

Rua Maestro António Taborda, 6  
Lisboa, Portugal  
6 de Abril de 1948

Dearest Mother,

We have lots of things to write about, and I don't know whether I can pack everything in this letter or not, but here goes. First, Olive's letter came through to this address in less than 72 hours. The spelling of our new address was all right. Second, some news about us.

On Easter Sunday we went for a sunrise service to the house of Senhor Holden across the river. Our service was not quite what we are accustomed to, but we had a good fellowship together, children and all. The Easter breakfast we had talked about before Easter arrived turned out to be pretty much split up. The Hendersons, the other American Board couple with us here in Lisbon, had invited two or three of the single girls some time before and did not remember that they had done so until a very late hour. So they were tied up with their guests and could not come to our house. We had as guests two Canadian girls, and one American girl, besides our Portuguese friends who live with us and Mrs. Pontier. Betty made pancakes and sugar syrup for the staple food, and we had oranges and bananas for fruit, and coffee or cocoa for drink. Afterward the girls went off to church. Then I followed. Betty was unable to go because we had no one to take care of the boys. I see that I didn't tell you that we came back to our house for the breakfast. Well, then I'll tell you now.

Last Sunday neither Betty nor I went to church, and we just barely got Kenny to Sunday school. The reason for our failure to get to church was that of failing to keep up with the times, or rather change of time. Because we had no paper on Saturday, and also because we did not listen sharply to the radio, we did not realize that April 4 was the day when the Daylight Saving Time of Portugal ( Hora de Verão ) would go into effect. We woke at the usual hour on Sunday morning, about seven o'clock. At nine-fifteen we had finished our breakfasts and were going about preparations to attend church and take the boys to Sunday school, now being held in the house of Senhor Ribeiro, the minister of the church to which we go and one of teachers, when Hal Steed called us on the phone which we have in this house and said that the ~~10:15~~ hour which we were using was probably wrong. He was right. By our watches and clocks it was 10 o'clock. By the hour of the new time it was, of course, 11 o'clock. We did some mad scrambling after that and managed to get one boy to Sunday school, but neither one of us could hurry fast enough under the existing conditions to reach the church for an 11:15 service. Tommy would have gone to Sunday school, but did his duty in his pants at the last minute and so had to remain at home. Betty was sort of under the weather, too, with her monthly fracas.

A little about the day before Sunday now. We celebrated Kenneth's birthday by having a party on ~~Saturday~~ Saturday afternoon. Kenneth acted like a grown-up as he presided over the table. I wish I could have gotten a picture, but could not because my batteries for the flash bulbs had run down too much to make the bulb flash, and there was not enough light in the room to make it possible for me to take the quick movements of children. I tried, but I'm afraid that the pictures will be too dark. The film in the camera is Kodachrome. However, I can tell you something about the party. All the children of missionaries in Lisbon were present: Paul and Sue Blake, Barbara Joy Schaad, Joy and Catherine Steed, Kathleen and Nancy Henderson. Besides there were two of Sr. Pinto Ribeiro's children: the older, King, and the younger, Margarida.