

*Don: It also... 4th page, so keep as a case of the... "bears"...*

Ida-Rose Hall Journal entry dated December 28, 1983.

Note: This so-called journal had so few entries in it, that I will gradually retype all of those entries into my computer and incorporate them into my personal history file. Retyped February 28, 1994.

December 28, 1983

Goodness, I had decided to write little short anecdotes once a week instead of making daily entries into a journal. However, as usual, my intentions do not always turn into reality. I notice that my last entry is dated September, 1983. Anyway, I thought I would write some of the nice things that have happened to us during the Christmas holidays and add to the so-called, and sadly neglected, journal.

We have certainly been busy. Our Christmas party was--I think--fun. Charlotte came up from Delta with her husband and children, and Tracy Jr. and family, and Nancy and family, who live in Provo, were all there. For dinner, we had baked chicken breasts with pineapple and brown sugar, brown rice, a red and a green jello salad, and hot rolls. We also had a hot spiced-cider drink, and eggnog.

I ran out of time, because at the last minute I saw some large (30") teddy-bears in Reams, and decided to give all the younger grandchildren one of them. I wrote a story to tell about "bears," and used the older grandchildren to pass out the bears to their younger brothers and sisters, as the story unfolded. That involved a rehearsal.

Nancy--bless her heart--volunteered to make the pies for the dinner. She made five pumpkin chiffon pies and one lemon chiffon pie. They were delicious. I had some carrot pudding in the freezer which I heated and served with a carmel sauce, but we ~~we~~ had so much food that we forgot all about the pudding.

The party started at 5:30 p.m. and some of the family members wanted to see the bowl game, which started at 7:30. We were trying to get the party essentially over with by then, so those who wanted to could see the game. We missed our goal by about an hour.

After we had eaten, we had each family give their part on the program. It turned out that all of them had their children sing, then we had some group singing. I told the story and passed out the bears. We also passed out new ten-dollar bills to the older children and gave each of the couples an envelope containing a check for one hundred dollars.

We then had a treasure hunt for the older grandchildren, who we divided into two teams, and while they were looking for the treasure, we put little cloth bags made of scraps of the green and red cotton material which Sherlene had brought home from her mission to Germany for me, and which I had made into a long Christmas dress. There was a bag for each of the grandchildren containing candy and a silver dollar--not real silver, however. Unfortunately, real silver dollars are no longer obtainable. While the older children were on the treasure hunt, we had a "pin-the-star-on-the-Christmas tree" for the younger children. Charlotte made the tree and the stars for the game. I let the team that won the treasure hunt have first choice of the homemade chocolates, which I had packed in one-half pound individual boxes.

We had used paper plates and paper cups, but there were still quite a few dishes, so the girls helped me clear up the dishes and put the left-over food away. Then they all ran home to

catch the rest of the bowl game—except for Charlotte and Bryan, who were staying for the weekend. We all settled down around the T.V.

The only thing wrong with the evening was that we missed Sherlene and Dan and family, Virginia and Barry and family; and Liz and Marty and family. We had previously mailed their Christmas to them, but we missed their presence. We also missed having Grandfather Langford at the party. He was ninety-five years old when he died.

We received a letter from Liz. She said Marty got his expected advancement at Hewlett-Packard. He now has a company car and other management perks. He has done very well. Liz was one of the soloists for the Messiah, put on by the three San Jose Stakes. They had a double cast, alternating soloists every other night for four nights in a row. I would have loved to hear Liz sing.

Our sons and sons-in-laws are all doing well in their professions. We are proud of them. Nancy's husband, Doug, has got to the stage in his job that he doesn't think that Nancy needs to work any more. He wants her to have another baby right away, but she isn't sure she wants to.

Dad bought himself a book on minerals and also gave me three "escape" novels. I like to spend Christmas day reading and just lounging around doing nothing—except eating, of course. Betsy and Tracy gave us a bunch of home-made T.V. dinners to freeze—a great idea. Charlotte and Bryan gave us a box of Delta cheese and a picture of their family, which she put in a frame she had made out of a small blue and white printed cotton fabric with an eyelet ruffle around the whole frame. Nancy and Doug gave Dad needed white handkerchiefs—he can't keep me out of his hanky drawer. Virginia made us a beautiful cloth wreath of red and green fabric, with eyelet around each of the ruffles. We hung it on our front door for the season. Liz and Marty sent a beautiful table centerpiece made up of red carnations and white chrysanthemums, and red candles, which we used as a center-piece for the party. It lasted for a whole week. Sherlene is sending genealogy, which hasn't come yet. (Added 1995note) Liz and Marty lived (and still do) in Los Altos, California. Sherlene (I think) was still in White Plains, New York, and Virginia lived (and still does) in Arlington, Virginia.)

However, I didn't get the four ginny-gowns finished that I intended to make for four of the granddaughters. Also I didn't get the wedding dress made for the doll I gave Emily on her eighth birthday while we were in Zimbabwe. But I did get Susanna's eighth-year birthday doll dressed and given to her. I will finish those soon.

Another thing that took up some of my time was that Grandfather Langford died on the first day of December, and the day after his funeral, I came down with intestinal flu and was sick for four days. Then Tracy went into the hospital for tests, and was there for a week. I spent most of my time at the hospital with him, so that my time to do Christmas projects was cut somewhat short. Fortunately, they did not find anything seriously wrong with him. The doctor said if he didn't get better to come back, and told him to get an appointment for a month later. (I just asked him—and he hasn't got that appointment yet.)

Christmas day I came down with a bad cold, which I am still nursing. I guess missing those two winters while we were on our mission in the warm weather of Southern Africa spoiled us.

The weather is terrible. A lot of snow. The local political leaders are worried about what they are going to do with all the run-off next spring. It was definitely a white Christmas. Beautiful--if we just didn't have to go out in it. In the mountains they had three feet of new snow over the Christmas holidays. It may be they have more snow than they know what to do with. Avalanches have closed many of the canyons. 1995 note: (We had flooding the next spring and our farm was flooded extensively. It brought in a lot of rocks and a lot of limbs, garbage, etc. We are still cleaning up the land from that flood. One plus. The flood dumped a foot or two of sand on our lower farmland next to the thruway.)

Tracy's brother Wendell was sent home from Argentina because of heart problems. The doctors thought they may have to do open-heart surgery on him, but the problem was a blockage in a minor artery of the heart and the blood had already started rerouting itself, so he was able to go back and finish his presidency. He will be through in July. Tracy and I know how some of these mission presidents need a little untied-up money to use when they need it, so we gave him a donation to take back with him. I know it will be put to good use. We told him he could use it for anything he wanted--even personal stuff.