

Journal - II, 162

I delivered my letter for Mike Prokes and saw Joyce Parks to consult her about seeing the nurses in Los Angeles for examination of my breasts.

I saw Terry Carter. She has been in the hospital, had an appendectomy and a growth removed from her uterus. She has lost much weight. She is living at Joyce Parks' house on the Temple grounds.

The service was out about 12.30. I was supposed to give a man a ride but couldn't find him. I gave to Jerry Bailey on the seniors' bus orders for skirts I had received at the office and money for a little pillow sold to Nicci.

I took home two of Contonia's grandchildren and Magnolia.

I washed dishes.

I read the newspaper for an hour. I went to bed at 3.00.

11 September - Th - I did some overhead work for Garb.

I estimated my financial situation for the rest of the month, preparatory to saving out enough money from my pay checks to take care of my Temple commitment and deciding how much I could pay back on my bank loan. Not having received a statement from the bank yet, I phoned them and arranged to make a payment today.

I ate my lunch at my desk.

I went to the bank.

I telephoned Lorraine to see whether she could go to the open meeting of the Temple on Saturday, 20 September. Members can invite anyone they wish, with the only restrictions people who are tolerant of George Wallace or politicians of his ilk, people who believe every word of the Bible is true, and those not open to miracles. Lorraine said she was going to be so busy for a few months that she was not going out at all. At present she is interviewing applicants for her manuscript typing. She has to have a whole new staff. Everything in the apartment has to be packed away to prepare for painters in October.

I exercised in the apartment.

I took care of chores in connection with my complexion and teeth and washed my hair while dinner cooked.

I ate my dinner, which consisted of vegetarian patties, yam, peppers stuffed with spaghetti and mushrooms, and honeydew melon. I washed dishes.

I washed underwear and the pant suit lent to me by Beulah Pendleton for the Disneyland trip.

I packed for the Los Angeles trip while I listened to "In Conversation."

11-2-85

I read for an hour.

It was nearly 2.00 before I got to bed.

12 September - F - I got my time card in; again most of my time was spent on overhead.

I was kept busy most of the day on work from Garb, as this was the last day before his vacation. I typed two memos on two jobs concerned with hotel construction in the Philippines. I also spent two hours on an Anaconda contract.

I ate lunch at my desk and went at 12.00 to the meeting of the Bechtel Women for Affirmative Action. A speaker, Dr. Marion Wood, discussed "Women in Management." She is a professor of business management.

In the afternoon I typed the first part of an analysis by Garb of the contract he has been negotiating with Iran Air. I had to work from his difficult hand-written draft. I stayed an hour overtime. I had not known how late I would be getting to the Temple service and was prepared to eat out and take a taxi. However, I did not do so but went home on the bus when finished.

I got home at 6.20, prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes. I finished packing and dressed.

I left for the Temple at 9.00. I parked on Geary. When I arrived in the auditorium, Jim was already on the podium.

A tape of a former sermon was played, his solemn words on the overthrow of Allende in Chile and the tortures of the socialists.

While he took the offering, Jim mentioned the Muslims, who, as in the Zebra trial, don't stand up for each other, get no benefits such as we have, but whose leaders have Rolls-Royces, and yet pay 33% of their gross income to their organization. Jim made a strong appeal to us to become communal, so that we can save money. New rooms are being made in the Temple. He asked for more people to move in, and some applicants had their names taken.

Tommy Moore and Bryan Davis are behaving better.

Derrin Purifoy was on the floor for threatening to fight. He was pretending to be tough. He is ungrateful after Jim had saved his life. He had to fight a girl. He protected his head and wouldn't fight back, was whipped badly.

Gary, small son of June Strain, had kicked a senior, wouldn't obey his mother, made fun of a brother with a scar. He also had to fight a girl, but he stood up to her well. However, his nose was bleeding, and he too was beaten.

HH-2-84