

OCTOBER NOVEMBER 1987

I include some of the contents of a letter sent to Ruth and Jack Batchler in Sept 1987. Jack is Lyn's Uncle on her Mother's side

This letter is two fold for it seems for me any way I must have more than one reason the write before it is ever done. Thank so much for your hospitality during our several visits during June. The ducks have been a great hit here so it seems the time spent and the additional running around was worth while.

Much has happened since June and therefore thought I would update you again with some further good news in regards to Lyn and her children.

Lyn has brought the situation regarding her property to an end; a painful end for her. This dispute has been dragging on for some time now and was causing a great deal of stress not only for her but also between she and her children. It was obvious to us that both Robert and Karen had been subjected to more than normal input from their father. This mania on John's part caused Lyn a great deal of pain.

Unfortunately, for sometime she responded to this manipulation. During the last 6-9 months in particular, such neurotic behaviour from John has not been all that successful in a direct sense with Lyn. Nevertheless, Robert and Karen were being affected. As you know, Karen, in January, told Lyn she wanted nothing more to do with her. This happened in a phone call to me in Feb of this year in which Karen asked that I let her mother know that she Karen wanted nothing more to do with her (Lynne). Karen was in tears during this conversation and as I started to probe to find what motivated such a call, John took the phone from Karen and began to tell what he felt Karen was not saying. His words were not words I would wish to repeat. It was all too obvious just who was pulling the strings from Tasmania.

Lyn could logically see just what was happening but the hurt was still severe.

In approximately April 1987, Robert Jeffrey began coming around. This was in many respects motivated by Lyn for she continued to write and call Robert regularly. As you know, Robert is living with Kerrin Beauchamp and Kerrin's family in Hobart. In fact, John's wife's (then girl friend) mother lives next door to Kerrins' family and it was Beth who introduced the two. Kerrin's parents are fine well adjusted people who are quite able to see things for what they really are. It wasn't long before everything began to fit in place from their perspective. It appears their impressions have had a very positive affect on Robert.

As I said, it was about April that Robert began a more positive approach with his mother. In fact, his relationship with his sister Karen began to be threatened because they just happened to see things differently.

During this period, Lyn gradually began some, but minimal contact with Karen. She sent little cards, wrote letters and when appropriate made telephone contact. Always with a great deal of stress for fear of the rejection.

Then out of the blue, Karen and Rob Montague moved to Adelaide. She had only written to let us know but at least there had been some contact. We had hoped they would make further contact on the way to South Australia, but they did not so we assumed the 'cold war' was still on.

But, we were wrong. The door was now well and truly open. In fact this weekend (7 September 1987) Lyn is now in Adelaide staying with Rob and Karen; Karen is her old self. In fact, she has asked for Robert Felt's address in England because she would like to write.

Lyn rang this morning (Father's Day) and was in tears for joy at the success so far with the weekend. She and Karen are talking and understanding one another.

Now back to my original point relative to Lyn bringing this property matter to an end. This settlement has been dragging its feet for well into 18 months because the parties to the matter, namely Lyn and John, have not been able to communicate regarding the split.

In all fairness, Lyn was willing to talk but John was willing on one proviso only; that all but approximately 20% in value go to him. Therefore, no talk. Result. Attorneys.

Lyn has taken the bull by the horns and finalized the whole thing by taking about \$15,000 less than she could have gotten by going to court. She realized that the price was too high to get what should have been, to a normal person, a fair share for the property.

This development was only finalized on Friday (11 September 1987).

In the mean time, as I see it, Karen and Robert Jeffrey, have seen both sides of the story. They have now heard and seen the lies their father has told. In fact, some of those falsehoods have been the subject of sworn statement in the courts!

In fact, unknown to us, Karen and Rob, phoned Robert and Kerrin (confusing isn't it?) and for several hours discussed this very situation and had decided to each sign an Affidavit highlighting the perjury committed by their father. This procedure will now not be necessary because the matter will not get to court.

This action by the children has been such a reversal from the attitude they had early this year that I am still somewhat taken back. You see, Rob (Karen's Robert) had suggested to me back in January that Lyn ought stop stalling and let this property situation settle thus insinuating that it was Lyn who was being unreasonable.

As I see it, the children began to see things differently as the actions of the father began to be seen through more mature eyes. When Karen moved to Hobart, Lyn was shattered. I in fact was glad to see the move for I felt that Karen would, now that she was living in under the same roof with her father, start seeing the reality of the situation. My feelings in fact were rather prophetic.

Well, I have rambled on for sometime now. I guess the bottom line is this. The lines of communication are now open; and for good. During all this Lyn has just remained herself and as you have seen being herself means being pleasing and caring. Oh yes she has hurt and felt all was lost but still she could only be what was the real natural person.

This development now causes me some hope in being able to discuss with Karen & Rob and Robert & Kerrin are thoughts relative to moving to the USA. Certainly, the situation looks far better that it did 2 months ago.

6 DECEMBER 1987 SUNDAY

This entry in my journal represents the first for quite sometime. From the time I married Lyn I have been somewhat delinquent in writing this journal. What I do not mean is the my marriage has contributed to this loss of interest. It is more that my life style has been most fulfilled since my marriage.

In due course I shall update events leading to this date but for the moment I am committed to keep these entries up to date. This enthusiasm has been motivated by a lesson this afternoon in Priesthood by our Quorum adviser Rod Collins in which we were challenged to keep a journal. Troy announced to me that he had started a journal so we committed to each other that we would keep our respective books.

Trauma this weekend as well. After having had a meeting with Gerrit two weeks ago in which he determined he would be more accountable in his actions and in particular his language toward Lyn, he let loose yesterday in manner which violated the degree of his commitment mentioned above. When he got home I announced to him that he would be going to his mother's today.

She picked his gear up today.

8 DECEMBER 1987

I meet Gerrit in town to assist in getting him register for night school next year. He registered for two subjects; General Math and General English.

I am quite distressed over the situation as it stands. Gerrit needs some professional help to assist him to come to terms with a number of things one of which I am sure is the divorce and my subsequent marriage to Lyn.

I want him here with me but Lyn cannot cope with the situation and nor should she have to put up with the treatment he so freely handed out.

Today was "*Black Tuesday*" for Melbourne. A gun wondered through the Australia Post Building at 191 Queen Street and shoot a number of people with 9 confirmed dead at time of the writing (7 p.m.). Earlier this year another gunman shoot and killed 8 people in what has become the *Clifton Hill* massacre.

17 DECEMBER 1987 THURSDAY

I have excused myself from the living room for the moment. Lyn's visiting teachers have been hear and they are now talking 'crafts' and up to this point I have been involved in some most interesting discussion but with the new turn of events I though I should like to update my journal.

Sunday I taught my Gospel Doctrine lesson to the Young Single Adults class on 1 & 2 Corinthians with most of the time spent on Chapter 13, "*The Discourse on Charity*" as I commonly call it. Paul's writings on charity and love are most beautiful.

As I have reviewed this journal some several weekly later I felt it would be appropriate to include portions of a letter to Robert in England.

December 20, 1987

Dear Robert,

By the time you receive this letter you will have enjoyed your last Christmas in England and as a missionary. I rejoice with you at this time of the year for you are now working so very hard to make this period so very productive in your service.

I have been preparing my lesson for the Young Single Adult Gospel Doctrine class in my ward and I thought I should like to share some thoughts with you.

The lesson is on Paul's letter to the Colossians and in particular for this exercise I shall be reading from the third chapter.

Paul writes:

"2. Set your affection (*mind*) on things above, not on things on the earth."

As a missionary you would understand all too well the need to put your mind on things of the spirit, devote your emotional energy to those matters of the Lord.

"3. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

During the early days of the Church, the Prophet Joseph Smith, your 4th Great-Uncle, Hyrum, his

brother being your 4th-Great Grandfather, gave a blessing the William Clayton in which this scripture was quoted in part. Brother Clayton was assured that his calling and election was made sure by virtue of his service. In affect he was hid with *"Christ in God"* and he then enjoyed the benefits of the More Sure Word of Prophecy in which his calling and election was made sure.

Throughout chapter 3, Paul refers to those qualities of life and behaviour that once one develops will bring one much happiness indeed. Not because the individual now has just developed Christ like qualities but because other people will gravitate to and find peace in being around such a person. Others tend to respect such a person and eventhough they may not necessarily wish to emulate the admired behaviour at least the attributes are noticed and valued.

This chapter and Chapter 13 of Corinthians when combined, studied and lived will give a person some challenging goals to reach for.

Later Paul writes to the Colossians in Chapter 4 verse 6 as follows:-

"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man."

One who truly wishes to follow as the Saviour would do then is one who would bridle his emotions and consider another feelings and opinions prior to reacting with anger even when justification might be relevant. Is it not better to demonstrate your care toward someone by showing your Christian love and tolerance during moments of stress than by jumping in "where angels fear to tread"?

Let me give you an example. Your companion has caused you some problems and you have been hurt. One who would not understand Paul's council would jump in and express their opinion and demand and apology.

On the other hand the thinking missionary, one who wishes to truly teach and better way and who likewise in serious in his desire to mend and put away the problem might approach the situation like this:

"Elder, there is something I need to talk to you about. I would like to tell you how I am

feeling about something that happen the other day. After I explain my feelings about the matter then I would be grateful if you would respond."

The key here is *"tell you how I am FEELING about"* as compared to the normal situation where one might say

"Elder, you had better change now or else you are in trouble - big trouble.

Enjoy you mission Son. Love the People. Love your companion. Love your fellow missionaries. Love the Lord. Love yourself.

Result?

The Lord will pull you to his bosom and hold you close and express and give you his love.

Love,
Dad

In our scripture study, Lyn and I have also spent further time reviewing Paul's comments.

I am finding work for the moment anyway somewhat tedious and my enthusiasm is just not to the level I would prefer. I hope the New Year will find some changes occurring.

CHRISTMAS 1987

The Felt household will be very full this Christmas season for Lyn's parents and Robert Jeffrey and his fiancée Kerrin will be staying.

Christmas Eve I spent with Troy and Gerrit.

Christmas was spent in rather hot weather mainly affecting Mum Hill who finds the hot weather distressing.

Boxing Day was spent travelling to South Australia to visit Karen Jeffrey and her fiancée Rob. Lyn was working so she was to fly over the next day. We traded cars with Ray Vinon who has a Nissan Urvan which seats up to 8 people. The vehicle was not air-conditioned but apart from that it was a most comfortable trip taking 9 hours over and 12 hours back. The longer drive back was because of the extreme heat and it was necessary to stop every hour so Mum Hill could cool off.

JANUARY 1988

Events have changed very quickly for us. Just three days after our return from Adelaide on 31 December Karen rang to tell us that her relationship with Robert was over.

She was terribly hurt and we invited her to come and live with us. I have found the house rather empty since Gerrits departure.

Karen has been successful in securing a position at the Melbourne Big assisting the Regional Sales Manager responsible for the VFF (Victorian Farmers Federation) Members Buying Guide.

At the BIG we have been working to publish a book. Earlier this month there was a possibility that we may have lost the entire database but in the end we had lost only A - C. This required a major effort in re-entering all this lost data.

As a means of updating these journal entries I include two letters sent to Robert Felt during January.

18 Jan 1987

Dear Robert,

I have tried to type this letter several times but each time I have sat down to start I have been interrupted. I hope now I can quietly get on with the work.

We have heard from Grandma and Grandpa Felt and it appears for now that they are planning on visiting in August of this year. For the time being they are planning on being in Kaula Lumpa during August and we hope they will extend their visit to Australia. I am sure you would enjoy seeing them again.

As I mentioned to you (I think) Karen Jeffrey is now living with us as she has moved from Adelaide because her relationship has broken down. She is a lovely girl and it will be nice having a full house when you return.

I took your Mother and Troy to the airport this afternoon as they left for Perth. Troy was quite upset; Gerrit was hating the airport; so overall it was different. They will be living in Churchland where Troy will be enrolled in Churchlands High School.

I was interested in seeing the photo of you as Father Christmas. It's a lot of fun being the Jolly Man of Christmas isn't?

Your letter also highlighted the concern you are finding in Wales. It also tells of a stronger person than I had none before. You are able to handle the tough times better now.

I would be interested in hearing why you feel the work is so slow there. I would also like to here what you would feel a possible solution would be. Are the members active and involved in Missionary Work? Generally, let me know what is happening.

I appreciate your letters. Keep it up. I was talking with one of the Bender girls. Sally I think. She was a Young Adult. She said you have even written to them? Well done.

I love you Son,

Dad

Sunday 31 January 1988

My dear Son Robert,

I have just sent a letter off to Grandma and Grandpa who had indicated they might wish to visit us in the next 30 to 60 days. Because of my sister Yvonne's airline connections they are able to fly from SLC to Melb for the sum of \$US80. The normal fare is \$US4,000. Not bad is it?

At any rate, they are planning on visiting during August after your return from your mission so I would imagine that even if they do come soon your will be able to see them again in August.

I am impressed by your letter for they indicate the difficult nature of the work in Wales but your attitude remains positive. It is so interesting to watch people who face such problems with that mental approach. You see, when your disposition is a such that you believe there is a solution you are open to the promptings of the Spirit. That same Spirit is stopped by the one with the negative attitude.

Nephi teaches rather indirectly this lesson as recorded in 1 Nephi. Lehi and his family and Ishmael and his family had been in the wilderness for some period of time and had enjoyed plenty of food but the provision had run short and Nephi and the other males members of the family's had been hunting without success. It appears Nephi had the only bow of steel for when it broke the hunters became discouraged and depressed; indeed, they again began to complain concerning their plight.

They all sat down and had a depression (as it where). "Oh me - Oh my - What are we going to do. Life is so tough."

They were negative and the more they cut of the creative process that the Holy Ghost can motivate the worse their plight became.

Nephi on the other hand went off to ponder and prayer. He had an idea. I suppose he would have thought along these lines.

"I've got a problem. What can I do. My steel bow is broken. I've never made a bow before let alone out of steel. Back home tradesmen made these steel bows.

"Now what can I do to solve this problem. Of course! I could make a bow from the branch of a strong tree. I could make an arrow from a straight stick and then I could go to my father, Lehi, the Lord's prophet and ask just where I could go to get meat for my people."

The result? Of course food.

Those servants who keep the mind open will here the promptings. Those who complain will just have to wait for the righteous ones to here those promptings and then repent.

Continue to be positive Son. There will always be a solution to the problem and you may as will be the one to be told by the Lord because someone will be told. The work will go one.

I love you deeply

FEBRUARY 1988

The major events that have transpired since my last entry relate to Gerrit and therefore my comments to mother and dad are appropriate. I reproduce this letter below.

Dear Mother and Dad,

It seems Lyn and I are writing about the same time. The alarm went off at 3 a.m. this morning because she is one early start for the next 3 days and as normal for the next 30 minutes we pillow talk. I had planned on writing today and she said she had started a letter she was planning on finishing during her break today.

We are moving from this address at the end of the month to the other side of town thereby putting us closer to the airport. The home is lovely with modern amenities as compared to our present location. We are paying more money in rent but we felt we needed the size to cater for family. Where we are in Oakleigh whenever we had visitors it meant major adjustments to accommodate them. We wanted the size readily available for those occasions and a room for Robert when he returned.

The new address for mail sent after 25 Feb is 43 Copeland Road, Westmeadows 3049 Victoria Australia. When the phone number has been organized I will let you know.

Now to up date you regards Gerrit. As you know his mother had organized a place with Chris and Collen Bender who were members of Margaret's ward. Chris had for a number of years served as a counsellor in the Stake Presidency. They have children Gerrit's age who knew him and were looking forward to his being with them. Unfortunately, Margaret had organized the board figure at \$70 per week. Gerrit it seems at little say in the matter and this had a contributing factor in the events to follow.

Gerrit was concerned with how he was to pay the board for he was earning only \$130-140 per week. I am not all that sure of the sequence of events at this stage but it seems Gerrit's girl friend's mother suggested that she would be happy to provide board for him at the princely sum of \$20 p.w. Gerrit suggested \$30 would be fair and a deal was made.

I of course voiced my concern. To Gerrit it would have sounded as concern. To my inner self it was horror! "There ain't no free lunch!". As we spoke it was obvious Gerrit had already made up his mind. His reaction was typical of his previous patterns. As I spoke he became angry. He knew what was best for him and he knew and I knew the room and board situation could be resolved financially to his total satisfaction (and indeed with subsequent discussions with Bro and Sister Bender they suggested that \$70 was too high and \$35 was negotiated).

As I indicated however there was little that I could do to change his attitude. Putting all events to the side for the moment the one serious problem that exist here has been Gerrit now wishing to not follow my advise. It seems he wishes to do just as he feels and lacks that ability to learn from the experiences of others.

Naturally enough the attitude we will be taking is this: We will love the person. We just do not like what he does all the time.

It is important for me to add a comment here for the benefit of the reader of this journal. Some entries here obviously are of a confidential nature. I trust the reader will treat them accordingly. Some matters are noted here for the purpose of teaching and frankly represent my feelings and emotions at any given time. As case in point here are the above notes relative to Gerrit. He is at a critical stage of his life which as a parent I hope to be able to turn in a more productive direction

7 February, 1988

Robert's service in England brings me so much satisfaction and many times what I write reflects what I might be wishing to record in my journal therefore I again repeat a letter to my missionary son.

My dear Son Robert,

A day does not pass that I do not think of you and what you are doing and achieving. So many times as I read your letters I reflect upon my mission and the feelings I too felt during those wonderful days. As I follow the feelings you have I can see many relationships between your mission and mine.

I was reading this morning from the Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith and I noticed something that was appropriate to your work

"Baptism is a sign to God, to angels, and to heaven that we do the will of God, and there is no other beneath the heavens whereby God hath ordained for man to come to Him to be saved, and enter the Kingdom of God, except faith in Jesus Christ, repentance, and baptism for the remission of sins, and any other course is in vain....."
(Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith p. 198)

You see, as you teach or even search for those honest in heart, you are in affect giving them the opportunity to enjoy the saving principles of the gospel which can be gained in no other way.

I have noticed too in your letters that reference is made to the strength or lack of strength of the saints in Wales. There are many reasons for this but such lack of spiritual awareness and solidity is a concern to Church leaders throughout the world. Perhaps these comments by Elder Bruce R. McConkie as taken from Gospel Doctrine Teachers Supplement manual can help to throw more light on the reasons for such behaviour.

WHEN WE KNOW THE LORD, WE TRUST AND OBEY HIM

Elder Bruce R. McConkie said, "It is the knowledge of God that brings salvation (MD), p. 426). The Book of Mormon tells us of people who prospered and were blessed as they know and obeyed the Lord. As "the Lamanites began to grow and exceedingly in the knowledge of their God; yea, they did begin to keep his statutes and commandments, and to walk in truth and uprightness before him: (Helaman 6:34).

People who know the Lord trust and obey him. The Saviour carefully taught the Nephites principles that would bring them closer to him. The blessings and guidance they received increased their knowledge of him.

Those who do not know the Lord, who do not seek him through study and prayer and faith in the prophets, lack the faith and trust needed to obey him. Therefore, they often murmur and grow in disobedience. For example, "And thus Laman and Lemuel, being the eldest, did murmur against their father. And they did murmur because they knew not the dealings of that God who had created them" (1 Nephi 2:12).

Scriptures record how people throughout the centuries have regularly forgotten the Lord. But God is a divine and patient parent, repeatedly admonishing, guiding, giving instructions for the salvation of each of his children.

Do you recognize some traits you see in Wales? I'll bet you do! What is the conclusion? Several in fact. One might be outright unrighteousness. Lack of faith. Lack of study. Lack of prayer. With loving care these traits can be turned around and new habits developed.

In too many other cases it simply wickedness. This requires repentance and the process if it involves a who branch or group of people will require more time.

Nevertheless, the influence of the missionaries is rather profound. For those who are anxious to live righteously the example set can cause a change of direction and lead to repentance. As a missionary you likely will never see this side of your service.

We love you.

13 February 1988 SATURDAY

I again am trying to sell several computers to make some extra money. The day was spend answering phone calls and installing a surprise for Lyn in here Mazda 323. Her tape deck has not worked for over a year so I purchased a Ferris AM/FM Tape car radio for \$99 and installed it this afternoon.

This evening we drove down to South Melb hoping to catch Gerrit and meet his landlady Julie. We missed Gerrit but did have a chance to meet Julie and found her to be a lovely caring person be it somewhat naive for she referred to her daughter Melinda and Gerrit as being as close as brother and sister. As a parent, even as blood brother and sister, I would not put them in the same room together

14 February, 1988 SUNDAY

Happy Valentines Day.

Being married to my lovely wife means that days like this involve surprise. Upon awaking Lyn presented my with a lovely card and (of course) a box of Cherry Chocolates. A further surprise is yet to come but she tells me it is not ready yet.

The card reads as follows:-

This Is a Husband

*A husband is that special man
You could write a book about,
The one you love to be with
And couldn't do without.*

*A husband is a gentle look,
A hand within your own;
He always makes you proud
To feel that you are his alone.*

*A husband understands your moods
And laughs at thing you say;
He see you when you're at your worst
And loves you anyway.*

*A husband is the one you kiss
And make up with again
When there's a little difference
Of opinion now and then.*

*He is that special man who shares
All that you're dreaming of,
and gives a magic meaning
To the wonder this is love.*

26 FEBRUARY 1988

It was this weekend we organised everything to move to 43 Copeland Rd Westmeadows which much closer to the airport and therefore more convenient for Lyn to get to and from work. We are paying \$800 per month rent as compared to the rent of \$550 p.m. at Oakleigh.

The home is much larger and gives us much more flexibility than does Oakleigh for we now have 4 bedrooms plus extra living area.

It cost us \$45 per hour to have two men and a large truck move our gear. The total cost was \$500.

MARCH - APRIL 1988

We have settled in well to Copeland Rd. Lyn was not successful in her application for a permanent appointment as a PRO (Public Relations Officer) at the flight deck lounge. She also applied for flying again but unlike last time where she got to the second interview stage she was not successful in getting even a second interview.

Karen relationship with Paul Kayroz continues to develop well

Troy and I now communicate by telephone and where initially he found it most difficult in adjusting he is now getting more involved in the activities over there and seems to be finding things better.

I sent the following letter to Robert which is appropriate to reproduce in my journal:

March 20, 1988

Dear Robert,

It is a warm beautiful Sunday Morning here in Melbourne with the unusual situation of two lovely summer days (in the fall) together. The weather is cool in the mornings and night with warm summer days during daylight hours.

Daylight savings has just finished so we are pleased with having been able to sleep an extra hour overnight.

As you teach your fellow missionaries and members consider the nature of the person who in fact succeeds in his endeavours. I believe you will find that each of them will have had a burning desire to be successful. That feeling is one you have developed since being in the mission field. At one point, during World War II, General Creighton Abrams and his command were totally surrounded. The enemy was north, east, south and west.

His reaction to this news:

"Gentlemen, for the first time in the history of this campaign, we are now in position to attack the enemy in any direction."

What determines determination or desire? It is the inner strength to want something so bad that sacrifice of other important factors in our lives will be acceptable.

This principle is shown attitude of two men who had polio.

One became a beggar on the streets of Washington. The other was Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States.

We continue to get wonderful letters from Grandma and Grandpa who as you know are planning on visiting us at the end of August.

Gerrit continues to do well at his skating. If he could do just half as well at church activity he would be well and truly prepared for his mission by now.

Remember this my son, I love you deeply.

Dad
15 April 1988

Dear Robert,

After reading of your comments relative to the 9 missionaries learning Welsh, I assume your desire to be in the training course may not be so profound. Nevertheless, you should be able to take some pride in knowing that you were one of those who pioneered the Welsh territory. Admittedly, you were acting under the Lord's instructions and happened to be in the right place and the right time but without doubt your influence has caused some change in the Missions attitude toward that area of the mission.

We are really thrilled with the Glenroy Ward - the most multi-cultural ward I have ever seen or even heard of. Because of the multitude of nationality within the ward it requires one to be very much of ones toes because to one person the way of speaking is rather normal but to another it would be considered offensive.

The young adult programme is alive and well and all ready the team have been asking when you will be coming home. I would say you will be very busy.

I have just been called as the teacher adviser to the Young Men in the Ward.

I am thrilled that you have received your extension. I am even more delighted in respect to your attitude. Be sure and write the Stake to let them know because they likely would have budgeted to May. My financial contribution is \$200 per month and that additional period should not cause much of a problem.

In fact, with the dates you have given us, you will find Troy here with us for he coming over during his school holidays for a week or two.

In reference to Church assignments, I am serving as 1st Counsellor in the Young Men's Presidency and Quorum adviser to the Teachers. I currently have for young men attending on a regular basis.

Aaron Anderson
Andre Kairoz
Justin Hetta
Damian Bear

Lyn is serving in the Primary Presidency. We both love these assignments.

12 MAY 1988 THURSDAY

Mother's Day was only a few days ago. I gave Lyn a pair of Lamb's Wool sleepers and Karen gave her mother another in a the 4 Season Plate series manufactured by *Royal Doulton*. I sent an arrangement of flowers to Mother at the MTC. We called Mother on Sunday which was Saturday Provo time at that point she had not received the flowers but I trust they would be delivered in due course.

I felt impressed to write to Mother for I felt I needed to express to her my feelings. The letter turned into somewhat of a novel. In particular, I quoted from a letter Dad and sent to Mother on their 30th Wedding Anniversary. The letter has had a profound affect upon ever since I had received a copy of it and I felt I needed to remind Mother the example my father has been to me. I reproduce that letter in total.

MOTHERS DAY AUSTRALIA 1988

Sunday 8 May 1988

My Dear Loving Mother,

This being your 65th year is an appropriate time for me to write and express my profound feelings as your Eldest Son, your first born and second eldest in a glorious family of 12 children.

Someone else put his thoughts in words and titled them "*I Wish I Had The Power To Write*" which better explained my limitations in expressing the feelings in my heart on this Mothers Day 1988.

"I wish I had the power to write the
Thoughts within my heart tonight.
As I sit and watch the lonely stars,
And wonder how and where you are.

You know, Mom, it's funny thing,
How close, a son, another country can bring;
And how for months, now I've tried
To keep my emotions deep inside.

I told you brave men never cry --
I'm sorry, Mom, I guess I lied.
For if we stood here to embrace,
You'd find a tear stain on my face.

I'm sorry if when I was home,
I left you standing all alone.
For it was you who shared my fears,
And soothed my hurt and dried my tears.

Yes, if I had the power to write,
The things within my heart tonight,
The words would ring out loud and true,
I'm proud to say, "Mom, I love you."

As I have considered what I wish to explain and communicate to you, my dear mother, I am impressed to also explain that on behalf of each of the other 11 that these words too would go in part to express their feelings of love for you, Afton Martha Harris Felt, truly a *Great Mother of Zion*.

So, to the Mother of

Mildred
Paul Ernest
John Martin
Yvonne
Betty Naomi
Marilyn
O'Larry Harris
Ronald Grimshaw
Jessie L
Kathleen
Tom Elwood, and last but by no means least
Tammy

and on behalf of each I wish to reach to depths I have not to date explored I will tell you of my and our love for our choice mother.

The poet Lois Ann Williams wrote concerning Mother:

God took the pureness of the lily,
Softness of the clouds above,
The strength of the mighty oak tree,
And he formed a mother's love.

He took calmness from the gentle brook
And patience for a start,
He added faith and gratitude
And made a mother's heart.

This my dear Mother is you. You taught me to love; to care; to be patient; to trust when most would give up; to love God; to respect the sanctity of womanhood; to treasure self; to love and respect myself.

Simply Mother you taught me to be what I am; for better or worse you gave me my self esteem and my self worth. I watched and observed you love the man I respect more than any other man I have known - even my father and those lessons have for ever been the guiding force in my life in dealing with others.

I look at Dad and the greatness of his achievements as I see them and see the woman who made it all possible. As I grow older I can now see the pressure faced for example just to keep the Dry Cleaning business above water (and with solvent when there was not credit available to buy the much needed liquid) plus to run a household for the sometimes rowdy children. I love you for those great lessons that only now am I able to appreciate.

In the Mothers Day programme in our ward I was invited to speak for a few minutes and in doing so I was speaking to you. I referred to the mother we hear so little about and was reminded of the words of Melvin J. Ballard when he said:

"No matter to what height God has attained or may attain, he does not stand alone; for side by side with him, in all her glory like unto his, stands a companion, the Mother of his children. For as we have a Father in Heaven, so also we have a Mother there, a glorified, exalted ennobled Mother. Motherhood is eternal with Godhood, and there is no such thing as eternal or endless life without the eternal and endless continuation of motherhood."

It is interesting to understand how I visualize our Mother in Heaven. I always see her in the same mould as my own dear mother. Such an association is similar to what I felt as a boy in Canada. We would stand and sing 'God Save the King' each day. In 1952 the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth was witnessed by the world and we now sang in school 'God Save the Queen'. I always thought the Queen was so feminine and beautiful. You know why? Because she looked just like my Mother!

I was able to relate to the little boy who wished to meet a true angel. I knew from my childhood that angels with wings were only fantasy but in principle they do affect peoples actions. Dad taught me in fact what saint my mother was for he always treated you with the respect you deserved so when I needed an example of angelhood the image was always there. The little boy referred to earlier it seems did not have that perception as I did for he asked his mother the following and then learned what an angel in fact was:

"Mother, are there really angels?"

"Yes, darling, our Bible tells us there are."

"I want to find an angel, mother -- one that I can see and touch and talk to. If I have to go miles and miles, I am going to find a real angel."

"That is a good plan, son. I will go with you, for you are too little to go far alone."

So they started out. The child ran and leaped, and the little mother followed as bravely as she could, for she was lame, and the child forgot that she could not run, and he ran on ahead. Presently a chariot came along with a lovely woman in it, dressed in beautiful clothes. The child ran close to the carriage.

"Oh, are you an angel?" But the beautiful lady just stared at the child, said not a word, then motioned to the coachman. He whipped up the horses, and dust flew in the child's eyes. He gasped for breath, but his mother came along and wiped his eyes and soothed him.

"That was not an angel!" exclaimed the son.

"No, indeed, son. Nothing like one."

He ran again. Soon he met a beautiful young girl all in white. "I am sure your must be an angel!" he cried. The girl blushed. "You are a sweet child. Someone else said that only last evening. Do I really look like an angel?" She took him up in her arms and kissed him tenderly. But suddenly her face changed. "Oh, there is my love coming to meet me, and you have mussed my dress and soiled it! Hurry away, child, and go home to your mother!"

She put the child down hastily, so he tumbled and fell in the dusty road. As he sobbed, his mother came along and comforted him.

"I don't believe she was an angel either, Mother".

"No, son, but she is young. She may be some day."

"I'm so tired, mother. Will you carry me home?"

"That is why I came, son." She picked him up tenderly, and carried him the long way home, singing softly. Suddenly he put his arms tight about her neck, and looked into her face.

"Mother, I never really knew before how beautiful you are! Oh, could you -- are you an angel, mother?" The mother brushed away the tears. "Oh, foolish child, who ever heard of an angel in a blue gingham dress!" But she stepped along lightly until you could hardly have known she was lame.

The little boy smiled. He knew in his heart that he had found a real angel -- one that he could see and touch and talk to -- his mother!

My Mother, our Mother is truly an angel, for if you are not an angel then the angels are taught by you for all those angelic characteristics are borne by you.

Of late I find I miss my family more than ever before. I feel those dreadful pangs of homesickness often these days and I find I need more often than ever before the closeness and contact that is difficult to achieve because of the distance that separates us. Moving to Australia was my decision but by doing so I feel I have cheated myself and my children of the closeness of the Felt Family Unit. The distance however has further reinforced the reality of the eternal nature of man for I can in reality see how such a unit can function.

Over the years I have received many letters from you and Dad. Your beloved partner has been my very dearest friend for he loved and guided me even when such was not all that I deserved. His love for you has been my guide and example. He as my closest friend and confidant has been replaced by my beloved wife Lynette who when asked by Dad to describe her I replied by saying, "She is just like Mother!". I now know from experience the joy my father experiences with you as his companion. I am married to my best friend. Your example has made it possible for me to know what that really means for not only have I been able to reecognise the qualities she possesses because of your training and example, but I was able to gain her love and trust by following Dad's example and training.

I referred to the many letters I received over the years. There was one that stood out among the rest and served as my goal to achievement for the years to follow after I received a copy of a letter Dad in fact sent to you on your thirtieth wedding anniversary. That letter has served as my beacon, as it were, for the expression of the eternal charitable love I was wishing to manifest. I wish to reproduce that letter in total for it does express in principle how I feel about you Mother and indeed how I wished to feel toward my wife.

Time passes, which finds you in a nurses training program and me in an officers training program. I remember so well my fervent prayers at midshipman's school, pleading for direction in the selection of a wife. Graduation and a commission as an Ensign seemed to increase the urgency to find my eternal companion. More fervent prayers for guidance led me to good warm and peaceful feelings about Afion Harris. Further confirmation came as we walked around Temple Square. Another confirmation came as we visited your bishop, who's name, I believe, was Bishop Parker. With that sweet assurance I proposed during a hurried five day leave, and miracle of miracles, sweet Afion readily accepted. With the heavens giving such complete and beautiful sanction, a long engagement was not necessary. Only five days served our purpose for the engagement period.

As I look back on our thirty years together, a flood of memories come to mind. I remember well our providential meeting at BYU. You, a striking freshman and on campus during some student body activity brought about our first meeting. Later, a matinee dance once again brought us together, and then a date during the Christmas holidays, which almost proved to be a disaster because I wasn't aware that you were the daughter of the State Prison Warden, and thus residing in the quarters at the State Prison.

As you know, our lovely daughter Tammy and I have been exchanging notes for some time. Occasionally I also write individual letters to each of our several children. With our approaching thirtieth wedding anniversary I'm going to make a feeble attempt to somehow convey my love to my sweetheart and eternal companion and helpmate by way of this letter. I know your husband doesn't possess the eloquence to completely express his feelings, but please bear with me as I attempt to describe how your husband feels about you.

My Dear Wife,

1 June 1973

You were the first girl to wear my Delta Phi Sweetheart Pin. You will remember, our hasty engagement and marriage did not provide sufficient time for the ring to be purchased. That purchase resulted in the first debt in our marriage. I said we didn't have an engagement, nor did we have a honeymoon, as generally observed by newly married couples. But our honeymoon lasted for several months during a blessed period of duty in San Diego.

1942 LaJolla Avenue certainly brings back a treasure of cherished memories. If you remember, the sea duty was 24 hours on and 24 hours off. Each 24 hours was an extended beautiful honeymoon. Twenty-four hours aboard ship seemed like an eternity. I remember so well anticipating my 24-hour leave and running from the bus up the hill to find my sweet wife waiting. You will remember, I wouldn't let you out of my sight. I even took you to Priesthood Meeting with me. I insisted that our bishop, who understood so beautifully our hopeless, blessed plight of being completely and insanely in love, allow you to be my home teaching companion. The Stake President then called us to serve as the Stake M-Men and Gleaner Leaders (Young Single Adult Advisors). Bishop Hawkins, bless his heart, used to smile and chuckle at our affectionate antics together in Sacrament Meeting.

I want you to know the passing thirty years have not altered my intense desire to be reunited with my lovely wife and companion when trips have taken me away from home. Over the years, particularly during the last ten years, where my work has required considerable travel, no husband, or lover has yearned more for his wife's sweet embrace than your husband who has always been completely and hopelessly and gloriously in love with his wife. Our long distance phone bill has always been high because seldom a night goes by but what you and I don't exchange affectionate greetings on the phone.

But, back to San Diego. After nearly a year of an extended, glorious honeymoon, filled with a treasure of beautiful memories, your husband then did something which may have hurt his lovely child bride. I say child because of your extreme youth, and my mid-twenties. I volunteered for an over-seas assignment because I felt some urgency to do my part over-seas during the war. When I left, my wife was expecting our firstborn.

I'm sure I was the only man aboard ship going over-seas that received a letter every day from his wife. Thoughtful Afton made certain that ever shirt pocket and every pants pocket had a note tucked away somewhere. Each day I would frantically look for the note from my sweet wife. Once over-seas you would write me each day, as I would you. Mail call was the most memorable beautiful experience of my long over-seas assignment. Our ship participated in the Philippines campaign which delayed the mail for many weeks. Finally mail call was issued and the captain sent me in the motor launch to get the mail. Bag after bag was given, ear-marked "USS Silverbell". Frantically I went through the mail to find the letter telling me about our first born. A letter from Grandpa Felt announced "I've just been to the hospital where I visited your lovely wife and your son Paul, Jr."

Memories, memories, blessed memories. I can't begin to recount them all. Each memory reflects my complete love and devotion and loyalty to my sweet companion.

Finally the war ends. Arrangements were made to meet my lovely wife and young son whom I had never yet met in San Francisco, just a few days before Christmas. You will remember a little confusion because of our arrangements to meet at the Fairmont in Oakland. Neither of us realized there was a Fairmont in San Francisco. Prayers and our great love for each other finally brought us together for a glorious reunion.

What a home coming! I can't begin to reconstruct the feelings that filled that precious hour and the next few days. Remember our search for a Christmas tree? Decorations were not available, but no tree looked more beautiful than ours Christmas morning. I not only had a lovely wife to whom I could return, but also a 15 month old son. No serviceman ever had a more glorious home coming.

Together we gave prayerful consideration for professional pursuits. With our wonderful memories of San Diego, you will remember, we thought we would go there and begin some business. The Lord prompted us otherwise, though, and led us into Church Education. That was another providential direction that has marked our life together.

Logan, Utah, another blessed sacred period of our lives, marked by a call to a High Council, a Ward Bishopric for your husband, and the arrival of another choice son and a lovely daughter. For these births and each birth since, I have been present. My lovely wife has always been beautiful and heaven to be around, but never is she more beautiful than when she was expecting one of our children, and as she cared for them in their early weeks and months.

Again, the years in Logan bring so many happy memories. Remember our regular trips to the Temple, our wonderful association with neighbours Perry and Elmo, and members of the bishopric and their wives?

From Logan we went to Salt Lake, again under an assignment from the Church education. Here our lovely New Year's Eve daughter was born. Remember our false runs to the hospital during some heavy winter season. Sale Lake, like Logan, was a haven and treasure of happy memories because of Church involvement. Once again, a call to a bishopric, regular trips to the Temple with dear friends -- and then another adventure that took us to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Two blessed wonderful years made beautiful because of the Church and the Gospel. There we came to know intimately our Branch President, N. E. Tanner, also Hugh B. Brown. Little did we realize then that one day these Brethren would be in the First Presidency. Again, wonderful friends and marvellous students made life abundant and full.

You will remember among some of our great experiences was our square dancing group. Yes, Edmonton was good to Paul and Afton and their family. We have always responded to whatever call come to us, be it in the Church, or professionally.

After only two years we were beckoned to Cedar City, Utah. In Cedar City we faced and enjoyed again three blessed beautiful glorious years because of our complete love and devotion to each other and because the blessings of the Lord and the programs of the Church so abundantly blessed our lives. Here our son O'Larry was born. Today, as I dictate this letter, I'm driving to Roswell for a Zone Conference and two hours earlier it was my privilege to be with our son O'Larry, like our other sons and daughters, he is a source of matchless joy. I learned today that he has mastered more discussions than anyone in the Mission.

Another significant call in the Church came which further blessed our lives in the form of a counsellor to President Corry. Each of us will remember the Sunday I was sustained when we frantically searched for Paul and John to hurry off to our meeting and found them in the bedroom praying for their Dad in his new and important assignment. today these great sons serve in Bishoprics and Stake Presidencies.

Before accepting our next call which took us to BYU our blessed Ronald was born. He's one of our miracle youngsters, as you well know. It was here a servant of the Lord assured my wife in a special blessing that if she would "allow the children to come that the Lord has for you, there will be no complication in child birth". We have remembered that admonition, which recalled to us that early in our marriage we determined that the Lord willing we would have a large family.

Provo and BYU, like each area has brought us a multitude of joys and pleasures, the greatest of which is Jesse, Kathleen, Tom, Tammy and Mildred. through all these many years of Church service my wife has also served in important positions such as teaching and Primary and MIA executive positions. Our many children never prevented you from important Church calls. Each of us have been happily involved in many Church assignments.

Among the mainly heavenly experiences and memories of Provo, I single out only one or two. My BYU assignment called for many extended trips. The excitement and joy of coming home and being reunited with my family compensated for the loneliness of our separation. You remember when we learned we were going to have twins? I should qualify that because you knew long before the doctor that this was a different pregnancy. You predicted twins long before the doctor made his confirmation. With our large family and with twins seven months along, tucked away in Mommie's big tummy, we all went to Disneyland. Many pictures make it possible to relive that family outing.

We also, as you know, have a vast treasury of pictures.

Dr. Webster took such good care of my wife - the experience of the delivery brings back chuckles. remember, he called down the hall to tell me and all the other waiting patrons, "Paul, Number One is here, and it's a whopper!" and then a few minutes later, "Paul, Number Two is here, and it's jumping out of the crib!". My sweet wife is always beautiful under all circumstances, but never is she more angelic than when she's in the hospital bed with a new-born youngster on her arm and shoulder. Needless to say, the twins are certainly a double bonus for both of us.

It was in Provo where we completed our dozen through the sweet adoption of our Lamanite daughter, Mildred. Each of our daughters reflect and mirror the beauty and angel-like qualities of their dear Mother.

As I look back on our thirty glorious years, sweetheart, I often ponder the great blessing and promise that President Lee gave us on the occasion of our memorable marriage. remember, as he had his arms around each of us, he kissed my lovely wife on her cheek and said, "Paul, you love this sweet girl, don't you? I can promise you in the name of the Lord that if you will honour the covenants you have taken in the Temple today, each year will be happier than the preceding one." The intervening years have confirmed and made a beautiful reality of that promise.

Among the glorious things that have happened to us, I'm sure one of the greatest is the call to preside over a mission. You will remember, as I pondered this sacred opportunity, we determined that we were going to make it a family affair. And this it has proven to be. Our son O'Larry is fulfilling a noble mission. His brother Ronald will be with him this summer. Each of the children are happily involved in so many great programs in the Church and in school.

Dear, this letter is getting rather lengthy. What I have mentioned is such a mere capsule and thread of what our thirty years have been together. You've heard me say, with all the sincerity of my heart, that I know what heaven is going to be like. You have brought heaven into my life in so many ways during the past thirty years. Being faithful and true to my wife is one of the easiest and most glorious things that I have done. Never, at any time, have I been unfaithful to you in thought or deed. You have so completely possessed me and met every need and brought about a beautiful fulfilment in my life, that at no time has there ever been the slightest temptation to wander.

Perhaps that needn't be said. Our love and loyalty and integrity to each other has always been perfect.

When I look back in retrospect on thirty years and see something of the joy and peace and completeness that we have enjoyed, I look forward with heavenly anticipation for the next thirty million years plus - endless, timeless, beautiful eternity. With you by my side, it's heaven every day.

As you can see from this letter, and what you've learned over the thirty years, your husband is completely and totally in love with you. However, I point out, dear, that the qualities I see in you are very apparent to all of your sons and daughters and to all of the people who really know you. Our scores and scores of friends and neighbours and the hundreds of discerning missionaries readily see in you what I see in you -- perfect wife, a perfect mother, a perfect handmaiden of the Lord. Because of your inner beauty, and complete integrity and natural faith, the Lord has blessed you with an external beauty and radiance which remains with you even in your fiftieth year.

It is always a source of great pride and joy to me to have you by my side and for all my friends to know that this is my wife. If I were a poet, perhaps I could express my love as did Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. - I love thee with the
breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! - and, if God
choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.*

The scriptures perhaps describe my wife more beautifully than a poet, or certainly a faltering husband could ever do. It is found in Proverbs:

*Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far
above rubies.
The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,
so that he shall have no need of spoil.
She will do him good and not evil all the days of
her life.
She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly
with her hands.
She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her
food from afar.
She riseth also wile it is ye night, and giveth meat
to her household, and a portion to her maidens.
She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the
fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.
She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheth
her arms.
She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her
candle goeth not out by night.
She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands
held the distaff.
She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she
reacheth forth her hands to the needy.*

This concludes the copy of the letter I have in which your sweetheart so beautifully expressed his love for you. What a lesson he taught to his sons! How wonderful it is to hear the love one's father has for one's mother.

There are many lessons you taught me Mother. Your example has always been the most powerful. Isn't it interesting that action speak louder than words. We held family home evening, we had individual teaching moments, we had family prayer, we had many hours together in cars as we drove long distances yet my memory is vivid more with your role model.

Just one example. You will remember all too well my contribution toward disharmony in the home when I was young. I would tease to the point of madness. You were always loving and patient. It seems to me we were living in Edmonton at the time when you announced the new procedure to handling fights between the children. We would simply gather together and knell in prayer until the angry feelings evaporated. Oh how I hated doing that! You had me pray! I respected you far too much to not do what I was so lovingly asked to do. How could I carry such feelings of anger toward my sisters and brother (I grew up emotionally by the time other brothers and sisters joined us) when I was having to ask Heavenly Father to help me?

My dear Mother, how I love you. If I had any choice in the Preexistence as to who my parents would be then perhaps I can identify the wisest decision of my eternal existence for your influence and training now carries on to each of your grandchildren and their children because of your training to each us, your children. In particular, I watch my beautiful sisters as wives, mothers, companions, lovers and helpmates. What a talented teacher they had!

One author wrote something she called "*The Little Parable For Mothers*" and as I read her thoughts my heart was touched concerning your eternal influence on your family.

"The young Mother set her foot on the path of life. 'Is the way long?' she asked. And her guide said, 'Yes. And the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning.'

But the young Mother was happy, and would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, and gathered flowers for them along the way, and bathed them in clear streams, and the sun shone on them and life was good and the young Mother cried, 'Nothing will ever be lovelier than this.'

Then came night, and storm, and the path was dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the Mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, 'Oh, Mother, we are not afraid for you are near and no harm can come.' And the Mother said, 'This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage. Today, I have given them strength.'

And the next day came strange clouds which darketh the earth - clouds of war and hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled, and the Mother said, 'Look up. Lift your eyes to the light.' And the children looked and saw above the clouds an Everlasting Glory, and it guided them and brought them beyond the darkness. And that night, the Mother said, 'This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God.'

And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the Mother grew old, and she was little and bent. But her children were tall and strong and walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they helped their Mother, and when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was as light as a feather, and at last they came to a hill, and beyond this hill they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide.

And the Mother said, 'I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone, and their children after them.'

And the children said, 'You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates.'

And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said, 'We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A Mother like ours is more than a memory. SHE IS A LIVING PRESENCE.'

-- Temple Bailey --

Oh, how I wish I could wrap my arms around you and have you feel what I am trying to express. This distance between Australia and my family is at times so very hard. I hunger for the closeness. My dear Mother. I love you. I Love You. I Love You. I honour You and thank you for your unqualified love to me, my brothers and sisters.

With tenderness and love

Paul Ernest

SUNDAY 15 MAY 1988

We left for Hobart Friday night to spend the weekend with Lyn's family and in particular to attend Robert and Kerrin's engagement party on Saturday night. Karen had already flown to Hobart on Thursday and stayed with her father on Thursday night. Paul Kayrooz had flown with us on Friday.

After settling in and visiting for several hours we decided at about 11:30 to go dancing at the Casino which decision caused us to not get to bed until 3 a.m. on Saturday.

On Saturday Lyn, Robert and Karen had their pictures taken for a family portrait. Karen and Paul then spent the day with her father while Lyn baked for the engagement party later that evening.

The Engagement Party had been organised by Kerrin, her parents and Robert. They did a wonderful job. There was plenty of food and well organised music which resulted in a pleasant evening.

The only potential dampner on the evening from Karen and Robert Jeffrey's point of view had to do with whether their father (and to a lesser extent) their mother might have a confrontation. This concern was further mitigated by their father's attitude when he came to visit Robert in Hospital the previous week after some minor surgery. Unknown to him, Lyn had flown over from Melbourne to visit with Robert. His reaction to seeing her could only be described as being childish. Nevertheless, the evening went off without a hitch.

Sunday we went to Sacrament service at Lyn's former Ward and there we were able to visit with John and Margaret Jury again amongst others. John joined the Church just prior to my being transferred to Hobart in early 1964 and served as the first Stake President in Tasmania.

Sunday evening I spoke at a missionary fireside in the Glenroy Ward on the topic of letting our light "so shine". Other speakers were Kay Davis, the Ward Primary President and Ian Morton, the High Priest Group Leader.

29 MAY 1988 SUNDAY

I have spent some time in preparation of the Family History (in particular Family Group Sheets) in respect to Lyn's ancestral. I have written letters to Mother and Dad concerning names of family association in respect to the Felt and Harris lines so I can get better organised on that side of things.

Lyn called Robert Felt last week and asked him to check on some prices of china we wished brought back from England. We spoke to him again today. He sounds great!

30 MAY 1988 MONDAY

I was to meet Gerrit tonight to go to the movies and out to dinner. I tried several times to reach him by phone but he did not return my calls. I am really very disappointed. He actually very selfish with little regard to anything else other than skating. At times I feel I am being used just when needed without getting anything in return from him.