

July 25, 1984

Dear Family,

I do not know if I have the strength or the energy to write this letter in one sitting or not. We will see. It has been about 2 months since I last wrote a family epistle, but considering the things we have done, I think that I can be excused for the lapse!!!

As you know, we left for Europe on June 5. We had a bit of luck in Dallas--British Caledonian had oversold tourist--our close connection had put us in there just 40 minutes before flight time-- and ended up putting the 5 of us in 1st class. About half way across, Sarah motioned for me to come over to where the 3 girls were sitting. She had figured it all out. "Mom," she said, "Can't we be late to the airport when we go home?" Anyway, it was wonderful finding out how the 1st class folks live--wonderful food and excellent service. Our flight over was very smooth and landed us in London at 10 a.m. in the morning. By the time we checked through customs and changed money and got to our hotel it was noon. We went to sleep and slept until about 3 and then got up and raced through the British Museum which was about 4 blocks away from the hotel--it is really criminal to do it that fast! We ate dinner and then went to Westminster, toured Parliament--both houses were in session. As we were leaving for the museum we realized that Mel's camera was non-functional, so we used mine until we got his fixed.

The next morning we walked miles until we found the camera shop which would fix Mel's camera(Soho area). We then walked past Clarence House (home of the Queen Mum), the Mall, and then to Buckingham Palace where we watched the changing of the guard, then St. James Park, Whitehall, 10 Downing St, the inside of Westminster Abbey, then took the underground to the Tower of London which was really terrific--the kids were impressed by the crown jewels. We ate dinner at an Indian restaurant near our hotel--Mel was in hog heaven!

The next day Mel and I picked up the car--a real terrifying experience driving it back to the hotel--London drivers are crazy--much more aggressive and far more speedy than they were 18 years ago. We got back to the hotel before noon and then headed out with the kids (parked the car at a carpark) on the subway to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. We then went and got our train tickets for the rest of the trip--glad we did it then for we wouldn't have had time the other short time we were in London. In fact, we left Mel getting the tickets and I took the kids on to St. Paul's Cathedral. Beth especially liked it--they were having evensong services, so we just sat there and waited until Mel came. The music was lovely. Apparently there was a bomb scare because about 15 minutes into the service, the priest asked everyone not to be alarmed, but to please leave immediately--that the rest of the service was canceled!. We then took the tube to Covent Garden, no longer the food and flower market, but an area of wonderful shops and boutiques with all sorts of buskers and street performers--really fun. There were lots and lots of very colorful punk rockers to add atmosphere! We had fish and chips for dinner and took the kids to the hotel--Mel and I went to the laundromat. We really liked our hotel--very small and lovely people running it--we arranged to stay there for our other 2 nights in London.

The next day we left London in the car after picking up Mel's camera. We assigned everyone a task--watch for certain signs or pedestrians, etc. We all chanted "Keep Left!" at regular intervals. It was a Saturday, so the traffic wasn't quite so bad, but we found roads not clearly marked. We headed for Burnham-on-Crouch where friends of ours live. Our plan was to visit them for the afternoon and then head on to Cambridge. When we made calls from there we could not find an empty room in Cambridge, so Dean and Lydia very kindly offered to have us stay there. Dean is a Congregational minister (and the son-in-law of church friends--was here for the summer while our minister was there 2 summers ago). They have 2 darling boys, 6 and 4--our girls babysat for them while Mel and I took Dean and Lydia out for dinner at a marvelous Indian restaurant!

We headed off for Cambridge the next morning and got there before noon--it was a Sunday, so some of the places weren't open when we wanted, but we just went and had our picnic lunch instead in the Backs, along the river. It is a beautiful place to stroll and look into all the courtyards. We left there about 3 and headed for York. We got there about 6:30. We found a nice bed and breakfast which had 2 rooms for us. After eating dinner at a Pizza Hut, no less, we walked through the Shambles, a quaint old area of shops and stores finally arriving at York Minster, the gorgeous cathedral there. We saw the inside the next day--it is just beautiful--we did not find out about the fire there until we were on our

way back home--more about that later. While in York we also went to a wonderful holography exhibit. We then drove out to Castle Howard--an unbelievably beautiful palace which I had fallen in love with when I saw it in the series "Brideshead Revisited."--it was filmed there. When we started out on the trip Mel announced a contest--that whoever saw someone from home that we knew would get a pound--well, he won the prize! We were going out admiring the peacocks when we ran into Wilson and Peggy Nolle, friends from the UT Physics Dept. and the LWV! It was late by the time we left there and we had to do the 200 miles to Edinburgh--it was a long, lovely drive and we didn't get there until 9, still with no dinner. We found a B and B and headed out for food--the only thing we could find was Chinese--Sarah was so hungry she even ate it!

We had our only really unpleasant weather in Edinburgh--it was about 50 degrees, rainy and very windy. We didn't let that stop us, though. We walked all over the city--saw where Adam Smith (he wrote WEALTH OF NATIONS) is buried, went to Holyrood Palace, the castle of Edinburgh (impressive and ghostly in the wind and rain), walked the Royal Mile, toured St. Giles church after we had lunch in their tea room. The exhibits at the castle are wonderful--all sorts of uniforms and weapons and such. We left Edinburgh about 4 and drove to Perth to Mardie's. We got lost, but finally found her in time for dinner. She looks wonderful and was as glad to see us as we were to see her. Even though it was still cold and windy we went to Kinnoull Hill after dinner to look at the view--Birnam Woods as in Shakespeare's "MacBeth."

We stayed at Mardie's for 6 days--no where near long enough, but still time for a good visit. We made a number of day trips out--Mardie went with us--I held "wee" Mardie (she did not like that name!!) on my lap in the back seat. The 1st day we went for a long drive west of Perth and then back east, to Loch Earn and Loch Tay. We had a marvelous picnic and spent a long time just skipping rocks into the lake--so relaxing and enjoyable. We saw Taymouth Castle where Great-great-great-grandpa Winter was a gardener--really beautiful. We visited the cemetery where the Ednie's are buried--Isabella's parents. The 2nd day we did errands (laundry and shopping) in the morning and then went to Scone Palace in the afternoon--I just love it there. It is so neat to look at the trees and wonder if Patrick Murray Winter planted any of them. It is a very nice small scale palace!!!! Mardie's nephew and wife came for dinner that evening. The next day we went to Caithness Glass Works and saw them making paper weights--really interesting and then continued on to St. Andrew's where we saw the huge ruin of St. Andrew's Cathedral and also the famed St. Andrew's golf course. At the cathedral we spent a lot of time reading the grave stones--they are so interesting. Mardie's friends Sandy and Sophie came over for tea and cakes after dinner (Sandy was an actor in his youth and was a good friend of the actor George Sanders). The next day we went to Balmoral Castle, a lovely drive through the Cairngorm Mountains. We had a picnic lunch on the moor with sheep very close by. Eighteen years ago we drove by Balmoral, but no one was allowed on the grounds, but now you can tour the gardens and go inside what used to be the ballroom -wonderful exhibit of Victoriana. When we got back that afternoon we took Mardie out to dinner--it was very elegant and we all enjoyed it very much! We were then invited in for tea with her neighbors, the Nesbits, for whom Mardie babysits. They have 2 darling girls who are very attached to Mardie and she to them. The next morning we went to church with Mardie and then spent some time finding the Winter cemetery plot. That day we were invited to Dundee to have dinner with Mardie's cousins, Helen and Beth--lovely dinner! One thing we enjoyed about Scotland was the long twilights--the gloaming--it was light until almost midnight and then would start getting light again about 3 in the morning. We had such a good time with Mardie and she is such a dear--it was very painful to leave her the next day.

Anyway, we did leave-- June 18th by this time--and headed south through the Lake District with a stop at Beatrix Potter's house (of Peter Rabbit fame) in Near Sawrey. Sarah was rather carsick that day--gorgeous winding country roads!!! That night we ended up in Lancaster--not a particularly gorgeous city, but has a magnificent castle and Priory which we walked to after dining elegantly at Kentucky Fried Chicken!!!!

The next day we headed for Oxford, fortunately getting off the beaten path after leaving the motorway--the British are trying to get their speed limit raised to 80 miles per hour--won't make any difference since that is what they drive anyway. We happened into a gorgeous, quaint thatch roofed town called Chipping Campden in the Cotswolds--we picnicked there for lunch. That afternoon we stopped at Blenheim Palace, designed by the same genius who did Castle Howard. It is simply gorgeous--inside and out--wonderful gardens--the family home of the Churchills. We drove to Bladon and saw the very simple burial site of Winston Churchill. From Blenheim we drove on to the home of our friends, Philip and Mary Little near Oxford. While we were eating dinner we were hearing

bells--they kept on ringing and ringing. After dinner we decided to take a walk and see why they were still ringing. It turned out that it was bell practice evening. We climbed the bell tower of St. Andrew's church and asked if we could come in and watch. They were delighted and so were we. It was so much fun and so interesting! Unfortunately, the kids had stayed home to watch TV! The earliest bell dates from 1434, 2 were from the 1600's, 3 from the 17 and 1800's and 2 from 1974.

The next day the girls and I toured Oxford while Mel and Philip went to J.E.T., the plasma lab there. That afternoon the 5 of us left for the drive to Stratford-on-Avon where we toured Shakespeare's birthplace, dined elegantly at McDonalds and then saw "Richard III" at the Shakespeare Theatre. It was marvelous--we all were spellbound! It was a late night that night--didn't get back home until 1:15 a.m.!!!!

We left Oxford on the 21st and headed for our friends in Bristol--Don and Ann Kimber and their 2 sons, Paul, 18, and Philip, 14. This is where we all had a wonderful time. Don is an old friend from FSU--was a graduate student in geography there my freshman year. We stayed with Don and Ann 18 years ago--Paul was just a baby. We had a good tour of Bristol the 1st night we were there. After we got back Philip and his friend Colin (on guitar) entertained us--he wants to be a rock singer and is very good. The girls were very impressed!!! The next day Ann took the 5 of us to Bath, about 12 miles away--has wonderful Roman ruins and beautiful Georgian townhouses and incredible flowers everywhere. That evening the 4 adults went to Don's school where he is gathering data for a thesis he is writing for another advanced degree. There was a PTA meeting which featured 2 singers who knew a lot of gypsy music. It was very interesting to visit the school--has a multi-racial makeup--West Indian and Pakistani predominantly.

NEXT EVENING. I hope you all are reading this in shifts--I am having to write it in pieces!! This is the second installment.

Meanwhile, back in Bristol--that Saturday, Don was off work, so the 9 of us headed out for a wonderful outing. First we drove to Avebury, on the order of Stonehenge, only the stones are smaller and the circle is larger. We decided to pass up Stonehenge since it was Midsummer and there were thousands of people there for a rock concert. Also, it is now roped off and you cannot get near the stones. Not so in Avebury. It is a wonderful place, so interesting to imagine why and how they performed these feats of construction. We walked all around the stones, stepping carefully since it is also a sheep field! There is a museum there which was made all the more so by the very funny guide who took us through. There was also an old medieval town and church there. We picnicked in the carpark and then drove on to Leacock, a marvelous medieval town that has been made a part of the National Trust. We walked all over the place--Mel and Don enjoyed the Talbot museum. The man who made the 1st photograph was from there and lived in the restored abbey that I went through. Ann and the kids went ahead and ordered our cream tea--that was so much fun and so delicious!! Scones, jam, thick heavy cream, and, of course, tea. This was at 4 in the afternoon in a rose covered garden outside a quaint old teahouse!. The 9 of us had such a good time together--the 5 kids got along famously--we were in 2 cars, so we swapped off who rode with whom. When we got home we ordered a "take away" Chinese dinner--I can't remember being that full in years.

On Sunday we went to Don's church (his father was a Congregational minister which was why I met him at the Congregational youth group at FSU). Ann had fixed a huge turkey dinner with all of the trimmings--after eating all we had yesterday it was a real effort to do it justice, but we did! After dinner the kids went to a rehearsal of Philip's group ("Storm Child"), Ann and I went to a ceremony at the Cabot Tower (John Cabot sailed from Bristol--English claims in N. America are based on his explorations). The mistook me for a member of the press and I was permitted to see the ceremony which was conducted by the Lord Mayor. Ann and Don had been invited to the affair. We all reconvened at the Kimber household and headed out for Wales across the Severn estuary. We spent several hours exploring a marvelous castle which is mostly a ruin--Chepstow, built about 12-1300 and then drove on to Tintern Abbey, also a beautiful ruin and the subject of a poem by Wordsworth.

The next day it was time to leave the Kimbers and we almost had a rebellion--we really didn't want to go, but the kids *really* didn't want to go. Anyway, we hopped in our car--a bright red Ford Sierra, by the way--and headed off for London via Hampton Court and Wimbledon. Mel was beginning to feel sick--his usual sore throat--so it slowed us down a bit. Hampton Court was huge and interesting--especially the maze in the garden. Mardie and I made it out in about 20 minutes, but it took Beth and Sarah almost 30 minutes! Mel was wanting to go to the hotel, but we told him that if he skipped Wimbledon he would never forgive himself--we were only 9 miles away and it was the 1st day of the tournament--so we went. It was about \$6.00 apiece to get in and another \$6.00 to park the

car--sort of rash for us, but worth it. Mel sat and watched Gene Mayer lose his match, but the 4 of us explored the whole place--saw Connors, Curran, Denton, John Lloyd--Vince Van Patton walked right by Sarah and me. It was really fun to see the place and sense all of the excitement. We left Wimbledon about 7 and made our way into London, back to our hotel near Russell Square.

The next morning we got an early start, turned in the car and went to Selfridge's and Harrod's--no where near enough time to shop. We dashed back to the hotel, got our luggage and then caught a cab to Victoria Station. We caught the train, changed to the ferry at Dover and then got on the French train at Calais. By this time it was almost 7--we ate food on the train which I had brought along. We passed through Paris at about midnight--thought we had gotten off OK with keeping a vacant couchette (bed) in our compartment (there are 6 per compartment--sort of slots--3 tiered--make up from the seats or let down from the ceiling of the compartment), but about 1 a.m. the conductor put a young man with a guitar in with us--fortunately he went right to sleep. Sarah had not heard him come in and was quite surprised when she woke up later in the night and saw someone strange sleeping below her! We arrived in Lausanne at 6:30 in the morning--Mel was feeling horrible by this time--had chills and fever in addition to his sore throat. We found a quiet spot in the train station and I parked Mel and the kids and went looking for our hotel which was about 3 blocks away. They said that we could wait in their waiting room, so I went back and started over with the kids in shifts so that Mel wouldn't have to carry the heavy bags. On the 2nd trip the concierge said that there had been an error and that we would be sent to another hotel--and that they would pay the cabfare--which they did. Actually, it was a nicer hotel, a better location, the same price, and the people were wonderful! We got there about 9, I left the kids and Mel there and went looking for his meeting. I came back about an hour later with the proceedings and such for Mel--found the 4 of them in 1 of our rooms--all sound asleep on 2 twin beds. I was pretty pooped myself, so sat in a chair and dozed until a bit after noon--easy to tell since we were near 3 churches--all with bells! I fixed lunch for us using good old American ingenuity--hot water from the sink and instant soup (I had gone shopping, too) for Mel, bread and cheese, and green beans, heated in the can in the hot water in the sink. I was at a point where I was dying for something green--especially broccoli! By the time we finished lunch the girls' room was ready. Later that afternoon I took Sarah and Mardie to the opening reception to see if I could spot any of our friends--saw a few.

My birthday was not quite as much fun as we had thought it would be since Mel was still feeling awful. I did walk back to Mel's meeting place and ran into Barbara Schluter, a friend I hadn't seen in 18 years--since they left here to go back to Germany. I took the kids out to dinner and we brought Mel back a hamburger. Mel was feeling a bit better the next day and sat up and worked in the room. I took Beth to find a music store--she needed a "fix". She had commented several days before that she had not been without her viola this long since the 6th grade, when she started. Anyway, we found one and with my fractured French and the charming salesgirl's minimal English, we asked about renting a violin (no violas there) for a few days. This was not possible, but in the meantime Beth was trying out their instruments and having a good time. The girl took pity on us and asked her boss--she came back and said that they had made an exception for Beth and would let her play in a room downstairs that afternoon. I brought her back after lunch and she played a \$6,000 violin for several hours--was in hog heaven!

We were in Lausanne for a week. In addition to Mel's meeting, I went lots of places with the kids--the beach on Lake Lemán, the cathedral, lots of shops, by train to Geneva, by boat to the castle of Chillon (as in "The Prisoner of Chillon"), etc. It was really lots of fun. Mel and I ate out with Hans and Barbara on Friday. Beth, Mel and I ate at the banquet at a 5 star hotel--I didn't know there was any such thing--Palais Beau Rivage (someone gave us an extra ticket for Beth--Sarah and Mardie ate at Wendy's). It was a wonderful meal!

It is now Sunday evening and I am working on my 3rd evening of this travelogue. I hope you all aren't exhausted reading it! On July 3 we rented an Opel stationwagon and headed off for Cugnasco, a tiny Swiss village near the Italian border and Lake Maggiore. We drove over the Neufenen Pass which was really spectacular--it was even snowing a little bit at the top! On our way we had to stop in a small town for a bathroom break--these darned efficient small cars don't use much gas, so we ended up at a public toilet--a marvelous Turkish style one--a shallow bowl affair with foot blocks--and a chain to pull to flood the place when you finish. The kids were not enthused--I had to demonstrate--and they still were not enthused!! Beth decided to hold off, but Sarah and Mardie had to give in--very reluctantly!! Ah, wilderness!! We arrived in Cugnasco about 5--Inez walked down from the mountain and we drove her back up--incredible hairpin turns--no way we could find it by ourselves. Their chalet is named Casa Bianca (White House) and was built 102 years ago--on several levels, very roomy, indoor plumbing, a lovely living room, beautiful wisteria covered patio overlooking a gorgeous valley (trains coming and going, small planes taking off and landing, a parachute club jumping--all so small and far away that you could see the goings on, but not hear them) and Lake Maggiore--right on the Swiss-Italian border. When Eddie and Inez were here 18 years ago they told us that they had decided to buy the chalet--Inez had inherited \$150,000. At the time we could not believe it was worth it--It is!! We stayed there 3 days--Eddie had to work, but their 18 year old son Richard was there (Philip was at Scout camp). The first day (Independence Day) we took a wonderful hike--picked wild cherries and cooked them up for lunch--and just sat around and talked--the kids went swimming in the pool--incredible water coming right down the mountain side. No electricity except what they get from their gas driven generator. You really think about what you want to bring up there because you have to hike up the last 2-300 meters. They heat the water with solar heat--an arrangement of black hoses. We toasted the USA with a great bottle of wine! The next day we went to Stresa in Italy, on the shores of Lake Maggiore and from there took a 5 minute boat ride to an island and home of the Borromeo family (some important Italian leaders including a ope and a saint) Isola Bella. It was just lovely. We also did some shopping in Stresa--good bargains, but not enough time!

The next day it was time to leave--so sorry to do so. We drove through the Gotthard Tunnel--13 miles--took 14 minutes! Lots of other tunnels on the way. We drove through Lucerne (stopped for lunch and a walking tour there) and Bern--then on to Freiburg where we stopped to visit with Eddie for an hour and a half. He gave us a whirlwind tour of the city and their home--he is a professor of chemistry there. It is a Catholic canton--maybe the only one. We stopped further along the way for dinner in a charming village and had cheese fondue--the real thing! We got back in to Lausanne about 8, moved back in to our hotel and collapsed. The next day was our day to get to Paris. Mel and I turned in the car and then came back for the girls--we caught a bus with our luggage--we really did very well toting our bags, although Mel maintains that one of his arms will be longer than the other for a long time to come. We rode on the TGV, the very fast French train--almost 200 miles per hour--very smooth and great scenery. We got into Paris about 4:30--just in time for rush hour--great on the subway with all of our bags. Someone tried to pick Mel's pocket, but fortunately he had put his wallet in his front pocket. The kids were irate when he told them later (he was not standing with us)--wanted to know if he had punched the guy--he had not! We staggered in to our hotel which was very modest, but also inexpensive--right near the Luxembourg Gardens and the Odeon Theatre. It would have been fine if they had not been doing road work right by there--it was warm and no AC--and the jack hammers started in at 8 a.m. and the traffic went most of the night!

We were in Paris for 6 days--no where near enough time, but we did see a lot--and walked miles and miles. We spent almost 2 full days in the Louvre--mind boggling--went to the Jeu de Paume with the impressionists--my favorites, I think. We spent 1 day at Versailles--we really ran into the tourists there--the gardens are just incredible. We went to the top of the Eiffel Tower--dodging a rainstorm as we went, saw Napoleon's tomb, the Rodin museum, took a boat ride on the Seine, went to a mass at Notre Dame, climbed the steps to Sacre Coeur and went inside, of course, and came outside and admired the gorgeous view of Paris, found the Curie Institute, loved the Ste. Chapelle, the most gorgeous stained glass I have ever seen. Mel spent a day at the science museum while I took the girls shopping--we met him there later in the day and toured it quickly ourselves. We ate very well in Paris--and very reasonably--Chinese twice, Greek, Italian, French, etc.

Friday the 13 was hardly an unlucky day for us--except that it was time to head home (I know you are ready for that by now!!). We made it on the subway, again, to the train station and did some last minute shopping there--terrific Eiffel Tower earrings for Beth and Sarah, etc. We were joined in our compartment by a young

Italian girl Beth's age who was headed for London to study English for 2 weeks. We had a good time visiting with her--sort of took her under our wing. It gets complicated changing from the train to the ferry and back to the train--tickets and passports, etc. We brought our food with us and ate on the train. I am glad we did not try to eat on the boat as it was a rather rough crossing this time--I was very green and so was Sarah--I had to sit and not move a muscle! We got in to London at 5--by the time we got off and got ourselves squared away with changing money it was 5:30. I grabbed Beth (Sarah and Mardie guarded the luggage while Mel went to check on getting out on British Caledonian the next day) and we dashed 2 tube stops from Victoria Station to Leicester Square where you can get half price theater tickets. We had hoped to see "Cats" but it was sold out. Instead, on an impulse, we picked "Little Me," a musical comedy that was just wonderful. However, it started at 7:30. We got back to the station at 6:30, Mel still was not back, so Mardie and I dashed across the street to Wimpy's for hamburgers, french fries and cokes. By the time we got back they were in line for a taxi--we got the taxi and arrived back at our delightful hotel at 10 minutes till 7. We hauled our luggage up the 4 flights of stairs, frantically changed our clothes while gobbling our dinner, and headed back out at 7:15. We raced the 2 blocks for the subway, caught it and went the 2 stops back to Leicester Square, dashed out and asked a cab driver where the theater was. He pointed us in the right direction--we were in our seats, panting, but there--at 7:40--just missed the 1st number. We had wonderful seats--7th row--they were \$20.00 tickets for \$10.00! It was wonderful and we enjoyed it so much. A fitting finale for a wonderful trip. We talked to our friends the Kimbers by phone--had we thought way ahead we could have met them in London for the evening--next time!

The next day it was time to go home--I think I was the only one who was not ready to go! The flight home was uneventful except for being 1 1/2 hour late--we missed our connection in Dallas, but just caught another flight 1 1/2 hours later. Eva picked us up at the airport--we were here before 10 p.m.--very tired--by the time we went to bed we had been up for almost 24. The next morning Mel and I went to church--let the kids sleep in--it seemed an appropriate way to finish up the trip.

Everything was fine at home except that the yard was in terrible shape. Mandatory water conservation measures started the next day--we can water only every 5 days (set by house number) and then only between midnight and noon and 8 p.m. till midnight--plenty of water, but the water processing facilities have been outgrown due to tremendous growth. Puppy was glad to see us back!

I left for Miami on Thursday morning--Beth drove me to the airport!! I was headed for my high school 25th reunion. I rented a car while I was there and covered a lot of territory--it was so much fun!! I got back last Monday and have been trying to get organized ever since. Our next crisis is on Tuesday when Beth has her surgery to correct her bite. Her upper jaw will be moved forward and tilted slightly so that her teeth will mesh properly. She will be wired shut for 3-4 weeks--I am not looking forward to this at all--will be in the hospital 4 days--Beth is being very grownup about it. She has just had a great weekend--UT invited 750 top Texas incoming high school seniors--spent \$178,000 on them for 4 days--tours, lectures, great food, entertainment, etc. They are recruiting in a big way. She is tired and figures she will rest in the hospital. The doctor has told her she will probably lose 10-15 pounds--she is enthused about that! I am going to stop here and write another chronicle about my Miami trip for those who know Miami. It was a real treat to introduce the kids to Europe.

It is now Friday, August 3, and we are all watching the Olympics--hasn't it been spectacular!! I wanted to report that Beth's surgery went very well--we are so proud of her--this is not something to look forward to at all. She is not in a lot of pain, but is very uncomfortable since her face is still swollen and the inside of her mouth is very sore. The surgery took 3 hours--I maintain that there should be some way to anesthetize those who are waiting--Sarah's hernia surgery when she was 3 took less than an hour. Anyway--Mel and I got to the hospital at 6:45 a.m., she went into surgery at 7:30--just beginning to get teary--I was trying very hard not to cry. We had gotten a call the night before that the only child (Charlotte was about 25) of a cousin of Mel's had been killed in an accident--I almost called the hospital at that point to tell them it just wasn't worth it. The doctor came out at 10:15 to tell me that she was doing fine (Mel and our minister had gone to play tennis--I could not see any point in them hanging around the hospital). She got out of recovery at about noon and we (Mel got back about 10:45) got to see her. That is when I nearly hit the ground. We were talking with Beth--I was standing at the foot of the bed--she had blood on her face, tubes in her nose and was covered with ice packs. I realized that I was going to pass out and I did not want to frighten her, so I grabbed a glass and said I was going to get a drink. I staggered out and sat on the floor in the hall--hidden by a laundry cart--so after a few more minutes of reeling I

staggered down to the nurses station and asked if they had anything to eat. They immediately got me a chair, some orange juice, crackers and milk. I started to feel human about 15 minutes later! I talked with Mel later and found that he had been having the same sensations, only he was already sitting down in the only chair!!

I spent most of Monday (she went in at 3), Tuesday and Wednesday at the hospital. I didn't do much except read and answer the phone and help Beth when she needed it. The nurses were very nice to her--gave her A pluses for getting up to go to the bathroom ahead of schedule and everything! Beth had a very crabby roommate--an older lady who had had kidney surgery and was in a great deal of pain and didn't mind who knew it! Beth didn't get much sleep. Sarah and Mardie held down the fort at home--fixing dinner and cleaning house for me. Tuesday evening, in fact, Mel and I went out to dinner for a few hours--friends were in town for just one night and other friends invited us to come. I hadn't known for sure if we could go, but since Beth was doing so well we decided I could. I came home and brought the girls back with me--Mel had walked over to the hospital from work (I took him over at noon after I stopped reeling). Sarah and Mardie stayed with her and watched the Olympics. Beth got to come home yesterday. I realized on Wednesday evening that I was getting sick--a horrible sore throat. I was afraid I might have gotten something really yukky at the hospital so I went yesterday (after I brought Beth home and did the grocery shopping) to get a throat culture--not strep, thank heavens, but I am on an anti-biotic. Beth and I have had a rather slow 2 days, yesterday and today. I have been running some fever and have a headache, but it is Friday and the column had to be done. Her mouth is quite sore, so she isn't able to eat very much, even real liquid stuff. We saw the doctor this afternoon and he says that she is doing just fine and that the swelling that is bothering her will be gone soon. She has just gone to a part of her friend Ana's birthday party--I made her a milkshake with an egg in it to take along. We are learning what she can eat--it has to filter through her teeth or in through the spaces way in the back where her wisdom teeth were--and it is really sore back there right now. Ah, another wonderful learning experience for us all. I am just hoping that I won't overcompensate for what she can't eat--and put on what she loses!

Most of our slides have come back and we are enjoying looking at them--we aren't as pleased with the color as we have been with others we have taken, but they are still very nice...

I guess that it is time to stop this very long letter--this word processor has made it so easy to add and subtract and reword things--I know there are mistakes, but I am too tired to go back and find them. Much love to you all!!!!

Love,
Pat

We hope your trip was a good one!