

May 8, 1989  
May Hallmanack:

Dear Family: I have waited patiently(?) (when was I ever patient?) for your family letters. Sherlene writes that her printer is being exchanged, and so she will send out her letters to each of you individually. So here is mine, and enclosed is Wendell's letters to his family (and, kindly, to us) and I hope you are reading those letters to your children so you can feel of his service to the Kingdom and to his Heavenly Father down in Chile. It will give them some idea of how it is done if they are ever in those same shoes.

Tomorrow is May 9, and the anniversary of Sherlene's birthday. I well remember that day. It was the birth of our no. One daughter and no. one child. It was Sunday, the 2nd Sunday in May, and I don't think I realized that it was also Mother's day until my loving husband and new father Tracy brought me flowers which he could ill afford, being a struggling student. HE had remembered that it was Mother's day as well. Each of your subsequent births have been Mother's day or Grandmother's day, but we need to remember that those days are of equal importance to the fathers as well. Anyway, we're awfully glad we had yo all. (and I do mean ALL--including Grandchillins.)

Speaking of birthdays. The 8th birthday is always a special one, and we have had Anthony R. Hall, 17th Feb, Jonathan Wesley Wood, 4th May have these auspicious ones so far this year. Looking ahead for this year if my birthday dates on my cards are correct, Hannah Weight will be 8 December 4. When did they get so tall?

Tracy has been breaking his neck out on the farm, watering, weeding, cultivating, and getting ready to put evergreen trees into pots. We have had (except for one week) unseasonably hot weather this last month. Tracy has ordered a frame for a shade house, and until it comes the trees which Tracy Sr., Mark, Stephen, Ida-Rose and a couple of Payson boys put into pots last Saturday will be suffering from the scorching (up to 90degrees) sun. Tracy is working on getting them in shade as soon as he can. He has 500 more small trees to put in this week and another 1000 next Saturday. Any grandsons age 15 and over can call up and get a job for next Saturday. We have put up a call for laborers at the Payson High School for the rest of this week and Saturday. If any of you grandsons want to know how much it pays and how hard work it is call Mark and Stephen. David has them working for him most Saturdays, and some weekdays, and it was a sacrifice on David's (and Mark's and Stephen's) part to help us. Those two are good workers.

One day last week, Tracy had told me he was coming home at two P.M. He changed his mind, but didn't let me know, and I was getting hysterical almost by four or five when he hadn't checked in. I guess I really should go out with him and keep an eye on him--but I have a lot to do here. He usually checks in occasionally, but on that day he didn't and I finally called Ardell DeHart to go over and see if he was laying dead in the field. I got a prompt call.

It's good for him. I should go do likewise. He's got his weight down to 150 and his muscles are as hard as iron. I still think he is pushing himself too hard. What do you do?

Love,

Mom and Aunt Ida-Rose

Incidentally, Press. Bateman of Sharon East Stake says the tithing is coming from the worthy poor (10-30 thousand per year, rather than as suspected from the rich. How hard is it for a rich man to get into the Kingdom of Heaven. I still hope you all get rich as I know you will bel100&r

Note: Change in church procedure: Church discipline will now be handled by the Bishop instead of a stake or district court. The church is getting so large that the brethren have to depend more on the local leaders. Also the bulk of church tithing and contributions come from the wasatch front--heavily south of the Point of the Mountain. California probably comes in second.



LA IGLESIA DE  
JESUCRISTO  
DE LOS SANTOS  
DE LOS ULTIMOS  
DIAS

CENTRO DE ENTRENAMIENTO MISIONAL

Pocuro 1980  
Santiago, Chile

5 de abril 1989

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

One of my main models as president of the CEM has been my brother Gene. You who have seen Gene at work in his pharmacy know how he greets each customer with cordiality and concern, the light of brotherly kindness in his eyes and the soft modulations of genuine friendship in his voice. Too bad I don't have Gene's genes, but I may have some similar chromosomes to help me and, above all, I've had and have his example. I thought of Gene when Sister Carvajal arrived at the CEM. A midget. Her head, with deep-set eyes reflecting unusual intelligence and a suggestion of loneliness and pain, is of adult size. Her little body is more like that of a child. My challenge (and I prayed for inspiration) was to make her feel welcome, loved, and at home in the CEM, without any self-consciousness involved.

In our first meeting with each group, Merrill and I introduce ourselves and each missionary stands and says a few words to help us know one another. The surname Hall unaccountably presents problems for speakers of Spanish, even though part of their language, as in "el hall de un hotel" (the lobby of a hotel). They usually ask, roughly, whether it's pronounced "hole" or "hal". This time I wrote our names on the blackboard while assuring them that our surname is not at all hard to pronounce. Then I stepped over to where Sister Carvajal was sitting, bent down, gave her a hug, and said, "We pronounce it the same as our cousin "Carva Hall". ("J" is pronounced more or less like an English "H" in Spanish.) Everybody got a big kick out of this and from that moment Sis. Bella Marina Carvajal and I were special friends.

Later, when I drove the 11 missionaries going to Osorno to the bus station and saw them on their way, I gave her a goodbye hug and said, "Remember, now, live up to your surname. All of us Halls love you and expect great things of you." At that she gave me a big kiss on the cheek, which I returned, and both of us had tears in our eyes. In Argentina, when mission presidents exchange kisses with the ladies, lips caress air. Here, often as not, they touch, brush, or smack cheeks. When Merrill witnesses these displays of ritually required affection for the president of the CEM, she probably says to herself: "Big thrill!"

Our present bunch of 49 missionaries is by far the best when it comes to keeping the rules and acting mature. Not so many flashy individuals--just a good solid group. They're really neat. Tidy, too. They are punctual (relatively speaking), orderly, respectful, and turn the dorm lights out at 10:30, stop talking, and go to bed. The sisters, though are always up at 5:30, 30 minutes early. (Against the rules, but who can successfully chide or chastise them? A mere man?) On temple days (every Tuesday at 8:00 a.m.), I get up at the same time they do in order to have a warm shower--very fast, so Mom can have one too.

This is only the second time there has been a pianist among the missionaries (Hna. Velásquez) and we also have our first missionary who really knows how to lead music (Hna. Núñez). In the past, our very willing volunteers have botched the job so badly that everyone was laughing at their ineptitude instead of singing with the proper reverence. I now insist that only those who have practiced with Sis. Núñez can have the honor. She has hit on the novel idea of having learners lead with her, imitating her movements. At first only one accompanied her; then, occasionally, two. Yesterday, just clowning around a bit (iiiReverencia, presidente!!!), I jumped up too,



so there were four all leading at once. One more thing, possibly the beginning of a CEM tradition, that will make Group No. 188 memorable for us.

I will also remember it as the most exhausting group. Two trips to the airport for Bolivians, one at 4:45 a.m. to the bus station for a sister from Linares (down south), another to borrow mattresses from the Santiago North Mission (two elders, not on our list, arrived ahead of time). So many elders are here that we've had to detach a study table from one of the walls to make room for a double bunk. Saturday is our first full day of classes, and since on week-ends it's hard to get volunteers, I have to teach practically everything myself. Got to admit to feeling distress along with the stress but, each time, I asked myself how I would feel on arriving in the big city if no one was there to meet me or there was no bed for me. That turned weary resignation into cheery opportunity and I think that at 8:00 that night, after getting the mattresses, I gave one of the best classes of my life. Thus God blesses the weak. I was so tired and weak I had to rely on Him.

Jeannie thought I was supposed to be on TV during the poisoned fruit crisis--as in Argentina during the conflict of Las Malvinas (Falkland Islands). Well, I did write a letter to the editor of El Mercurio, but it hasn't been published yet. To my knowledge, not a single U.S. citizen here had spoken up. I couldn't stand it any longer. Imagine! A 640 million dollar loss to Chile over two (2) poisoned grapes that could have given someone a stomach ache.

Diario El Mercurio  
Presente.-

Señor director:

Consternado y avergonzado de la conducta insensata, histórica, ridícula y cobarde de funcionarios de mi país y preocupado por las pérdidas de sueldo de los trabajadores de la incomparablemente deliciosa fruta chilena, adjunto un cheque valor US\$100. para un fondo pro indemnización obreros chilenos. Espero que muchos de mis compatriotas hagan lo mismo, demostrando en forma directa, práctica y positiva nuestro repudio de las acciones de nuestro gobierno, que debería sin demoras rectificar su grave error. Urge además que los responsables de este debacle calamitoso dimitan inmediatamente de sus cargos en reconocimiento de su ruinosa ineptitud, impulsados a ello por la justa indignación de todos los que confiamos en el triunfo de la cordura y la justicia.

*Too fiery to print. The newspapers would burn.*

Wendell Hall  
Pasaporte 052200303  
Ex-director administrativo del  
Instituto Chileno-Norteamericano de  
Cultura de Valparaíso y Viña del Mar  
(1962-66)

Editor, El Mercurio (hand-delivered)

Appalled and embarrassed by the senseless, hysterical, ridiculous, and cowardly conduct of officials of my country and concerned for the loss of wages on the part of those who harvest the incomparably delicious fruit of Chile, I enclose a check in the amount of \$100. for a fund to compensate Chilean workers. I hope that many of my fellow citizens will do the same, demonstrating in a direct, practical, and positive way our repudiation of the actions of our government, which should rectify its serious mistake without delay. It is imperative, moreover, that those responsible for this calamitous debacle resign from their positions immediately in recognition of their ruinous ineptitude, impelled to do so by the righteous indignation of all those who trust in the triumph of reason and justice.

Ever-loving Mom and Dad / Merrill and Wendell

*Merrill & Wendell*



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CENTRO DE ENTRENAMIENTO MISIONAL

Pocuro 1980  
Santiago, Chile

11 de abril 1989

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

My birthday again, and I'd just got used to saying I'm 65. Let's don't go changing things unless absolutely necessary. We kept the fact a secret. People make too big a fuss over us as it is. I got a present though. I admired and recited Gabriela Mistral's poetry again and in Chile what you admire you get. Our preceding group gave me a volume of her poems and last night, at the end of our farewell meeting, the group about to depart gave me a beautiful copper engraving of her "El placer de servir"--somewhat abbreviated. Mom received a nice photo album with copper and calf-skin binding. I expressed lots of admiration for it, but she won't give it up.

Well goll dad, I did something with my hands this time! I fixed the handle of Hna. Salgado's suitcase, replacing the torn cheap plastic with good leather from the shoe repair shop three blocks away and securing it with the original split rivets and washers. Otherwise, my hands just dispensed pills--primarily for Hna. Ríos, from a town south of La Paz. She had such terrible headaches that after trying aspirin, Tylenol and Dipirol I had to call two doctors on separate days to help her. They were hard to contact but both made house calls to the CEM. Try that in the States! On saying goodbye, Hna. Ríos--finally O.K.--said, "You'll never forget me, Pres. Hall--your little headache."

Wait a minute! My hands were also used in giving blessings. Not just of health. Quite a few of the missionaries don't have a father or their father isn't a member of the Church, so they ask me for a father's blessing, as a substitute. And that's not all. I like to use my hands for patting elders' backs and lightly punching and squeezing their arms--in addition to the usual handshakes and "abrazos" (hugs). Got to show them you love them. At this time I would like to do the same to the grandkids--except for Ammon. I would give him a "Dutch rub" on the hair of his head with my chin instead, since he loves that so much. Johnny and Alice, for their letters (like chirimoya blossoms falling on our hearts), together with all the little ones who have sent their inimitable crayon drawings, get all of the above.

Merrill's hands, of course, are far busier than mine. Got to tell you something else about her. She is utterly fearless in speaking this here Spanish language. She answers the phone before I can get to it and is usually the first to respond to knocks on our door. After 9:30 p.m., after my last class, when I am usually prostrate on our bed, she is often yacking with the missionaries in the outer office. They seldom fail to understand her, though she may come up with an inventive expression such as "¿Cómo se fue el viaje?" (How itself went the trip?) when the "se" should have been "le" or "les". At any time, in any class, the missionary in charge may ask her to express her opinion, give her testimony or pray. If not, she will take part anyway. At our prior departure meeting she had the gift of tongues, I truly believe. A beautiful long prayer in which even the subjunctive came out right--not that it would have mattered if it hadn't, because the spirit is what counts.

April 12. Was the bombing of the Instituto Chileno-Norteamericano de Santiago reported back home? I took the Metro (subway) to the downtown area today and found the Instituto functioning as usual. Everything had been repaired so well that no damage was visible. Occasionally we check out some books. I like history or historical novels. As you surely remember, Brigham Young once said, "If we read only the scriptures, we'll end up as sectarian as any of them." The only trouble is that I start reading a great book like Gore Vidal's Creation at 9:30 p.m. and keep going so late that the next day I'm not too rested, though literarily and intellectually stimulated.

Ever -loving Mom and Dad / Merrill and Wendell

M J D M J W



LA IGLESIA DE  
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CENTRO DE ENTRENAMIENTO MISIONAL

Pocuro 1980  
Santiago, Chile

15 de abril 1989

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

Wendell is all right! In Chilean Spanish, "¡olrai!" (pronounced "ole rye"). In fact, he's terrific. So is his wife. Yesterday, when I printed our names in bright blue on the chalkboard and assured our new group that they're easy to pronounce, I let it be known that Wendell is a Chilean name. The night before, Hna. Pizarro, formerly from Valparaíso, had seen our picture in the Liahona, which generated so much excitement that we were invited to her little granddaughter Carolina's first birthday party. Her husband, who died a year ago, was president of the Playa Ancha Branch back in 1962, so we remembered them quite well. Our visit was supposed to be a surprise for her and it was a special surprise for us too. Her son, now 26, couldn't wait to meet us. Not surprising. Understandable. He was named after me. Wendell Pizarro. Poor innocent child! Hna. Pizarro recalled a number of details that took us back nearly 27 years to his blessing--including the fact that Merrill had her hands hidden behind her back, which (women are so observant) caught her attention. Yes, it was a present for little Wendell. Some of Teresa's things: a sleeper, a flannel gown, etc. To our astonishment, Wendell's wife brought out the little gown, which had been used by Wendell as well as various nieces and nephews and grandchildren and was still in almost perfect condition. Oh, my heart was so touched, remembering Teresa, so cute, darling, adorable, and wonderful--then and now. And so thoughtful, kind, and generous to give up some of her things (maybe inherited from cute, darling, adorable, wonderful Anna) for a new little boy. Well, Wendell is certainly a fine, handsome young man, and pretty good-sized. They have a small house way out in the suburbs. We got there at 10:00 p.m. and didn't get back till 11:30 p.m. We were tired but the time and the trip were well worth the joy it brought. Both Wendell and his wife served missions in Osorno/Concepción. They have another little daughter who is three. He has a good job at the Banco de Chile (Bank of Chile), main branch, near La Moneda (rough equivalent of our White House).

Just as our orientation meeting for the new group got started yesterday, two general authorities on their way to a regional conference in Curicó stopped by: Elder Boyd K. Packer and Elder John H. Groberg. We had been informed of the possibility, so everything was spic and span and we were humbly exhibiting our best behavior. My eager anticipation brought me a small disappointment. In antiquity I had the special relationship of translator to quite a few Church leaders, including A. Theodore Tuttle, Pres. Hugh B. Brown, and Pres. Spencer W. Kimball. As I waited expectantly, both Elder Groberg and Elder Packer stepped forward and spoke in Spanish--with some difficulty but quite adequately. Our smallest group ever--a mere 18--got to share this special experience. It's a golden group, though. We admire and love them so!

There's Elder Troncoso, for example, who immediately took little Elder Sossa under his ample wing. Elder Troncoso, from Concepción, is big. Rather timid, tiny Elder Sossa is our only Bolivian this time. Just seeing them together makes me rejoice in the love and joy the gospel gives when lived. A Brother Méndez from Santa Cruz was on the plane with Elder Sossa. Merrill and I invited him to stay overnight at the CEM. He was on his way to Australia to try to find a new life for himself and family. Bolivians are so respectful it's too much for a humble democratic guy like me who long ago stopped putting much stock in pecking order, rank or position as such. Sometimes our interviews go like this:

- Hall: ....., etc.
- Bolivian: Sí, hermano presidente.
- Hall: ....., etc.
- Bolivian: Sí, presidente.
- Hall: ¡.....!
- Bolivian: Sí, hermano presidente.



I do my best never to ask a yes/no-type question, but somehow that is often what I get. "Yes," that is. They never never would say "no." Brother Méndez was so grateful for our small favor that it was very touching. He asked me for a blessing before continuing on his long trip toward an uncertain future, which I gladly gave. It's wonderful how the gospel can make complete strangers into friends. I felt great love for him and hope he will write and let us know how things work out. Sure, it's well known how there are those who will take advantage of you, but Bro. Méndez was not that way at all.

Just now, as I write these scribblings, a discussion practice led by Hna. Lobos has ended with the missionary song "Llamados a servir" (Called to Serve). As they leave, all the Chileans are singing (to the same tune), "¡Sossa, Sossa, Sossa, Sossa, Sossa, So-ssa-ssa!" making him feel just great, as a foreigner but a welcome friend and brother here. When you see a little Bolivian in the cast-off shirt of a U.S. missionary, the collar many sizes too large and the sleeves still long with the cuffs turned back, it makes your heart swell for their willingness to serve in their poverty. Many are students and interrupt their studies to be missionaries. So.....? Well, a U.S. student can resume his studies with no trouble at all--any semester or even mid-semester. In Latin America it's a totally different story. They risk having to start all over again and it's frequently difficult to be readmitted at all. And yet they come. Often against the opposition of non-member parents who think they're crazy to leave their studies. Will there be faithful ones on earth when the Savior comes? Down here there will.

Fall has fallen and the leaves are leaving. The weather has been very hot and dry ever since we arrived last January 25. Today, though, the sky was cloudy, it was cool, and a few raindrops dropped. Delbert and Mabel Palmer told us that the pollution here would be bad for my bad heart. It reaches horrendous levels outside our windows at the intersection of Pedro de Valdivia and Pocuro--two main avenues with heavy traffic roaring past day and night--and it's about to get worse as cold weather approaches. Beginning next week, vehicles will be allowed in the downtown area only on alternate days, as determined by the last digit of the license number. Our mission van will be able to transport the missionaries O.K. on their departure, but we'll have to take round-about ways to meet them when they arrive. I'm not complaining, cough, cough, because this calling has kept me very active, occupied in a good, exciting cause--strengthening my heart physically and making it a more loving one. And, in spite of the noise, I sleep better than in years, so tired and drained at the end of the day I sleep as if at the end of my days.

Answers to questions. Yes, John, there is a version of the Liahona for each country--basically the same for all, but with a few separate features. So the article with our photo appeared only here in Chile and our friends in Argentina, Paraguay, Bolivia, Mexico, Spain, etc. won't get to see it. / Yes and no, John. You did the right thing by speaking up. Way to go! However, as you suggested, in the interest of harmony and more readily achieved solutions, it is best to soften our words. Use the expression "misrepresent," for example, instead of "lie."

Yes, Teresa, Hazel and Filbert would be desirable names for your baby, over whom I will be nuttier than (is well known) I am for said nuts. Mom and I are at the temple with the missionaries every Tuesday morning and we've been placing your name on the prayer list. We hope--and pray--that the long-distance monitoring is going O.K. and that all will be well. It's great that Carolyn could be with you to help.

No, Carolyn, no April fooling around. No, Carolyn, April 1 is not my birthday. No, Carolyn, my mother did not note that I was a nullity and in consequence thereof write a zero on her calendar that day, causing the 1 to look like a 10. What happened is that she saw my little limbs spread-eagled in the shape of an X (the Roman numeral 10, an unknown quantity, etc.... Got it?) and exclaimed "This child is going to soar like an eagle to unknown heights!", whereupon she lifted me high over her head to convey the notion to my little mind. How I fell from the heights to where X marked the spot and got a scar like an X upon my little head is another story.



As you have long noticed, my long-term memory is long and my short-term memory is shot. I wish I had a memory like Pancho Villa, as in this old Mexican joke (fondly dedicated to Harvey C. Neuteboom).

Teacher: What was Pancho Villa famous for?

Student: For his memory.

Teacher: What? Where did you get a crazy idea like that?

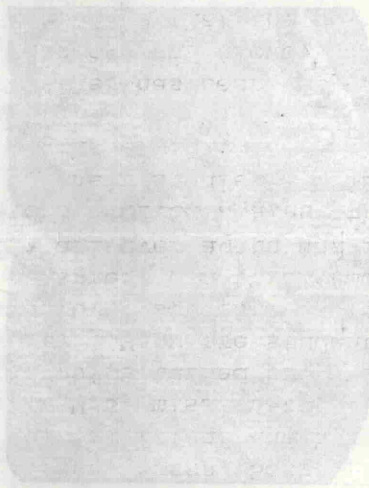
Student: Well, teacher, as you ought to know, the monument in the plaza has inscribed on it "To the memory of Pancho Villa."

As mentioned in previous letters, our missionaries go out proselyting the last Saturday they are here. Most of our groups have been so large (three times the size of those a year ago) that we run out of Books of Mormon fast. Merrill and I are going to buy a couple of hundred more and we'd like to add the spiritual power of your testimonies and faces to them. A sample from the Bartholomew family, forwarded by Ida Rose, is enclosed. (Sherlene..... my first little niece, for whom my heart throbbed at first sight and still misses beats.) Send your photos and messages, which I will translate to Spanish, if necessary. The Halls, Brookss, Petersens, Ashcrofts, Larsens, and Marriotts are expected to send theirs in Spanish. Wendy's version, I suppose, will be a charming mixture of Spanish and Portuguese, which will be perfect. The spirit giveth life, not the letter, so I will restrain any professorial impulse to make changes in what will be sacred and dear to us. Just send the original. Our MTC doesn't have a copy machine, but I can use the one in a PBO office upstairs.

Ever-loving Mom and Dad / Merrill and Wendell

*Merrill + Wendell*

Merrill has a biased sense of humor. She laughs when Teresa pokes fun at my addiction to hazel nuts and Carolyn desecrates my birthday, and never once has failed to groan at Harvey's jokes. Mine, she acts like she's trying to solve a solid geometry problem.



(over)



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  
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Santiago, Chile

23 de abril 1989

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

A bookmark, Anna's or Carolyn's, I think, found its way to Santiago and illustrated the message I gave in sacrament meeting this morning. It shows a rainbow in the sky above a little girl dressed like a shepherdess with a lamb at her side, a staff in her hand, and a butterfly on her fingertips. "Expect a miracle," it says. There are miracles all around us. Everything is miraculous. To appreciate this, we have to become as a little child... a child who takes us by the finger and leads us outside to see the world's wonders. Wonders often witnessed cease to be wondrous to our eyes and ears and other senses and we shouldn't let it be so. Wolfgang Borchardt fought four years or more on the Russian front. He was imprisoned and tortured for his opposition to Hitler. He died soon after the war, broken in body but not in spirit. In one of his matchless stories, typically so short and so tragic, a soldier is at the front. A shot is fired. The soldier's mouth can no longer say Ingrid. His mouth can no longer say Mother. What a miracle it is to be alive, to be able to speak a loved one's name, to hear one's own name spoken in love. I had just said something to this effect when I looked at Merrill, started to speak her name, as simple as saying Ingrid or Mother, and couldn't.

Merrill had spoken just before me, and as I looked at her profile from where I was sitting I saw Alice, our precious Alice, who would now be 22. And then I saw all of our dear children reflected in her face and thought of her love for them, acknowledging that they are so fine and wonderful mainly because of her. Recovering from my emotion, I explained it away to the missionaries by saying that today is her birthday. We had intended to keep it quiet because these Latins are so overly generous and kind. When I sat down, the district leader who was conducting, Elder Enrique Correa, had everyone stand and sing "Happy Birthday" in Spanish ("Cumpleaños felices") and then in English. Five minutes or so after the meeting, Sis. Myriam Alvarez gave Mom a personal birthday card. This made me doubly happy, because it had cost her no money but only a little time to express her creativity and also because I often advise the missionaries to take the time to prepare such things for their investigators, especially in the form of bookmarks, encouraging them in a loving way to read the beautiful scriptures that will change their lives.

April 26, Wednesday: Our theoretically free day between groups. This afternoon, after getting ready for missionary arrivals tomorrow, we went to the Vega, Santiago's centuries-old market place. It was there, among so many wondrous everyday things that Pablo Neruda, Chile's Nobel Prize poet, was inspired to write some of his poems, including "Oda a la cebolla" (Ode to the Onion). The poem's pungent beauty makes you weep. I brought home a wondrous caqui (persimmon). Caquis are so brilliantly, ornamentally orange when green that they seem unreal. Mine had a rotten over-ripe look. That is the miracle of the caqui. When its appearance is most disgusting it is most delicious to the taste. Wish I had bought a bag of them.

Last night we said goodbye to two elder Godoys (not related). While they were here, I felt obliged to use this slangy old self-congratulatory Spanish phrase on them: "¿Cómo estoy, Godoy?" (Howma doin', Noonan?) And how are you all doing, y'all Halls and all?

Ever-loving Mom and Dad / Merrill and Wendell

M + W

John has been giving me fatherly advice since he was 15. In his letter that arrived today, he advised me to tone down my letters to editors. That letter to El Mercurio was my toned-down one! Present estimates are that the two poisoned grapes have cost Chile 800 million dollars. Makes you seethe with anger and indignation. John is right, though, inasmuch as the letter wasn't published and apparently accomplished nothing. Mom laughed and laughed, because in my last letter I advised John to be more temperate. We both had better watch our temperature.



Daniel R. & Sherlene H. Bartholomew  
180 North Maple Avenue Basking Ridge, NJ 07920 (201) 766-9771

April 13, 1989

*only a copy to Wendell*

Dear Family,

I love April. First of all, it's not my birthday yet, so I'm still younger than I soon will be. Secondly, all the world seems to be bursting with love and hope. We were in Israel during the month of April two years ago; I remember renewing experiences there when we held worship services on shepherd hills near Bethlehem, remembering Jesus' birth on April 6 and the restoration of the Church that same day in 1830. This April 6 I happened to be in Pathmark when they reduced their bouquets of red roses and baby's breath and other lovely arrangements to only \$1.--and they were still gorgeous--I got five of them and delivered them to all the Basking Ridge LDS families, including Reverend Pepper. We figured the Lord helped us celebrate His birthday!

All of you put on your calendar that if you ever visit us in spring, you want to come the end of April. Forsythia and daffodils are everywhere now, and the pink and white flowering trees are just coming out. In a couple of weeks, it will be absolutely glorious. By the way, speaking of visits--all of you put on your calendars that we SPEAK TO HAVE MOM AND DAD HALL HERE THIS NEXT CHRISTMAS!! You all hear?? It's our turn--and it will be nice for them to also attend Daniel's mission farewell; he plans to go the second he turns 19, Jan. 3. Any of the rest of you who want to come, too--WELCOME!

We thoroughly enjoyed General Conference this year. I still can't get over the miracle--that we can travel just eight minutes to our Morristown Stake Center and by satellite, live broadcast, hear the prophets speak and the choirs sing--all in large-screen color. I thought President Benson's talk on pride was a classic--sure glad none of it applied to me! Reverend Pepper came to more sessions than most members. He said he brought note paper, but was so engaged by the spirit of the speakers and the beauty of their message, he never wrote a thing. He continues to share his testimony with many and is anxious to get a job so he can be baptized.

Yesterday was a day to remember. Four more members of the Villanueva family were baptized. Santos invited us, so we went to Yorktown to attend church at our former ward--wonderful to see the members, but startling to see all the new faces. New York has to be one of the most transient areas in the world--except for a few core families, we were practically in a new ward! Lots of new black and hispanic members. A new Catholic convert bore his testimony. He was called on a stake mission the day after he was baptized, and he has brought in so many new converts, they might have to start a new branch in Yonkers.



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Morris township--just up the street from the Church. I went to a genealogy lecture last night (on Trenton records) and discovered their collection for the first time. Only ten minutes away and only now do I find a collection on CT records big enough to keep me busy the rest of the year! I found some enticing records on the Bakers, but they closed before I could get into it.

Mom, you'll be glad to know I got the photo order off to Allen's, so hopefully they'll be through with your negatives soon. Laura was in the play "You're a Good Man Charley Brown" (she was great!) and they gave us two fabulous plywood trees which were part of the scenery. So funny, Laura calls me up and tells me she finally found us some landscaping! They are huge--couldn't fit them even in the wagon--so Laura held them in from the front seat and we dragged them home about 10 m.p.h. ahead of this school bus driver who obviously did not like trees! But we made it and they look terrific on the walls cornering the head of Laura's bed.

I found a company in Ohio which makes little plastic photo-holders with holes on top for hanging (usually sold as key-chains). I'm ordering 100 of them in 3 1/2 X 5" size, then we'll just slide the ancestral photos in (50 for each Bartholomew and Hall tree) and then I can also slide identifying info and historical information into the back. We'll hang all those bad apples all over her trees, and she can get indigestion dreaming about them! I was thinking it might be fun to bring them down and tie them with bright ribbons on the Christmas tree, too, some year--some family tree! I don't know why the kids think I get carried away sometimes with genealogy.

I found a super desk for our book room (off the living room). It's in a large "L" shape, "teak," and has three legal-size drawers. All wood--really lovely--at an office closing--for such a bargain. Feel really grateful, and it is so nice to have a place to spread out all my papers and pictures and not have to clear them every time we want to eat. So glad I put doors between the l.rm. and fam. rm. exits, so I can just close the doors on my projects when I want to. Dan has his own study upstairs and both children had desks in their rooms, but my place 'til now was the dining room table.

We also got some special deals on a small CD stereo and a desk-jet printer (Dan got these with his "Team Award")-- we are enjoying these so much. Brenda Bailey got me a free ticket to Rigoletto last Thurs. night--and even with a free ticket, the evening cost \$75. just for parking, tolls, and dinner for two. It is exciting to be at the Met. Opera House, but the sound was not that good and the singers seemed quite feeble now that I'm used to hearing Joan Sutherland and Pavrotti celebrate to the stars from our own home. We got such a good deal on this CD, I figure we can listen to better opera at home all year for the cost of three trips to the City. Thanks, Marty and Liz for telling us about the CD--I didn't



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even know it existed. We only got 10-12 watts per channel, but still the sound fills the entire house--not quite as well as Virginia's intercom system--but still amazingly. That's our next dream--an intercom. Could we have ever used that while Dan was bedridden! We did get in this home in time to wire for it. Of course with a sedate intercom, how would we all develop our loftiloquent Langford lung power?

This letter will be our first run on the Desk Jet. But don't weep too greatly over my tender prose or the ink will swim before you. I think the sales people should have told us the ink for the desk jet is water-soluble! Marty, I hope you have your people working on a new ink formula. This won't do very well for family history and long-term preservation. But, oh, is the print beautiful and clear! HP did a good thing here.

Heard over the news this morning that Texas A&M and Georgia Tech have confirmed the U. of U. announcement about the fusion discovery. When we talked with Tracy Jr. about that development a couple of weeks ago, it was one of the most exciting phone conversations I've ever heard (the MOST exciting was when a black sister who had been helping me with Church public communications told me about the announcement that all races would receive the Priesthood--about 10 yrs. ago!) I tried to get Tracy to write down all he had experienced with this fusion discovery, but he did not sound very anxious. Hunt Tracy, why don't you tell us what you, your father and grandfather have been pursuing and learning about this thing and put it in a family letter? This is exciting history! And you were right in there with professors and first-hand, hands-on opportunity! Come on--you can explain it so much better than I, and it's such a breakthrough! I notice the New York Times has fastidiously left Brigham Young University out of any mention in the discovery--though the Wall Street Journal included us. But it did hit the Times front page yesterday.

Dad, we pray every day for your eyesight--hope you are feeling good about your progress. We also pray daily for Uncle Wendell and Aunt Merrill and all the missionaries in our family. If you want to mail us about ten of your baby Christmas trees, we'll plant them on the hill behind our acre and then grandkids can chop them down some day. I know we could order them easily enough, and we have ordered some--but I think it would be nostalgic to be able to say they came from Grandpa and Grandma's farm. Same goes for any other unusual or interesting perennials or plants from your farm.

Daniel and Laura are scaring me--they are almost getting human which means they are getting over being teenagers and getting ready to leave the nest. Why do children leave just when they get mature? And why do they go just when I'm finally learning how to be a mother? Anyway, I have caught myself basking in approval at the sweet and wonderful things my children do and feeling my heart swell with gratitude for blessings which spill out all over. My



I wanted to capsulize the scene-- Santos standing in white in the baptismal font baptizing his 11 yr. old daughter, Yessy. He brought her and two other daughters and his wife here from Peru last year. Yessy reminded me of me at my baptism--so involved and intense. Also baptized were Rocio, another lovely daughter of his, a nephew, Santos "Johnny," (two of Johnny's brothers were also baptized two weeks ago), and the fiance of Marily, Santos' daughter, named Hector. Marily was baptized with her father while we still lived in White Plains. Delfina, Santos' wife, told us she will also be baptized soon--she just wants to understand the language better and have a little more time to learn. All the family was there except Sergio--nearly 20 in all. Dan and I have given out cases of Books of Mormon, but this is the only one we know of that caused this kind of chain reaction.

I brought up part of the meal and we had a feast afterwards at the Doman's. They live upstairs in the house which the church inherited recently (just behind the Scarsdale chapel). We attended church in Yorktown because the chapel in Scarsdale is being renovated--the heavily Jewish neighborhood is having fits--made them redesign the church 3 times to suit their desires and now one neighbor is suing the Church for over a million dollars because the construction crew took out two trees which were supposed to be a buffer (even though we said we would replace them). Got front page headlines in the Scarsdale Enquirer--at least everyone knows the Mormon Church is growing and where the chapel is.

Brother Keith Doman is the seminary teacher and is a Spanish speaking returned missionary. When we moved, he promised not to forget the Villanuevas--and he kept his word--he has been wonderful. Santos was overflowing with gratitude and pride in his family. "Thank you with all my heart," he said. "See, because of you all my family are going to be members of Christ's church--now they are happy, and they are all GOOD, too!" I told him I knew the Lord would have brought them the gospel without us, but how thrilled we were to be a part of it. These are the sublime moments when we glimpse what celestial light and love must bring.

Dan is doing well recovering from his back surgery, though he ordered all these wonderful plantings for our landscaping and has a hard time restraining himself from lifting and planting. Sergio said he will bring one of his men and come help us plant next Friday--we sure could use a lot of help right now. I hired a neighborhood boy to help Daniel last week and we got all the ties placed around our garden plot and some blue flagstones put down for a landing. Dan spent a lot of time planning our landscaping during his convalescence--our lot should look like the Garden of Eden sometime during the Millennium when these tiny plantings we ordered finally grow up. Barry wants to order hundreds of rhododendrons for their property, so we have had fun sharing catalogs and planning split orders so we can save on bulk



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shipments.

Today we are having several truckloads of topsoil, manure, and compost delivered. We have ordered a total of 15 truckloads--the goal is to rototill in a few at a time until we can break up some of this clay and shale. Each truckload holds 8-9 yards, and we can get it for \$100 a load, delivered. It's not enough for this acre, but all the budget will allow--and certainly plenty to keep us spreading and fragrant for the rest of the month. They just delivered a load--good honest people. He told me how he put together a \$40,000 truck by piecing together three junked trucks and building his own sides. That's how he could get us this fabulous compost for half the price advertised elsewhere (Dan found his ad in the paper) and that's how he's going to get a Book of Mormon.

\_\_\_ We decided to forget about a spring vacation--we have enough to do right here and should at least get plenty of sun. Right now I have seedlings all over the kitchen--doing well under the fluorescent lights we had installed under all the counters and overhead. I remember the delphiniums, columbines, asters and dahlias Mom planted all around our home in Niskayuna, and once again I'm trying to make them grow--Mom always made it look so easy! But it is so much fun watching my little babies grow--I got those planters where you just water them from the bottom irrigation system--it's a lot easier--then they have plastic domes until they sprout--sort of miniature greenhouses. We also have pinks, daisies, and bachelor's buttons growing (which I remember from Grandma Charlotte Z. C. Langford's property) and dozens of other annuals, perennials, and vegetables. The trick will be seeing if they survive transplanting and, after that, if the deer find them delectable (the deer around here are so hungry, they'll eat almost anything). We were fortunate to pick up deer fencing at a moving sale--we're having to fence each planting area. But it's so much fun to be able to plan your yard from scratch, especially if you remember Elder Packard's advice to have the mind-set that where you locate is where you will stay.

Dan went to a nutritionist who did all these tests on his blood chemistry at Princeton (Dr. Pfeiffer's Institute); now he has prescribed a lot of supplements--describes Dan as a low-histamine-type--I'm not sure what it all means, but we hope it will all help him feel better.

I am now working in the genealogy library and loving it. They have the BEST way to train me--strictly hands on! Last week I tried to follow some research on the Francis line and got some excellent instruction. Such a blessing to be only eight min. away from our Stake Library (at Morristown)--and we have so many non-member patrons--124 last month! We just got a microfiche printer for the library; now I don't have to go to D.C. to do my IGI copies. They also have an excellent genealogy library in the



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Patriarchal Blessing promised me an abundant life. I can remember so many times when I felt like saying: "And You call THIS 'Abundant?'" Actually, Pres. Kimball defined abundance in terms of opportunities for service--and, indeed, we have ALWAYS had an abundant life--but we are just now learning how to relax and enjoy it (translation: "Let the Spirit guide and don't think the burden has to be yours!")

I find my heart spilling over this season with feelings of gratitude and thanksgiving--especially to be together as a family again--for Dan whose candidacy for the Celestial Kingdom must be assured when he has the patience to teach me Word Perfect--for Daniel and Laura who are such a delight and joy to me. Thanks for your letters, calls and prayers during Dan's surgery--we felt your faith and love and feel deeply grateful for each of you.

Love,



Sherlene and Family

Dan's P.S. Yes! Thank you for our interest and caring. It has been wonderful to have the pain mostly gone after the operation and to experience the return of feeling and strength.

P.S. again from Sherlene: We had been looking forward to taking Daniel out to BYU this August and seeing all of you. We still might. But we got an invitation from the Hedbergs in Scarsdale, inviting Daniel to ride out in their large van with their family when they take their son Jeff. Daniel and Jeff are going to be roommates at Deseret Towers next year. They have been friends since kindergarten--I hope the two of them get some studying done! Something tells me we are going to need to stay home this August and see that our acre of plantings gets watered. So we invite you to come and see us, instead (you can help weed).