

## Nancy

October 21, 1979

When Nancy was a baby she was a very inquisitive, mischievous child. She was into everything, exploring, experiencing. I remember the children loved to hand her parts of a lemon—she would pucker her mouth and make face, but just kept eating the lemon while the children howled with glee.

She loved watermelon when she was just learning to toddle, and we would undress her except for her diaper because she made such a mess. Before she was through she would be covered head to foot with watermelon, but it was a heavenly filth, so to speak. She could not get enough.

She also loved to play in the water. I finally thought I had cured her of dabbling in the water, and then I put her in the preschool nursery of the BYU, which was an “anything goes” type of nursery, and in those days just a “play” experience (except for story time) and she started to play in the water again. I was unhappy.

Now that she is grown she is a very creative, loving person. She is very artistic and good at interior design. She also does advertising copy and I think she could earn her living at that if she did it and nothing else.

She (this is October, 1979) has just moved from Payson, where they lived for a year, to a new home at 1041 West 600 South in Orem. We are glad for her location, because we think it is a very good location and can only go up in value. There is a new LDS church next door that is not quite finished and her children will no doubt attend it when it is finished. The elementary school is just a block away.

I was visiting her yesterday (this is Sunday) and she was giving me a permanent. It has been a long time since anyone but Nancy cut my hair, as she is very good at this. Her mother-in-law is in the hospital with a back injury and Nancy was telling me how she had visited her and how it reminded her of when Dad Hall (her grandfather) was in the hospital. Most of the older patients were in this wing, and she said it broke her heart to see the old people suffering. She said one old man was crying and wondering what they were going to do with him, and she said she wanted to go in and put her arms around him. Then we philosophized about what a sad life many old people have—being shunted off to live alone in old age homes and rest homes.

“Mother,” she said. “Don’t worry. I will never put you in an old age home.” Of course she may have to—I may become impossible to live with. But it touched my heart to hear her talk so tenderly and compassionately of the aged, especially since she is only 21 herself.