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Air Mail

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July 11
Arrived now 6. M. & off to
National Holiday for
Mongolian Peoples' 100th
Republic. (It's a fact!)

Dear Annie, Becky, and Pat

Didn't intend to write again so
soon but I just knew Ann would want
the Rosicrucian Reading list to while away
the leisure hours this summer. And
before you dismiss it all as rubbish I'll have
to tell you that one of the nicest, kindest
Soul-sisters I've ever known was a
Rosicrucian - or still is. She's blind
now and her mind unclouded bit. She's
cousin Claribel's sister and as jolly
in her way as Claribel's always
been. Well, anyway. I'd thought
you'd find the titles interesting. Boy oh
boy, we have the most fascinating
characters in our family on both
sides, from Christian Scientist to
Rosicrucian!

Marcie Pamperin is home now and
in better health than ever. Does
all her own work and is in good
spirits. What does your medical
book say about lupus, Pat? I'm
not certain of the spelling of that

word.

This morning at 7:00 A.M. I was awokened by a group of voices at our front door singing "Joy to the World." Dad had been up for an hour so answered the door. Yes, you guessed it. It was a group of Methodists, giving out pieces of watermelon, asking us to join them as they went from house to house in the area (Methodist homes) and to invite us to the worship service at Emerson Jr. High pool!

Yes, you guessed it. We went to the service in our bathing suits under our casual dress. Sang a few folk songs, had our feet washed by Darrell who does a marvelous foot massage. Swam, had communion of French bread and watermelon, a brief message on foot-washing etc. Rich Kuhlman also washed my feet. I realized later my feet are all calloused and rough from wearing sandals sans stockings and walking on hot pavement.

"Poor dear, no man ever looked twice at her." She was friendless and forlorn. She had callouses and rough heels because she refused to rub her feet with pumice stone and vegetable oil. Teh, teh, tchad the children especially liked

church at the pool. Dad and I still prefer Neal's plan of having worship in the sanctuary, then taking an afternoon for picnicing or swimming with the congregation. Both activities suffer a bit when combined. Guess we're not of a mind that worship has to be a "fun thing." However, it was good to see our Methodist friends again. They are sweet, kind people and we enjoy them personally.

For Ann - Marilyn Feather had a baby boy. Had to return to the hospital as he has "naval trouble". Jim Feather, a really nice man, was laid off by the University. Is now jobless with 4 children to support. They are very depressed.

Terri's mother talked to us from 1:30 until 3:50 this afternoon. As Dad said, "I guess she has a lot on her mind." Terri is having a rough time over the breakup of the family and seems to be taking it out on her mother. Her mother goes to a counselor each week and Parent-child discussion group. She carries it all on her shoulders since she now understands what's been happening for years in her life, her husband's, etc. Terri bottles everything up. Perhaps we can ~~make~~ help her express herself. Mrs. Hart has not always given good counsel to either Terri or her

mother. I have confidence that her
mother will work it all out in time.

For the General Public

Pat is working on his Matthew
lecture for tomorrow. He just wandered
in and announced he had completed
the first section. And went on to
say, "you've heard of the coffee
break and coke break, well here's
one taking a pee-break!"

This is a good time to close.
How come Freeman ripped most of
the seams on dad's 24-hour fun
pants? He isn't that fat! Or does he
have an exceptionally large seat?
The Moores and some Levisters too are
afflicted with flat seats, but really
dad is larger all over than Freeman.
Did Rich get hung-up on the dining
board?

Love and be good
and careful.