask to have a robbed, naked, wounded man left half-dead in his path, but he was there. The priest and the Levite passed by on the other side. The Good Samaritan didn't ask "Why me?" If it crossed his mind, he might have said "Why not me?" I could interpret that in a way that would produce lots of answers: "Not me, because I'm old, tired, and have plenty of other things to do... I helped out once before... Remember that time?" But make that "Why not me?" and I'll have to say, "Yes, it had better be me. It's about time. I've skipped my turn too often. I've received so much help from others that I'll never be able to pay them back, directly or by following their example. And do I want to resemble the priest and the Levite? Can it be possible that my Savior's marvelous parables have so little meaning for me, no application in my life? Warum ich? Lass dass es ich sei, Herr. Lord, let it be me."

May 1, bright and sunny. Remember what I wrote when we received our call, how Elder Robert E. Sackley said "We know about your heart condition and still want you and will give you the help you need"? Some time ago, Elder L. Aldin Porter invited me to write a letter requesting that help, pointing out, however, that so far the Missionary Department has previously rejected all such petitions on the grounds that volunteer teachers at Area MTCs should not expect remuneration but serve only out of gratitude and love. I appreciate and respect that stand, but doubt that John and hundreds of others have not loved the missionaries and their jobs at the Provo MTC less because of the meager minimum wage they received--nonetheless helpful toward financing their studies. In fact, as a valiant (well, violent, rash) defender of the less privileged, especially if Latin Americans, it doesn't seem fair to me that they should not be paid, when their economic needs are so much greater--heart-rendingly so. Anyway, to my surprise, the request was suddenly granted, on a trial six-month basis.

Oh, the vagaries and paradoxes of human behavior! Now I feel awful--a shirker, asking for special treatment, expecting undeserved favors, acting in opposition to those above me, never satisfied one way or the other. In truth, though (so I've convinced myself),

this wasn't a selfish request. I am and will be teaching just as many classes as ever. I've even taken on a couple of additional ones. I only want to make our training as effective as possible. Our budget is very small (I scrounge for paper clips) and the additional cost of this project is only a little over 100 U.S. dollars per month. Merrill and I considered paying this secretly ourselves, but this could create legal and organizational problems and set a possibly awkward, unwelcome precedent for our inevitable successors. Sister Ivania Acosta, our new salaried instructor and teaching coordinator, started work last Friday, but I'm still doing substitute teaching myself. That is what I like best. Someone doesn't show, for whatever reason, and I'm on the spot. A quick look at the lesson title, a little speed-reading of topic sentences, I grab my scriptures, and can't wait to experience what the adrenalin might pump up. I look at the missionaries' expectant, wonderful faces, say a prayer, and if I've asked with humility and faith, I receive. Well, that's my version. Merrill, rightly, isn't always that thrilled with my improvising, my "letting it happen." How exciting, though, to try (in a placid shallow pond, by comparison) to be like impetuous Peter, and sink and think you'll drown and have to reach for His hand.

Hermana Acosta, just home from serving in the Santiago North Mission, came to see us two days after we arrived to volunteer as a teacher. Her younger brother entered the CEM the same morning to serve in Santiago North too. We got to meet the parents and the older brother, also a returned missionary. A very impressive family! So Hna. Acosta got to teach her brother and really helped us out, giving the five classes formerly taught by Sis. Davis (my predecessor's wife, brought up in the Mormon colonies in Mexico and a fluent speaker of Spanish). In repose, each of Hna. Acosta's features seems unremarkable, but when they come alive as she greets someone or teaches, the ensemble is extremely attractive and charming. Merrill is particularly impressed with her because she goes 100% by the book, doing everything exactly according to guidelines and instructions. Remarkable! And she does it very well, with enthusiasm and exceptional motivational power. After six months, the success of this pilot program will be assessed with the possibility that it might be continued indefinitely. Merrill and I have already noted a definite improvement.

Ever-loving Mom and Dad / Merrill and Wendell

M + D

W

I know you know I'm not the individual you read about in these letters. The sentiments may be fine, but I struggle to emerge from the sediment and become in reality what I should.

sed-i-ment (sed-ə-mənt) Matter deposited by water or wind. (In this instance, lately by plenty of tears but mainly.... Well, I remember, sedimentally, that at one time my friends used to call me _ _ _ _ .)

LA IGLESIA DE
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DE LOS ULTIMOS
DIAS

CENTRO DE ENTRENAMIENTO MISIONAL

Pocuro 1980
Santiago, Chile

6 de mayo 1989

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

Una masiva manifestación pasiva: A massive passive demonstration is what I promised them. This has gone on for over three weeks and they swore it would be three days. Next time, I said, since we can't sleep anyway, we shall all go downstairs in our pajamas and stare at you while you work. I'm determined to defend and protect our missionaries against anyone, I quoth, and if there's a next time it will be over our night-clothes clothed bodies. That very morning, Elder L. Aldin Porter, second counselor in the area presidency, headquarters at Bonpland, Buenos Aires, assured me that there would be no further recurrences. I had been too patient too long. Down with supine submissiveness! (I quote the Russian poet Yevgeny Yevtuschenko, who was too supinely submissive to utter this under Breshnev.)

It started with constant hammering one night and escalated last night to the uninterrupted rumbling of big power drills. All this rearranging and remodeling is to accommodate a new computer system for the Membership Department, with cables connecting work stations throughout the building. (Why don't they use David's Net-Line solution?) The first night it happened I protested, almost quietly and calmly, when my patience gave out at 2:00 a.m. From then on: excuses, alibis, promises. The local PBO official in charge is incomprehensibly -spirited and -brained. He keeps insisting that the workers can only come at night. The contractor invariably tells me that he has no problem with starting at 4:30 p.m. when the Church offices close, do the noisy work until 10:30 p.m. (when our missionaries go to bed), and then continue till 1:00 a.m. with quiet jobs like painting and stringing cable.

Those on the scene who easily could have stopped this at once apparently think that some big favor to us is at issue. We have several sick missionaries right now--one with a history of epilepsy who is suffering bad side effects from his medication. Without adequate sleep, missionaries yawn and sleep in class. Nerves are on edge. None of this seems to dent the determination of those in charge to ignore us. How many of our missionaries have written home about this? I wonder. How many parents, relatives, and friends are indignant? This can't help but be destructive to our entire operation, all our selfless efforts. This has been a lesson to me. Too much patience is not a virtue. It's a sin. I almost hope they start up their drills tonight so I can participate in our great passive sleepless sleep-in. I'll wear my oldest, most ragged pajamas as a sign of humility. Never fear! This situation will not continue past tonight. This has caused me lots of stress and strain in addition to loss of sleep. This morning, though, I feel just great. The old combative spirit! Action!

Let it be perfectly clear that Pres. Porter is not at fault at all in this. He was just here for an interim seminar for the six mission presidents in Chile and the president of the CEM. He left instructions to cut the racket at night and shortly thereafter departed for Buenos Aires. The contractor informed me that . . . Brain had told him to start work at 10:30 p.m. because he was sure the soft purring of the drills wouldn't disturb us.

This has been a bad week for me. Many of our missionaries send expressions of gratitude and love to us. Quote, from a recent letter: "Les quiero mucho y sé que son especiales. Me enseñaron que debo servir y esforzarme por ser mejor aún. Son un ejemplo para mí. Jamás les olvidaré, y agradeceré eternamente a Dios por haberlos puesto en el tiempo preciso para ayudarme a progresar. . . Dios los guíe y los siga acompañando. Son increíbles. Gracias, de todo corazón." (I love you a lot and know that you are special. You taught me I should serve and make an effort to be better still. You are an example for me. I

I just read Pres. Benson's talk on pride & so had to white-out some adjectives.

shall never forget you and will eternally thank God for having placed you (in the CEM) at exactly the right time to help me to progress... May God guide you and continue to accompany you. You are incredible. Thanks, with all my heart.)

Most of the mission presidents serving in Chile and Bolivia have called to thank us, saying that they've never received better missionaries and giving us too much of the credit. But after my brief presentation in the seminar regarding our work, one of the mission presidents had the effrontery to say that our missionaries arrive thinking they know how to do the work and have to be put in their place. I quickly replied that we follow the guidelines set by the general authorities to the letter--implying, though not saying, that he ought to do the same. Apostle Ballard told us at the Provo MTC that some mission presidents are the biggest roadblock toward implementing the marvelous new proselyting approach. The thought that our missionaries might arrive in the field and immediately have their enthusiasm destroyed and their many hours of training ignored overwhelmed me with grief. I thought: "Matthew 18:6." (But whoso shall offend one of these little ones..., it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.) I tried to remember 1 Corinthians 13:4, first phrase, but had a mental block.

That afternoon, Pres. Porter spent about two hours emphasizing the importance of faithfully following the Missionary Guide and the new discussions, which were prepared directly under the supervision of the First Presidency and the Twelve and written in great part by them. The new instructions and discussions are so inspired that they are like scriptures to me. I hope the unnamed mission president got the message. As you might expect, before crushing me with his words, he prefaced them by turning to Pres. Waldo Call (area president) and saying, "As you know, I always do my best to follow the desires of the Brethren, but..." I receive the monthly statistics on baptisms around the world and his has the lowest numbers of any mission in Chile. Naturally, I bear no bad will toward Pres. X and wish him well.

May 10. In the United States Army, my training had virtually no connection with combat. Hours and hours learning to give a snappy salute. At the front, no saluting, thank you very much, you want to set me up as a prime target for an enemy sharpshooter? Days and days practicing present arms, about face, etc. We were going to present our arms to the enemy or do an about face? Never! (Well, except for that time in the Battle of the Little Bulge, south of that other one at Bastogne, when we retreated like crazy for about 15 miles and slept what was left of the night on the dirty floor of a crummy abandoned bar. After all our training, we executed that about face with absolutely no class at all.) We had target practice with M-1 rifles only twice--enough to get me an Expert Rifleman medal (highest category) and practiced shooting at silhouettes with our Colt .45s only once--long enough to convince me that in combat I would throw the thing at the enemy instead of trying to shoot him. Once we simulated combat with blanks in our weapons, real artillery shells passing overhead and exploding beyond us, and a few trained non-coms shooting real bullets close enough to our bobs to make sure we kept our butts down.

I still wonder about those artillery shells. The real thing, the German 88s, don't seem to have sounded like that. As we approached the front to enter combat near Epinal, France, it was a dismal, overcast day. Listen to that thunder, we told each other. Sounds like we're in for some rain. Yeah, it rained. Shells. The thunder was from German artillery and shortly one of our buddies was dead and the rest of us were scared "spitless"--which we blamed on our K-rations, repressing the awareness that it might have been fear. When I was a kid and read all of Don Smalley's cheap paperbacks about combat and spads and fokkers and all that exciting stuff, I laughed with boyish glee at the plight of a doughboy who took cover from enemy fire in a pigpen. I didn't have it half that bad. I found myself flat on the ground on top of chicken er... uh... Why couldn't the U.S. Army tell us what to do and say in such embarrassing situations?

Sunday, April 30, 1989 - Sherlene - Basking Ridge, NJ

Dear Family,

It's hard to believe a month has gone by already. Looking back, it has been a lovely time for us--if exhausting. Our main emphasis has been landscaping and gardening, and with Dan's back still recovering from surgery, I've been anxious that he was going to end up back in the hospital. But there's no stopping him--I guess I should be grateful he feels good enough to even try planting things.

We've had a real boon in getting Sergio to come, along with Jorge and his sons Raphael and Santos (two of the three brothers who recently joined the Church). We loaned them some money last year and they are working it off at \$10 an hr. each--they are such good, hard workers! We've had some lessons in our Gospel Doctrine class on building Zion and the New Jerusalem and only last week covered some prophecies about how the children of Jacob would work together to build the Lord's city in the last days. So, while we were just trying to landscape our one acre with the help of some of Lehi's sons, I couldn't help making some analogies in my mind. They are so strong and innovative and have definite gifts in the areas of building and craftsmanship (they are painters by trade). We just could not have done all this work without their help; and it made me feel so good to be working together, trying to build our own little Zion, here.

When it rained the first day, they just moved indoors and helped us finally unpack all those boxes of food storage and reorganize the basement (we both hurt our backs moving last year and never did finish unpacking all the boxes in the basement, never mind ordering the place). Did it ever feel great to see them whirlwind through that area and actually have room to set up the ping pong table and play a little when they finished!

This Thursday we got up early and drove to Kensington, Md. to the Washington Temple. What a feast for the eyes! April 28 is a good day to put on your calendars to visit Washington and the temple. The grounds were the most beautiful I have seen at any temple in my life! Pink dogwoods everywhere--contrasted with Japanese Maples and tulips and settings only Heaven itself could inspire. I wanted to stay and soak the feeling there for days. The entire drive was a feast for the eyes--white dogwoods lacing through the forests all along the route.

Speaking of the drive, it reminds me that we saw a red car go out of control in a lane coming toward us (separated by a green aisle) and impact somewhere in the woods with a cloud of dust. We got off at the next exit and found a policeman. Fortunately Dan had noticed a mile marker near the scene and we were able to direct them with accuracy to the place--we did not try to go back to the scene--but it was a humbling reminder that our every breath is preserved by the Lord's mercy.

We enjoyed two sessions at the temple and then went to visit Barry and Virginia. They have done the most beautiful things with their home, yard, and with OUR nieces and nephews!

Virginia showed me a quilt she made for her friend whose son was

shot and killed by another retarded son. As Primary Pres., Virginia had asked the children to draw scenes from the Book of Mormon with special crayons which could transfer onto fabric squares. After the funeral, Virginia found some of these drawings from the boy who died and some of his friends the same age, including Wood contributions. She made the most delightful quilt out of those squares of child drawings, set it up in her home, and invited this mother and some other friends for a surprise quilting session. I think Virginia is one of the most creatively loving persons I have ever met in my life! It just made me weep to see that quilt and feel Virginia's spirit. Of course that mother shed a few tears of joy over that quilt, too. Virginia says it has been quite therapeutic for her friend to be able to drop by from time to time. They quilt together and talk about it over such a reminder of the Lord's love and promises.

You should just see all the creative touches Virginia has put into the laundry and sewing rooms, since the reunion. It was just a feast for me to be there and sort of a shock when we had to leave so soon. We had gone in on a joint order with Barry of rhododendron plants. We ordered it from Van Veen nurseries, taking advantage of Barry's expertise about rhodos. He wanted twice as many plants as we, so it made sense to have them flown to Washington instead of here. We came home, arriving after midnight, with 100 rhodos to plant. Ugh! Twelve hrs. on the road in one day is getting to be too much for this old lady! But it was a wonderful day. I left feeling tearful and achy to have to leave Virginia and not even see Barry or enough of the kids like that, though. When we live so far away from our family, we kind of have to make our church group our family. I tend to get very involved and don't often get homesick or dwell on past memories. But when I see Virginia, I do feel cheated that I don't have closer contact with her and the rest of our family and it haunts me until I can get home and get involved again. I told Dan any time he wants to get transferred to Wash. D.C., I'll go (just so I don't have to move again!).

I was finally set apart as a Family History Center Specialist(?) by Bro. Henkel of our Stk. High Council. He gave me some wonderful blessings, at my request healing my forgetful mind (at least when it's needed to help library patrons). I can spend a month researching a line of my family and when it comes to remembering their names, I still have to refer to my notes over even basic information I've referred to dozens of times and should remember. Anyway, he promised me that when I'm working with all these non-members who are both patrons and staff members, that I'd be able to recall what I need to help them. He also blessed me with my living family--my most important genealogy--and I was pleased to hear his promise that our children would catch the spirit of this work and become active genealogists. Both of them have already asked if they could come to the library (Daniel came one night when I was there).

I thoroughly enjoy being at the library. Last month we had nearly 200 non-member patrons, and we're only open two days and

evenings a week! Last week this woman who came for the first time came shyly over and said: "Pardon me, but I just found my great-grandfather, and I feel like dancing and shouting--what's happening to me?" I told her it was perfectly normal--that I actually did it once at the Ferguson Library in Stamford, CT., then blushed when I remembered people were trying to study around me--but they just looked knowingly at me. We genealogists understand each other!

Our children are busy as usual. Last weekend, Dan took Laura to Scarsdale to visit friends and go on their youth temple trip to D.C. When we went to pick her up Sunday, we had nice visits with the Inouyes, then went to to Rev. Schumachers to pick up the clothes she left at Joy's. The Lawrences, who bought our White Plains home, were out walking their dog and invited us in to see the changes they had made. I liked their changes and decorating and the spirit inside, with their little boys climbing all over and romping with the dog. It brought back fond memories. I can't believe our children were that age when we moved into that home. Where has the time gone?

June 12, 1989 I can't believe another six weeks has gone by. I never got last month's letter finished and mailed. I'm fasting today for Dad's knee surgery and keep waiting for the phone to ring with Mom telling me news of how it went. Mom says Dad has worked so hard on the farm, he's thin and muscular like a man much younger. But according to Liz, Dad hand-dug a ditch another man refused to be hired to do, and in the process messed up his other knee.

I've become a dirt-farmer this month, too. I don't know why they call New Jersey the "Garden State." It should be the "rock state" --maybe that's what they think they are "growing." We've wheelbarrowed enough rocks down by the creek to dam it in several places and form some small, shallow ponds. When we found an 8" turtle down there the other day, we decided our work must be pretty authentic. Dan has been out there digging several holes a day (he uses a pick to chop out the rocks, then fills a big hole with mulch and topsoil, hoping that by the time the plant is big enough to fill that space, it will be big enough to fend for itself through the clay and shale). We keep thinking we've planted about everything, and then another package comes. We've planted a little orchard with about every kind of fruit tree and also, grapes and strawberries, and black and red raspberries and currants. We've planted a total of 135 rhodos and all kinds of other fun plants including all our dream flowering trees and bushes (except for a gorgeous decorative beech we saw at the Frelinghuysen Arboretum one day and which we have had a hard time finding and, then, affording). Virginia and Barry, remind us when you come here to take you and the kids there. It's in nearby Morristown and has a trail for kids and the blind where they can smell and feel all kinds of interesting plants, besides having some splendid gardens with azaleas and rhodos and other flowering shrubs. Dan and I went there one noon-hour when an outdoor concert was playing on the

green while we walked the trails--it really was a celebration of beauty!

We've had several firesides here this month. We got the documentary TV videos Daniel Rona produced for BBC television. There are six of them, each about Israel in different aspects--very exquisitely done. He made it for the general public, but brought in some meaningful Mormon perspectives, without making it seem obvious. Reverend Pepper (who will probably be baptized next month) has come to dinner and viewed some of them with us and has been telling all his protestant friends to order them. They are almost as good as a trip to Israel--it sure did bring back some wonderful memories of our trip there with him as our tour guide.

We've also hosted two evenings where Jan Nusbaum taught us more about using the new PAF Church genealogy program (computer). Bro. Lefgren sat down at our computer and using the disk David sent, pushed some buttons and the thing printed out a locality listing for each person on there, so that we could immediately see who was married, born, died or buried in the various counties. Just boggles your mind.

Right after we got our HP Deskjet, we found out they put out an updated model which includes landscaping (not "yard," Dan tells me) and other features which made it a much better deal. We were fortunate that Dan found out about it and talked the store manager into an exchange--so now we have the latest, and it didn't cost much more, especially since they included a rebate on a broken "exchange" printer which was given us by a friend.

Laura went to an ecumenical retreat sponsored by some local parents over a weekend this month and came back a little shaken that she could have such a spiritual experience with non-Mormons. Then she went to our LDS youth conference and found it significantly inferior to the ecumenical version. I told her she had to give room for the fact that the non-Mormons did not have the large families and multiplied church jobs her youth leaders have and that one of the women told me she and a few others had spent the entire year organizing that one event. But I think it was good for her to realize that the Lord loves all of his children and is very free with His blessings and spirit to all those who love him and keep his commandments. At any rate, she promptly sat down and wrote a long, long letter to our LDS stake and local youth leaders detailing her suggestions for improved youth activities and suggesting a stake youth activity committee such as we had in Westchester. A chip off the old blockhead--I hope they pay some attention to it--that was a good letter.

It has been hard for all of us to get used to New Jersey church activity after living in Westchester. In Scarsdale, so many organized, professional people made each activity something you could be proud to bring non-member friends to see. However, I got roped into helping with so much of that perfectionism--and though activities here seem a little unorganized by contrast, I'm also enjoying a more laid-back relaxation in my old age. I think if I really had my druthers, the Church would stick to teaching the gospel and holding maybe one super activity a month for the youth

and one quarterly for adults to help fellowship all the new converts. That would give us more time to mingle with our neighbors--and I always did think we should take advantage of the many educational and social activities provided by our communities.

I've spent several evenings getting trained for the genealogy library and they trusted me to run it alone the other night. Just about everything went wrong that possibly could with all the machines and equipment. I can't understand why the Lord gave a philosophical mind to someone who in life would really need to know how to weed, clean houses of tons of sand, dirt, and worse, and tangle with monsters like computers, copy machines, and microfilms. However, I did take steps last week to get myself some relief so I can do more of the things I want to. I went down to Weichert Realty for an interview and she hired me. They gave me a scholarship to take an intensive two-week course in July which is scheduled just before the New Jersey exam. If I pass that state exam, I will be licensed to list and sell real estate. This is a hard profession to swallow since realtors have never been my favorite brand of person. But it's the cheapest, fastest way to significant income for a woman my age, and best of all, she told me I can work as much or as little as I want, can work out of my home much of the time (the office is just two minutes away in the center of town), and I won't have to work on Sundays. She says in this market (which is very slow right now with all the AT&T layoffs), a good salesperson can still make a minimum of \$30,000 a year (which with home prices in Basking Ridge, amounts to one home sale a year or often half a home). It really is a sin how much realtors make in the context of hours devoted. But I think I'll indulge in a little sin. I would like to finish the basement and we will soon be needing new cars--not to mention college, missions, etc. --and the jolt we got when we found out we figured our taxes wrong and will owe money instead of getting the \$5,000 return we anticipated and used to order landscaping! Ah, glorious spending! We get more practiced every year. If I sell two houses, then I will get a maid, three houses--a cook....

This weekend we're going to Vienna, Va. to our niece BriAnne Larsen's reception at the home of her new husband. It is only about twenty-five minutes away from Virginia and Barry's, so we plan to attend the temple and will go to church with Barry and Virginia Sunday morn. and then return. Jean and Richard will be at the Open House, too, so it will be great to see them again, as well. We'll probably come alone, since getting Daniel and Laura to leave the important things in life for family concerns seems to be a diminishing effort (Daniel is actually considering coming, but at 16 Laura wishes she could blow her parents away--except that she needs us for money, rides, and food. With Daniel it went in reverse.

Our big news is that Daniel got his driver's license. He got it the day of the prom and if you don't think one frazzled mother greeted him at 1:30 a.m. (the dance ended at 1:00). It was a

nasty, raining night--hardly the night to be driving without your mother. I wonder if I'll ever be able to let him go to college.

You should have seen D&L dressed up for the prom! Laura went all out, inviting a tall, good-looking LDS junior from Clinton ward named Chip Oscarson. Since she asked, she bought the ticket, paid \$100 for her share of the limo (split three ways with some friends), and bought her own dress for an undisclosed fortune. Did she look gorgeous--blond, long hair, green eyes, and emerald green velvet and taffeta floor-length gown. The back of it was almost floor-length, too--but since it had a high neck and sleeves, I decided not to dwell on exposed shoulder blades (it really wasn't too bad, Grandmas). Daniel got really brash and exposed his eyes by getting a haircut. He looked so handsome in his tux (red bowtie and cummerbund and hankie),-- every mother at the pre-prom party made it a point to introduce herself to me and brag about her daughter. Laura was really disgusted because while she gave out a fortune, Daniel just did what every other guy in the school did and waited until a girl asked him to the prom--then let her pay for it. Women's lib has been very expensive. But I guess no girl has an excuse to stay home from the prom and cry. Both of them had a wonderful time and it was fun sharing the excitement while I drove them around to get new shoes, flowers, jewelry, hairdos, and a driving test. Some of the parents held a pre-prom party so we could trap our kids long enough to get some photos and keep some of them from drinking before driving. Believe it or not, most of the kids went from the dance to a hotel and from there to the shore for the next day. Daniel's date turned up in a strapless gown and probably thought he was quite a drag to take her right home from the dance. But the next morning both our kids headed for the Jersey Shore to meet their friends again. I am proud of our children for loving friends with much different standards and still not compromising their own.

Dan has been very busy as 1st C. in the Elders Quorum Presidency, since the President's wife has come down with leukemia. They are a young and beautiful couple who have anguished eight years with the news they would never have children and now this! But a brother of hers does have a blood match, and we are hoping a bone marrow transplant will make a difference. They have been dear friends of ours and we are heartsick about it and have been fasting and praying for their welfare. They helped us a lot in fellowshiping Rev. Pepper--and he, as usual, has been a real comfort to all of us. I just can't wait for him to join the Church! Two job offers came in for him last week, so now he has some options to consider.

I have been teaching the gospel doctrine class while Laura Lee (Pratt) Edwards was on vacation--it was on the 76th section--I needed five weeks for it--one thing I do not like about the combined meeting schedule is that shortened classes seem so rushed. But I love teaching--I learn so much more when I know I have to answer questions.

Well, this helped keep my mind off Dad's operation. 'Hope all is well. We love you and pray for you and Mom always. Thanks for

the birthday bucks. 'Hope Mom remembered to go to the Bookstore and choose her Mother's Day. I bought a couple of church books with mine: Oaks' Pure in Heart, (I really recommend it--it's about improving our desires and motives--not specifically about chastity), and also one listing experiences people had with Harold B. Lee. Thanks muchly. Liz, hope your BIG birthday was wonderful. 'Hope my "card" got to you in one piece. Tracy Jr. and David, are you still experimenting with cold fusion? An interesting article about the fusion as related to the patent process in this week's National Review. Charlotte, we were so impressed by the photo of the new temple near you which was on the cover of the Church News. What a magnificent structure! How close is it to where you live? Thanks for the card. It never ceases to amaze me when people remember my birthday when I don't even remind them! I got a card from a former neighbor in White Plains. Two of my neighbors here dropped by with flowers. I will not discuss how my family here remembered me. I decided to forgive them, but when Mother's Day came with the same ignoring, I went away and fumed for two days, but decided to come back because I need them. I wonder how many divorces follow Mother's Day. Oh, well, I need to look at all the good things in-between and not be so sentimental about stipulated holidays. And the blessings do eventually come. Dan just planted me the rose garden I got in an I.O.U. for my birthday and Mother's Day three years ago! Now if I had gotten it on time, I would have had to leave it in White Plains. And at least I know he PROMISED ME A ROSE GARDEN!!

I suppose such concerns pale with the understanding that each minute we breathe is a gift from our Father in Heaven. I was out helping mulch the flower beds near the street a couple of weeks ago when we heard a BIG BANG which woke up Daniel and brought him running out of the house. He thought someone had bombed the roof! What happened, was a huge truck blew a steel rim off of one of its four monstrous wheels. It landed on its edge, gouged a strip of ground, knocked over our neighbor's picket fence at both corners, whirred up into the air and missed my head by two inches. And with all that racket, the driver played deaf and never even bothered to stop. The policeman said if that rim had hit me, I'd be dead. So I guess I must still have some reason to be around. Probably so you can have lots of exercise trashing my letters.

Love, Sherlene

P.S. Mom, do you know someone out there who knows how to mount photos using archival methods, so they are well-preserved? Except for Grandma Langford's print, I now have all 27 enlargements for the Langford collage. Without mat or framing, they form a rectangle 2 1/2 feet high and 4'1" wide. They fit together perfectly and I have them all numbered with a little map showing how they should be ordered. I can't find anyone here who has acid-free paper to mount them and who knows what kind of glass to use for best preservation. Do you know an outfit who does this kind of thing? I should think it would also take a certain type of glue to mount them. I'm also trying to figure out how to identify each

photo. I want to do it from the front and am trying to decide if I should try to find brown print to match the brown-tones and print strips to be glued on each print or if I should settle for a descriptive strip on the bottom of the collage. Do you still see Carma Anderson from time to time? I wonder if she knows someone at the History Dept. who could help me do this right.

"Bonjour, mes chers poulets. Pardonnez-moi si je vous gene." Chicken feathers!
That's all that was left of the poor poulets.

At least all of that parading, plus calisthenics, running obstacle courses, forced marches of 20 miles with full equipment, etc. did put me in incredible shape. When we landed in Marseille, almost all the troops were disembarked from the ship at once (the Santa María, as old as Columbus's flagship, we said) for fear of enemy bomber attacks. I and a few others had the job of unloading all the duffel bags. From two and three decks below, up lots of flights of steps. I kept at it for hours and the adrenalin was flowing so strong I hardly felt tired. Till later. When we were finished, I found my way to my battalion, company, platoon, and squad and took refuge from the steady rain in a pup tent with my buddy Harold Howell. Those tents had an uncanny sensitivity to being touched. Touch them at any point and they wept. Drip, drip, drip. Oh, well, as we used to satirically sing: "The Army made a man out of me, a man out of me, a man out of me, The Army made a man out of me, a maaaaan out of meeeeeee!" Maybe that explains why at no time have I ever thought of myself as a man. In one of the Hallmanacks, Ida Rose alluded to me as "...that man..." which really startled me.

Listen, our training in the CEM is not like the above. It has a connection with the real world. It's a mirror image of what the missionaries will be doing, with just a little pretty gilt around the edges and a rosy tint to it. The discussions are practiced in a realistic way, with one missionary acting the part of investigator and the other herself/himself. We teach so many practical, useful, valuable things! And most of the training is basically 10% explanations, 20% demonstrations, 60% practice (simulations) and 20% evaluation. (We put out at least 110%.) The simulations are performed with the aid of skilled returned missionaries who provide constant feedback, expertly done, on how to do and how not to do the work. Missionaries learn to express the discussions in their own words, being careful not to stray from the inspired printed text. They practice guiding the content and direction of conversations with investigators, not manipulating them but getting their message across efficiently and effectively.

Reminds me of Anna and her dialogs. On our way to and from Panama. She knew dozens of dialogs word perfect but had no flexibility to go beyond them and say things in her own words. At every opportunity she would stick her head out of the window and rattle off one part of a dialog to the astonishment of fuddled passers-by. In Córdoba, Mexico, on our way home, I stopped for gas. All of the girls and John went to the rest room. Along came a hostess with samples of hot coffee. One of Anna's dialogs included the sentence "No tomo café" (I don't drink coffee). I tried desperately to get the señorita into the rest room and invite Anna to a cup. The poor thing had never met a gringo quite that loco and wouldn't collaborate. Anna's only chance in two months to make use of ^{one} small part of one dialog in a real-life situation! I mention this now because yesterday at the supermercado a hostess offered Merrill a sample of coffee and the poor thing wondered what we were laughing at when Mom said "No tomo café." We only wished Anna could have been there.

O.K., so the training imparted at the MTCs is terrific. There remains the problem of tenderfoot/greenhorn vs. old-timer/veteran. As a relatively young missionary in Argentina after the war, I found there were no veterans at all. We were the first to arrive in several years. Wish we had had some veterans. Same, as a soldier. In our whole division, maybe in the whole Seventh Army, there were no combat veterans. We'd have gladly accepted their scorn for us innocents if we'd only had some of them to help us to survive. But time goes by. I'll never forget Elder Williams. Sweet-faced, smooth-faced, no experience, limited skill in Spanish. And he brashly began making suggestions to me, a veteran of two years in Buenos Aires and starting my third year, first in Rosario and then in Villa Mercedes and Córdoba. Though taken aback, I wasn't too proud to learn from him and allow myself to be infected by his enthusiasm. We made a good team.

I advised our last group, just departed, to recognize this problem and be especially meek and humble. "Yes, sahib Senior Companion, Yes, bwana District Leader," I demonstrated for them, bowing and scraping as if before a Great White Hunter. I hope Pres. X and his ilk will accept their humility, their excitement, devotion, and skills. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who bring good tidings, who publish peace--the calloused, bruised, weary, persevering, experienced feet and the soft, smooth, fresh, eager, tender feet.

Whoops! I forgot about Sid Shreeve, Marion Vance (who were in Argentina for a second time, now married and with children), and a couple of other veterans. Naturally, only a favored few could profit directly from their experience.

Our last group... I'll never forget the drive back from the airport with 11 Bolivians (3 didn't arrive). One of them would sing out "ciento diez" (110) and they would sing "Oración secreta" (Secret Prayer). Then someone would sing out another number, and so they kept singing with great vigor and enthusiasm all the way to the CEM. We had more music than ever: a chorus, a duo, a quartet, a women's chorus, and a special duet. Hna. Laura always sat on the front row. One day she approached me to say "President, you have a very nice voice." "What! I speak so slowly... and you all get so bored!" "No, president. I mean your singing voice." "Ooooooh." So we practiced together a couple of times and sang "Soy un hijo de Dios" (I Am a Child of God) at the departure meeting. Of course, I being president and Hna. Laura having a beautiful voice, we received quite an ovation.

This was one of our smallest groups, only 27, with as many Bolivians as Chileans and more sisters than elders (15 vs. 12), our first missionary from Argentina (another one didn't arrive), and four Uruguayans--two who are serving in Bolivia Cochabamba and two in Santiago North. We also had the best pianist so far, Hna. López from Uruguay. Often we have no pianist at all and the singing is really off tune and usually so low-pitched no one can sing bass or alto. So I sent off for the new cassettes with piano and violin and sometimes flute accompaniment for all of the hymns. It's so hard to locate a given hymn, though, that we haven't had much success with them.

Mom and I were up late writing autographs for this ^{group}. Since I like to write something different for each one, it takes a little imagination. Here's a sample (a small Spanish lesson for some of you).

Querida Hna. Arias,

Como les dije a ustedes anoche en la reunión de despedida, al mirarles a ustedes me acuerdo de la película "Reverie", en la cual el joven príncipe mira embelesado desde su palco a Brahms mientras éste toca a piano su magnífica composición "Traumerei". Y al mirarles me siento yo transportado también y creo estar escuchando músicas celestiales. Pues en el caso suyo, naturalmente, es como estuviera escuchando las arias más hermosas de todos los tiempos. En especial, el aria "Che gelida manina", de La Bohème/Como la letra no es adecuada, lo que escucho es "¡Qué espléndida hermana!..." (de Puccini).

La Hna. Hall y yo la queremos mucho y le deseamos toda clase de éxitos en la misión y en la vida. ¡Hasta siempre!

Of course it's not possible to be this flowery in English! But the Latins love it. When I returned her book, I couldn't resist singing part of the aria to her (the most that has ever been made of 10 identical notes plus 3 others in the history of music), changing the words to "¡Qué espléndida hermana, misionera ejemplar!....."

Ever-loving Mom and Dad / Merrill & Wendell

A disappointment. No sleepless sleep-in.

LA IGLESIA DE
JESUCRISTO
DE LOS SANTOS
DE LOS ULTIMOS
DIAS

CENTRO DE ENTRENAMIENTO MISIONAL

Pocuro 1980
Santiago, Chile

13 de mayo 1989

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

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given': The Good News that enables good news to become a joy eternal." This is what I wrote on the back of a CEM schedule that I pulled out of a drawer by our bed at 2:30 this morning, inspired by Isaiah 9:6. The good news is of a.... daughter! A granddaughter! Joe called from Casper, Wyoming to tell us at 2:10 a.m. (There is now a difference of two hours between Mountain Day-Light Saving Time and Chile Standard Time.) Little Hazel N. Larsen! (Her cute, adorable, darling, temporary name.) What a relief that everything went well, considering the difficulties Teresa has. We had been placing her name on the prayer roll every time we go to the temple--every Tuesday morning at 8:00 a.m. We keep busy enough so that our attention and thoughts are on our work most of the time, but our hearts always yearn to be with you--especially at moments like this.

My bursting heart can do multi-tasking but Merrill thinks that my busting brain can not. So this morning, as a joke, mind you, I tugged on a sleeve of the garments I was wearing and said: "Let's see, these are the ones I have on, right?" She has the idea that I take clean garments with me when I shower and then put the old ones back on again. Does that suggest that I don't remember where I put things? Couldn't it imply spotlessness, purity? Last night I was thinking about my next class as we returned from walking around the temple grounds with our missionaries. The coat closet, with a sliding door, is right next to the fridge. I took off my raincoat, opened the fridge, reached for a hanger, and quickly started to look for a snack. Whew! Merrill didn't catch on. Will you please pardon her for sacrilegiously saying that all things are possible with me?

14 May This morning in sacrament meeting all 14 of our missionaries (2 Bolivians didn't arrive sang "Oh, madre, lindísimo sueño" to Merrill and presented her with a beautiful bouquet of copihues (lapagerias), Chile's national flower. ("Oh, Mother, a Beautiful Dream"? I forget the title in English.) Then we were both asked to respond. First, I read and commented on Luke 1:26-55. On this Mothers Day no one had yet mentioned Mary, our Savior's mother, and I can't bear to have her overlooked and unrevered. She is worthy of all our admiration and love. After expressing my gratitude and love for Florence, my mother, I said I'd like to read the words of a song in honor of my mother, the mother of our children, Merrill, future mothers (our lady missionaries), and mothers everywhere. Or would I dare to sing it? I asked. Two or three heads nodded in a way I took to be affirmative so I sang:

Hay un tierno recuerdo que siempre tendré	There's a spot in my heart that no colleen may o
en mi pecho y nunca lo olvidaré	There's a depth to my soul never sounded or know
de la madre tan tierna que vida me dio.	There's a niche(?) in my memory no other can fil
¡Ninguno te ama, mi madre, cual yo!	No other can take it, no one ever will.

Sí, te quiero y nunca te puedo pagar	Sure I love the dear silver that shines in her hair,
el amor que me dabas ni puedo dejar	And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with ca
de ver en tus ojos la luz del amor.	I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn for me.
Sí, te quiero, te rindo vero loor!	Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother MacCree(?).

En mis años más tiernos velabas por mí,	Every sorrow and care in the dear days gone by
mi vida fue linda por causa de ti,	Was made bright by the light of the smile in her
y cual luz en la noche, sus rayos al dar,	Like a candle that's set in a window at night,
a mí, linda madre, me puedes guiar.	Her fond love has kept me and guided me right.

(Coro)

Chorus.

I just remembered... My last letter... "Traumerei"... Brahms wasn't the composer. It was Schumann.

Then Merrill responded, expressing her appreciation for the flowers and the missionaries' love for her. She was crying so we all cried, and so had a very special, lovely Mothers Day here in the CEM.

Thursday three Bolivians were supposed to arrive. After four trips to the airport on three separate days we ended up with just one of them. We managed to locate him on our second try, Friday, in a little ticket office across the road where a carabinero (policeman) had spotted him. While I was searching everywhere (once again), Merrill was talking to five or six carabineros with walkie-talkies and, what luck!, the one who had noticed Elder Cruz was there. "Sargento" Fernández, a friendly, hearty man who reminds us of a stereotyped Irish cop, has become so helpful, thanks to Merrill, that he gave us his airport phone number and promised to round up our Bolivian missionaries when notified of their arrival and have them all lined up and ready to go. Also, I've become so well-known to the policía internacional that they let me walk right past the OFF LIMITS sign and will check through all their debarkation slips (normally not accessible to the public) so we can know for sure whether our missionaries have arrived or not. Getting the Bolivians here is sure a headache, but we're certainly happy to have them.

We must keep in mind that some of the Bolivians come from small towns in the Andes. They've never been on an airplane or landed at an airport before and don't know what to do. Last week I hurried back to the CEM (two doors away) from our mission presidents' seminar to see if the missionaries were O.K. and found Elder Huayllas despondently sitting alone in a corner of the elders' dorm. He had taken offense at some small thing, had no Chilean pesos (declining those proffered by some Chilean elders), and refused to go downtown with the others on their P-day (4 free hours). I almost had to force him to accompany Merrill and me. When we looked out the window there were patches of blue. We walked two blocks and it started to rain. No umbrellas. Elder Huayllas hadn't been feeling well (I had given him a blessing) and his nose started to bleed. I gave him my handkerchief (to keep). What have I done? I wondered. But we kept going and the rain drizzled to a stop. He had his first subway ride and almost smiled. Quite an adventure for him. At the Universidad de Chile station, he smiled and even laughed out loud as he went up an escalator for the first time, almost stumbling at the bottom and the top. Wanting to give him a treat, we asked whether he'd like to get something useful, practical, or something not available to him everyday--or ever, in his poverty. He decided on a big chocolate bar with almonds (Costa brand, like Hershey's). This made us happy. Everyone ought to have a small chance to indulge in a luxury.

I feel a special compassion for these Bolivians. I remember a barefoot boy who hardly knew what shoes were (at least during the summer) and when his family moved to the big city (Ogden, Utah), he was blissfully unaware of the existence of sidewalks, a feature of city life that had to be pointed out to him. The Chileans have a humorous expression: "París, Roma, Londres..... Talca" (a relatively insignificant town south of here). Now that I've been to those great cities (Talca too) and many others, I'm still a country boy at heart and hope one day to live in a little cabin off in the mountains somewhere.

Ever-loving Mom and Dad / Merrill and Wendell

M + D M + W

15 de mayo. This morning I managed to get through to La Paz. They know nothing about Elder Cachari. Elder Rodríguez, whose arrival was reset from Thursday to Saturday, has been rescheduled for June 9. At least we're quite sure Elder Cachari isn't wandering around the airport somewhere. The international police told me Elder Cruz couldn't possibly be at the airport, because there were no flights from Bolivia that day. However, he first went to Arica (far northern Chile) and took a domestic flight from there. A series of traffic jams ("tacos" in Chile) made us a little late or we might have spotted Elder Cruz among the disembarking throngs before he strayed away.

Fancy fonts aside, I can't stand the old Macintosh we just inherited from the Santiago South Mission--recent recipients of a powerful new Epson. The Mac runs and prints so slowly there should be a zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz on the screen during operations instead of a symbolic clock (that's stopped).

Our group just departed was exceptional. We had two former stake missionaries. One had served off and on for several years and she contributed to over 70 baptisms. The other had served for 23 months without interruption and had 280 conversions to her credit! Both of them worked with full-time missionaries, filling in when there was illness or an odd number of sisters, leaving a trio instead of a pair. Three of the group were from far north Calama and I got to know another bus station early in the morning--la Terminal del Norte. One was from Ovalle, the picturesque village where we bought the kids' ponchos back in 1964.

That group arrived with lots of enthusiasm, so I was distressed when toward the end they seemed to be less lively. What had I done? Faked my mildness? On the way to take our one Bolivian to the airport, most of the others piled in, as usual, impossibly crowded together, and were soon singing their hearts out with all their original fervor. Then it occurred to me, and I think my deduction may be correct. Latins like togetherness. The Sears store in Madrid had wide aisles and space to spare and usually was empty. The Corte Inglés department store had narrow crowded aisles and room for nothing except hordes of customers. This was our smallest group yet (14), in a classroom/meeting room with space for more than twice that many. Next time I'll put a group that size in our smallest classroom to sort of check my hypothesis out.

Wendy's nickname is Wend, so I thought she knew my one-time nickname Wind (among others). For that mixed-up metaphor-pun in my letter, out of politeness to myself I left only four spaces, not five. I was as often Windy as Wind. I guess you got the idea: sentiment as expressed through tears and windiness (hot air). Tears choke you up, making you sound as if you had a code id your doze and making "sentiment" come out more like "sediment." The tears are genuine. At our departure meeting they filmed my eyes as I sang a farewell song to a Hawaiian tune without the proper ukelele accompaniment:

De nosotros pronto partirás;
de Cristo, grande luchador,
has sabido tú el mal vencer
y traer gozo y paz al corazón.

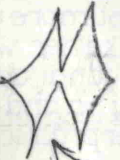
Soon you will be leaving us.
From Christ, fighter of a good fight,
You have learned to overcome evil
And bring joy and peace to many hearts.

Adiós a ti, hermano fiel,
y tu semilla fruto nos ha de traer.
Te cuide Dios, doquier que vayas tú,
hasta volvernos a ver.

Farewell to thee, O faithful brother,
Your seeds shall bring much fruit.
May God protect you, where'er you go,
Until we meet again.

I first learned this in the Spanish-American Mission, Houston, Texas, while serving there for two months among the Mexican people I learned to love so much. Then an old cargo ship arrived in New Orleans and took Elder "Primo" Young and me away to Argentina.

*Color it happy, white, and
gray;
Not just any old which
way.*

Ever-loving Mom and Dad / Merrill and Wendell
*Grandparents' hearts that are
full of love
Flutter like the butterfly
above.*

We were among the first to know, from the four Bolivians we met at the airport a short time ago. Two American elders were killed by extremists in La Paz. "He that loseth his live for my sake shall find it."

LA IGLESIA DE
JESUCRISTO
DE LOS SANTOS
DE LOS ULTIMOS
DIAS

CENTRO DE ENTRENAMIENTO MISIONAL

Pocuro 1980
Santiago, Chile

25 de mayo 1989

The Never-Ending News

There's always something! Things keep happening!

Lisa! The moment Wendy passed the news on to us we knew it. She could be no other. Our new granddaughter Lisa Larsen. That's her name. How smooth! Which is what it means in Spanish.

Oh, the inalterable laws of the Medes and Persians, which could not be broken! Naught but the clay tablets whereon they were cuneiformed escaped being busted with abandon and abandoned. How many times has Homeini, Xerxes' holy heir, had to mercifully mutilate and murder those who heeded not his just injunctions!

Oh, the dictums of Yul Brynner, Pharaoh of Egypt, remaking me in his image the umpteenth time he declared "So it shall be written, so it shall be done!", causing me to tear at and tear out my hair. What shall be done lies busted in the dust; naught but the papyrus on which it shall be written has endured.

Joseph Smith's inspired approach is the only way: "I teach them correct principles and they govern themselves." The only problem is that the prophet didn't specify how many times certain souls had to be taught said principles. Here at the CEM some require lots of repetition. So the inalterable rules are written now. I present a copy to each missionary on arrival to be read aloud to me in our interview. Previously, we just reviewed them orally with the whole group in the orientation meeting. Pharaoh Akenhope'et would be surprised at how effective this has been.

Regretfully, I gave up on the rule about not playing the piano except in classes and meetings. This is not arbitrary. We have visitors, the telephone rings, office work has to be done as well as instruction and training. Some elder would be chopping away at "Chopsticks" at such times so I put a sign on the piano: "No tocar sin autorizacion". Didn't work unless I left what I was doing, pointed an accusing finger at the sign, and mildly counseled obedience. No time for this, plus too stressful being mild. Got to be another way, I said.

Yesterday I got a key. It was fun. At La Casa del Piano the owner himself took my order. An Argentine of Italian origin. Pretty soon he was playing and I was singing "Vedi il mare di Sorrento, che tesoro, cielo in fondo; chi ha girato tutto il mondo, non lo sa dimenticare." First time I've sung that outside the shower in decades. Then he played my favorite tango for me, "La cumparsita." I loved it! That guy's got magic in his fingers. He offered to play for us at the CEM so I'll get him some great LDS music and have him come. Convert him through music!

Remember the two boams, Reho and Jero? (1 Kings 12:1-20) I am old and go for the old men's advice: "If thou wilt be a servant unto this people this day, and wilt serve them, and answer them, and speak good words to them, then they will be thy servants for ever." Merrill is a lot more youthful than I. (Read on in Kings.) But I understand, and it's mothers like her who persist and follow up and insist, teaching correct principles again and again, that produce-grateful children--like Howard and Florence, my pa and my ma (as we said back then). But the productive can become counterproductive if laid on too hard, as Reho realized too late to his chagrin.