

**Korea Seoul Mission
Personal Journal – Volume 2
(OCR Transcribe Assisted)
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A Few Days Back in Bountiful, Utah

November 1, 1978

Wednesday. I awoke at 12:00 noon to Mom who asked if I was going to sleep all day. Surprised at the time, I jumped out, showered in the old shower and bathroom which I had somewhat painted, carpeted and fixed up. The nozzle seemed a bit low, but I don't think I grew that much.

Yvonne was still here with the boys and we talked some. I also tried to organize some of the stuff. I still had on my suit until I was to be released. Most of the day at home just talking.

Dad and I went to see President Godfrey who seemed overly routine about the interview, but his advice was good. He explained by word of mouth that there is no "laying on of hands" but I was hereby released.

JPB

November 11, 1978

Saturday. Tomorrow I will report to the Bountiful 18th Ward about my mission. It seems unreal to refer to this sermon in sacrament meeting as though I'd been on a long camp with the scouts. How can I say much of anything concerning 2 years of a mission in 30 minutes? I will only be able to relate a few experiences and hopefully a strong testimony and witness to the things which I've come to know with a deeper understanding and conviction that are true.

I've come down to the Bountiful Library with Jay, my brother-in-law, as he is studying. I will use this time to record some of my feelings of the past few weeks. I really feel bad I haven't kept at this, but the way schedules work in this irregular life pattern has made it difficult until the 6th and next to impossible since then.

I started working at Grand Central Warehouse in outer Salt Lake City (\$4.25/hr) and leaving at 6:15 a.m., while I am still suffering from jet lag. Activities at home have kept me up until 11:00-11:30 at night too.

Where does the journal fit? Well, it will, somehow. I've tried to read in the scriptures every day even though it be 1 or 2 verses just to qualify. I know I must fix that.

I've had some lacking prayers too. All-in-all, I've been disappointed with living almost the same as before. The first week home I was sure to die from spiritual starvation, but thank goodness for Sunday. I was filled.

November 11, 1978 (continued)

I have been counseled many times to be patient with the ward and their imperfections, and I have seen some, but on the whole, this ward is doing very well.

Many members expressed their love for Bishop Drake as he is such a fine man and active. I appreciate him as well as my old Bishop Beck. So, if never before, did I learn the need and blessing of the Sabbath Day.

I've been down to Provo to check on school and teaching at the L.T.M. (now called M.T.C.), to the Ogden Temple with Van Pilkington, to Doctor Heath to have the cyst removed from my face, to the U of U for a basketball intramural game with Heaths, about Bountiful eating a few things just last night with Dan Rampton, and mostly working at the warehouse.

Marcia came yesterday for the weekend and my report, yet no dating!

I feel very incompetent with my English conversation. I seem to be dull, only showing enthusiasm when Korea can be discussed. I'm anxious for someone who can speak Korean. I may lose it all if I don't do some kind of action to keep it. The most difficult thing is when someone asks me to speak some Korean and it is silly and uncomfortable since they laugh and do not understand. I must make a visit to the M.T.C. and see some Korean R.M.'s and some old L.T.M. instructors.

(Continued)

I am beginning to feel more comfortable at home, but working at the

warehouse is not so easy. The work will provide me with physical strength, good, but the people I work with, always remembering potential investigators of the non-members, have corrupting powers I must not give in to.

Swearing is very hard to hear, and poor speech, diction and grammar is embarrassing. I'm reading during breaks, trying to still be friendly by speaking when spoken to. I don't want to give the cold shoulder, but I don't want to be as many of them are. It is a worldly place.

My goal is to make prayer and scriptures a part of every morning for a daily spiritual experience. Therein lies my salvation. I admonish all to do the same.

Our family seems happier than 2 years ago, but we are still missing prayers at breakfast and at night. I've noticed Dad doing some reading, but he is yet overly impatient and lacking understanding. I worry about him more than all the rest. He doesn't seem happy nor does he look good.

I tried to open up things between us, but he could not. If there is a man I do not know, it is my father. It is another goal of mine to talk to him.

I have already spent one night talking to Mom till 4:00 a.m. one night. She has progressed.

Daddy is a loving person, unselfish, and a man I respect very much. I take pride in knowing he is my father.

It was good to visit with Grandma and Grandpa at Hoskings. Uncle Bob was there for a few minutes and shared some work, names, and places where he had been and I was aware of. But Grandmother seemed merely older, and after all the things they have been through, I am amazed and proud of her development. Grandpa was clever as usual, telling stories of himself as much as possible. How I love them. All of us in our imperfections, and yet how I love my family.

Ron and Shari are married. It is a bit strange to walk into a home where a girl I don't know is treated as sister.

Yvonne and Jack have two little boys who are separate persons, very different and very smart. J.P. is amazingly sharp and very alive. Dusty, a little slower due mostly to baby fat, is the cuddly one. I am family to them.

Cherie is pretty, doing well in school. I don't know her in her new frame and character.

Devin is 2 years older, still is a child, but more mature and concerned with others than himself in many things.

Mom is skinnier, and attractive. Dad is a terrific grandfather. What a blessed group.

I did go to Mormon Youth Symphony rehearsal, helped at a few parts for recording. I was very disappointed with the group. They do fair to middle, but I'm dissatisfied unless I find opportunity as the tympanist. Don [Marsh] is still lingering. I will stay away for a while longer. When the chance comes, I will speak with Robert Bowden about other interests.

Other interests right now: I would like to purchase a marimba and begin that world again. I want a slide projector. I want to do personal history. I want a car cassette player, but I guess I need a car first. I would like a scholarship at school to help out too. I've thought about a health spa and physical work-out. I want to establish regularity in my life-style.

I'm enjoying being home with family and friends. I long for Korea, and that world again.

I want to get going at school, but I don't know in what. I'll be starting in music. I thought it interesting that Van Pilkington has not registered for orchestra. He is in the U's A Cappella, but that is all. He is in business. Big change in him. I will do some experimenting around until I find myself.

It's a whole new life ahead. Jeff

November 13, 1978

Monday. A day at work, and Family Home Evening.

Sunday was a good day. I attended regular meetings and Young Adult Sunday School. Van had a few minutes to say hello and bear a short testimony.

I spent an hour outlining a few things for my talk. Changed from my light brown suit to the blue one because Jay said darker colors give you authority. I enjoyed the opportunity to speak.

1 hour and 2 minutes, as Danny informed me. Marcia left a few minutes before the meeting ended, so I don't know her impressions. Many ward members had kind comments. Elder Oswald's parents were there, Heaths, Scott & Kim Hosking, and Lila (Reese). Others were prevented to come by the weather.

Working at the warehouse is an old familiar experience. It gives me an opportunity to do a lot of missionary work. I first need to establish friendship with the group, which is coming slow as our characters and patterns are so different. The swearing is hard to have to listen to, and the topic of conversation is dull. I still have the greatest feeling to talk about Korea, but I don't want to be annoying. FHE was O.K. A little rough getting started. Weekly is the key. I have a goal to read in D&C 4:30-5:00 p.m. every day, to insure that spirituality. It's also a goal to keep away from the T.V.

November 19, 1978

Another week. I've been home 3 weeks! I'm not adjusted.

I'm working at Grand Central's warehouse, which has only given me a slap in the face as to how crude and coarse Americans are. At least employees there.

December 4, 1978

Monday Evening. I've had a lot happen. Time is going at a continued clip, and I'm glad. I'm anxious for school in January. Not that I'm unhappy now, but I'd like to have more social life and learning. Work at the warehouse is boring.

My mission has really ended. I felt that as I met this evening at the Oswald's home, my companion's family. His girlfriend and family was also there. I gave a slide presentation and showed some of the trinkets I brought home. All the reference to things past hit hard.

The welcome and attention I received for, "Oh, is that what you did?!" made it explicit.

I will include my testimony in the next few pages, or the questions' answers asked of the President in our last interview.

Jeffrey Paul Belnap

THIS CONCLUDES THE MISSIONARY JOURNAL. NO MORE ENTRIES!!