

June 4, 1989

Dear Family:

I've been rivited to the news channel today, watching the tragic events unfold in China and have felt so grateful that I was blessed (dare I use the word?) to be born in this great country--that, despite our grief over taxes and government bloating and interference, we still have so many basic freedoms that the majority of the world's population are still denied! It breaks my heart to see the brutal treatment the Chinese government has taken to quell the students' revolt. I wonder what part these events may play in the future opening of China for missionary work. It's all very interesting. God bless them. I just thought of a quote I once learned by John Adams: "I must study politics and war that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy...in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry and music." I guess we're fortunate to be the generation that studies poetry and music.

Well, that's enough profundity for one day. When one considers that people are giving their lives for democracy, our little activities can seem pretty trivial, but here goes, anyway.

This was the last week of school for the kids. Drives me crazy that Greg will be a senior next year. He took the SAT test yesterday and will take the ACT next week. Last week was the school's production of Brigadoon, in which Greg played Tommy, and very well, I might add. He didn't get to kiss the girl, though, as she was unwilling. We finally joined the rest of the Joneses and got ourselves a Video Cam-Corder, so now we have the ultimate in home movies. Anyone want to come over? We have Greg's play and John's Little League games on video. (We didn't take Emily's recital, though; seemed too uncultured, I guess.) Greg qualified for AP English next year and just took the AP History Exam--no results yet.

Emily played a Chopin Waltz in her recital last month, and did well. Mom here had to cough up the bribe payment that kept Emily playing this year. She will take again next year without a bribe. I think she finally sees some value in it and is playing very well. Emily is very vivacious, has tons of friends, is very self-confident, and very loud. It still surprises me that my kids aren't carbon copies of me or Marty.

Erin, now, is more like me: dreamy, artistic, shy and uncomfortable in new situations, and not very athletic. She is self confident about performing, though, and last week sang a solo in the school talent show, with actions she made up herself. She's about ready to graduate to a full-size violin and will be trying out for an orchestra this week.

John is the star of his Little League team and they count on him to hit a home run or two every game. He's begun piano lessons so as not to be musically illiterate in this musical family, but I think his talents lie athletically. I just told John that tomorrow we were going to go to the Library to get books to read this summer and he said, "borrrrrring." Looks like I've got my work cut out for me--"no t.v. until 100 pages are read."

My students gave their piano recital at our home last night. (10 students) All did well except one, who panicked and gave up in the middle of her songs.

Marty is in Europe this week, missing the trauma of my 40th birthday. He is now a High Councilor in our Stake and has been called to be a Gospel Doctrine teacher. Marty says what he really wants to do (when he makes his million, or the kids graduate from college, whichever comes first,) is teach math at Pinewood High School. I guess that's better than his old dream of having a farm somewhere out in the country.

Well, hope all is well at your house. We're surviving here. Barely.

Love,

