

587 North 200 East #205  
Cordova, Utah 84604

19 September 1994

Dear Family,

All righty, here we go. It's Monday night. Yesterday in Church, the first counselor in the bishopric read a letter from the First Presidency which reemphasized the importance of holding regular family home evenings. So, out of fear of feeling like a gross sinner, I....oh yeah, by the way, this is Tim batting lead-off. When I run out of things to write, I'll slide the keyboard over Crystal's way...I picked up our very own copy of the *Family Home Evening Resource Book* from the BYU Bookstore for a whopping \$3.75. (I think Church-published materials are the only items not subject to the bookstore's high and mighty 3000% mark-up)....Gee, don't you hate choppy paragraphs broken up by meaningless attempts at clarification? So anyway, now we have the book and we actually had a lesson tonight. We used the "adaptation for teenagers and adults." Afterwards, for our "activity," we watched an episode of the single greatest television show ever created....that would be *MacGyver* in case you weren't sure...while we drank milkshakes. We're absolutely positive that you care about all this. And ok, maybe the mark-up figure was a slight bit exaggerated. But hey, I think I have a right to feel a little bit shafted for having to spend \$75.00 on a lousy Organic Chemistry textbook.

Went the BYU-Colorado State disgrace on Saturday. Crystal and I picked up our tickets with Grant, about 10 people that we know from our ward, and all of their other friends and friends-of-friends. We all got sunburned, but BYU's defense got just plain burned all afternoon. John Walsh, who looked quite impressive last week and the week before, couldn't hit the broad side of a barn (and he wasn't even aiming for the Colorado State cheerleaders) on Saturday. I felt kind of bad for him. He **really** stunk out the place. That night, our ward had a cookout which consisted mainly of foil dinners, s'mores with your average ward party football tosses scattered in. Every second throw of the football was followed by the predictable line, "Why weren't you out there this afternoon?"

Grant just came over to watch Monday Night Football. I wasn't particularly interested in watching it. But Crystal insisted. HI, Guess who this is. You got it. It's Grant. Crystal decided that she would call me and invite me to see the football game. I had lots of homework, but I decided that I would make her feel better and come over and let her explain to me what's going on. Just kidding. Actually I stole Anson's (Anson is a guy on my floor who loves to lend me things) ten million dollar bike so that Tim and Crystal could be graced with my presence. Well I hear homework calling, "please Grant, we need to be done," I laugh and spit in it's face. Oh well, I think I'm just a little crazy tonight. I'm not exactly sure who's going to get this letter so I hope I haven't offended anyone with my sick, stupid (yet always so eloquent) humor. By the way Dad, school starts again on Jan. 9. Okay, that's all. No it's not. Dad, I just want you to know how beautiful it is to write on this thing after having the opportunity to work on my killer hardware. No hint intended. Alright that's really it, later dude.

Hi, it's Crystal. I can't tell you how excited I am by the beginning of the football season. What, with the cancellation of the baseball season, Tim had worked his way down to only one type of sporting event to watch with great regularity. That one was golf. His incessant pleas of "I wanna go golfing" have now been replaced by studious attention to his chemistry homework along with a great determination to watch any and all even remotely interesting football games. I threw in that chemistry part because I didn't want you to think that he's loafing around doing nothing but it's true all the same, the studiousness, I mean. He's also become very helpful about keeping this place looking nice. It's a good thing because I've become very busy.

I spend pretty much all day every day in an elementary school. Tuesday's my worst day. I leave at 6:45 in the morning and get back at about 7:45 in the evening. I spend all this time going to classes about teaching elementary school, observing and trying to teach at least a couple times a week. The hardest part continues to be maintaining control of a whole class of kids. I've had a couple of nasty experiences with the fifth grade class I'm assigned to. I guess I have to learn some way of putting my foot down without feeling like I'm a monster. The kids are a really fun and I think they're great but sometimes they really push. They also keep wanting me to eat lunch with them and play with them on the playground. Sometimes I do. It's very easy to get along with them on the playground, it's just when I'm trying to get them to do some work that I have a hard time. Anyway, I'm sure I'll get it figured out. That pretty much describes my life right now.

Well, that's the news: Truman Madsen will be the Devotional speaker tomorrow at the Marriott Center. At least some of us Willis cousins are getting together to go see one of our family's claims to fame. Crystal, who took a philosophy of Judaism class from him last year has issued us a challenge to isolate one good solid thesis statement. Apparently, many of his lectures last year were devoid of them. Oh well, we're looking forward to it. See ya.

Love,  
Jared Crystal

- I realize a lot of it is old news now - Oh well.

Dr Madsen's address was very interesting -- hardly a thesis -- but interesting anyway.