

1711 N. Lambert Lane
Provo, UT 94601
19 November 1978

Dear Children:

I have set a number of goals for the Pleasant View First Ward for members to work on during the year. One of the goals is to achieve increased love in the home, particularly between husband and wife. This is particularly important at this point in history because of all the pressures from the world directed at dissolution of the family. In my position as Bishop I see more than one would expect in problems between husband and wife. Naturally I am interested in improving my own relationship to my wife and your mother—not that this relationship has not been very good but, as you know, the gospel is to make bad men good and good men better.

The disappearance of all the children from a home, via marriage in our case, presents an entirely new circumstance in the lives of a married couple. This probably requires readjustments equal to those required at the birth of the first child. In our case, I believe that mother really misses her daughters. Well I do too, but for the mother they were a very pleasant source of animated, and enjoyable conversation—conversation that I also enjoyed immeasurably, but as a non-participant (verbally, that is). You can see the same phenomena with Grandfather Langford.

Well now, never fear, your mom and dad will work out that adjustment. In fact, I can say that I truly love Ida-Rose more on this day than on our first day of life together. It is different now, of course. It runs much deeper, is less passionate, but more satisfying. We have more freedom and greatly enjoy our trips together. When I have had a bad day at the office on the same day that mom has had a terrible day at home—and besides the ions in the air are wrong and a cross word may ensue—I try to think of a lovely time that we have had together. For me this is helpful. Also, we strive to have lovely times together. Let me relate a lovely time that we had together November 16, 1975 in Hakone, Japan. I quote directly from our trip diary:

We started up the trail (from Hotel Fujiya) to the Fuji View Stand. It was 8:00 am in the morning, mostly cloudy, with an occasional patch of blue sky. The clouds were moving more rapidly than I have ever seen clouds move. Yet, on the ground, the breeze was only slight. At times, clouds at different levels in the sky would move in opposite directions and sometimes they would rapidly descend or rapidly rise. Meanwhile the sun's rays would splay on the luxurious mountains, the white hotels across the valley, the waterfalls and all else through the constantly changing pattern of holes in the overcast. Combined with the wonderful fall colors of vivid red, deep cut maple leaves, some yellows, and the verdant greens of Japanese Cedar (*Cryptomeria*) and other abundant growing trees, vines, and bush, the scene was lovely. All was still wet from the rains of yesterday and last night, and the air was very damp. But as we worked our way upward along the trail that we alone possessed, we were not cold. Fallen leaves fully blanketed the way softening our step and making it slippery at times. Soaring effortlessly and seemingly uninfluenced

by the high winds aloft were large Japanese birds. Along the trail were strewn black, moss-covered volcanic rocks. The smaller flora contained a kind of large-leafed holly and a smaller-leafed variety with bright red berries. We went without raincoats and constantly wondered if we would not be soaked by a sudden downpour. Occasionally we wondered if we should not turn back but something continued us onward.

Suddenly, the view stand appeared and, checking the time, showed that we had reached the goal in 35 minutes. The marker at the bottom of the trail had indicated a hiking time of 40 minutes. At Fujiya, the altitude was around 1300 feet above sea level. At the Fuji View Stand, it was about 2000 feet. We could not see Mount Fuji. It was hidden by the clouds.

Ida-Rose and I knelt and had our morning prayer. With the shifting pattern of the fast-moving clouds, we thought Fuji might come to view so we waited at this spot for 30 minutes. Fuji continued to be hidden. Now that we were not hiking, we began to chill so tied a handkerchief around our heads and tightened our clothing up around our necks. At the end of our wait, we started down the mountain.

About halfway down, the mountain that had been ours alone was no more, for we met three hikers (young men also on the Hakone Tour) coming up the trail.

Muscles not normally used in everyday activities were used in our downward journey and they began to ache. The descent required the same time as the ascent—35 minutes. As we crossed the electric railway tracks near the hotel (several trains had gone up and down these tracks while we were on our hike and we could see and hear them at times), we realized that on this morning we had one of the most beautiful experiences of our lives.

We had planned to have Thanksgiving with Liz and Marty but have regrettably thought that we should stay at home. We are still catching up on unfinished business left over from our trip east in October.

A nice snowstorm came our way this past week and the water storage in the form of snow is at 95% of normal for this time of year. For this we are thankful. Speaking of being thankful, we are thankful for all of you—children and your spouses together—and we love you dearly. We constantly pray for your wellbeing and success—spiritually and temporally. That goes for the grandkids too.

I think that you have heard that NANCY's opened at 346 S. 100 W., Payson, Utah 84651, phone (801) 465-4060. It's a cute little store and I'm sure that it will be a success. I forgot to say that her store opened on Friday, November 17th.

Love to all,
Dad
H. Tracy Hall