

May 1, 2002

Dear Wesley + Irene,

I am sending you a copy of Warren Parle's "Christmas" letter. He always has a long comprehensive newsletter, but this beats even his most remarkable to date. I haven't told him that I'm sending a copy to you + to Alice, but I'm sure he won't mind. It seems every generation of a family should have a valuable member like Warren. Certainly his brothers nor his Dad have produced anything as long!

Happy springtime - about to arrive!

Love,

Enelya

Dear Aunt Evelyn and Uncle Eric --

*Evelyn  
(Howard)  
Henderson* } I forwarded this copy to her  
youngest  
brother  
Wesley  
at UPS  
Port Rowan  
Feb 19-27 2002  
2/19-2/27/02

No, this isn't exactly my Christmas letter, but I certainly haven't forgotten about you all this time; you have been in my thoughts from time to time throughout the intervening months. I had high hopes of getting a good letter off to you in mid-December, but everything fell apart with my time commitments and many letters got put off (in other words, I got so busy that I gave up). Patty sent off a good number of Christmas cards but I didn't get to send hardly any. Sorry this has taken so long...No excuse of course, but here are some reasons my time evaporated: 1) I had a sale on piano tunings for the months of December and January (send off 500 reminder postcards to customers of mine overdue for their piano tunings, and an unexpectedly large number responded). 2) Robert, Barbara and the three now grown nephews came for a week's visit between Christmas and New Years. 3) Patty's mom, brother and his wife had our traditional Christmas events: Christmas eve present opening at Nona's (who is still doing quite well living on her own alone in a suburban senior's townhouse complex), Christmas dinner at our house and a special brunch at Pat and Greg's house, including more presents. 4) Daughter Catherine and her husband Ben came for a five-day visit after New Years. 5) We attended a couple of friends' holiday parties during that time span too. 6) Patty and I were heavily involved with a big benefit concert during the first part of December for the Center for Global Education, where Patty works at Augsburg College, and a lot of time was devoted to organizing the event--with many others at the Center--publicity, mailings, etc. There were plenty of days during the last two months that I came home from a day of piano tunings (some days up to five tunings) completely exhausted and in no mood for anything but supper and sleep.

I received your letter around Christmastime. I'm pleased that you are still maintaining your equilibrium in spite of troubling episodes, such as weeks in the hospital for Eric to kick that nasty viral infection. I gather that all is well with all the children and grandchildren (five or so now?) and that many of you got together for your traditional Christmas gatherings. Evelyn, you did not touch on your own health picture: I assume that you are doing fine in spite of various mild-to-serious threats from your cancer recurrences over the past few years. I have heard vague info from you and Wesley. Please provide an update if you are willing. Are you feeling okay? Has that problem with back pain mentioned a while ago been resolved? Are you taking glucosamine? How is life at the new apartment? It must be quite a change from having so large a house. How many rooms do you have now?

You made reference to my dream of taking a trip through Canada to see you both (and others nearby), and on to see New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. No, it did not happen in 2001; no trip was taken except for a few days on Lake Superior last summer. The major reason was that the Park family reunion, held every five years, was headquartered in Minneapolis this time. James and I were the main organizers, with plenty of help from Patty, and Robert and Barbara (260 miles away, so we communicated often via e-mail). We took a lot of care to make sure that the whole week of events was

planned carefully, and notices sent to everyone, tickets for plays and concerts purchased in advance, and lots of outings put together for us all, including visits as a group to the Minnesota Science Museum, the Minnesota Zoo, the Guthrie Theater, the Minnesota Orchestra, picnics at the parks, an outing with canoes on the Minneapolis lakes, and gatherings at both our house, and James and his girlfriend's place. It was a blast, even though it took a lot of effort and money--and it was worth it. Besides Patty, Daniel and I, and James and Rita, we had nearly everyone who can trace a connection through Wilford here, including Douglas, his new wife Betty, his three children Donavon, Renee and Kevin and their families (three spouses, and eight kids all together from ages 3-26), Betty Ponder (my older sister who remembers you well from her life in Canada) and her daughter Jennifer with her husband Brian--their two collage-age children stayed behind, as did Linda, Betty's other daughter, her husband and two kids. Also in attendance. all of the Wisconsin parks (Robert and family) and also missing, Catherine and Ben. So we had a pretty good turnout, around thirty. Next time, 2006 in California, perhaps even more will come. In short, we devoted our resources of time and money in 2001 to the reunion instead of taking a long vacation.

This year, 2002, will be taken up with business as usual except for two major travel excursions. This May and early June, Patty, Nona, Daniel and I will be doing the east US, flying to Virginia and driving to see Colonial Williamsburg (have you ever been there?), then a jaunt to the west by car to see the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina, followed by a visit to a famous mansion in Asheville, NC called the Biltmore house where the Vanderbilts lived, then on to see the sights of Charleston, South Carolina and Savannah, Georgia before flying home again. This will be right after Daniel graduates from college in mid-May. It should be a very special time for the four of us. And then in October and early November, Patty, Daniel and I will be taking another special tour in Europe (England/Scotland in 2000 was really memorable). This time we are hooking up with a tour company called 'Rick Steve's Europe Through the Back Door.' This tour company takes care of the bus transportation and lodging arrangements (many overnights are in small bed-and-breakfasts) throughout the whole 17 days, but we are largely on our own during each of the stops. We will be armed with Rick Steve's tour books and phrase books and a lot of research to make sure we get to see all the major sites, and many of the minor places too, in hopes of getting a taste of the life, country and people we'll be visiting. Where, you ask? We are spending the whole time in Spain and Portugal this time; none of us have been there ever. It should be a real adventure. Probably not as adventuresome as many of those solar eclipse club travels that you took all the time a while ago, but a good start for us. We haven't had much chance, or the financial wherewithal to travel like this before now. We are looking forward to the chance to take some of the trips that the Elderhostel system sponsors that Betty and Charlie have taken over the last five years. Traveling is something I've always wanted to be able to do and as long as we are healthy enough to hike around on our own at some of these exotic places, I think we should go for it.

I continue to work on my music compositions. I recently wrote a seven minute piece for solo piano based on the feeling and 'conventions' of ragtime and old jazz piano music. I just had it recorded with some fine recording equipment I now have at my house, on my own concert grand piano (the same one that was here when you visited here years ago, a Steinway made in 1877). The performer was the music director at our church, a fine professional pianist who has appeared with our major orchestras here and recorded (mostly as a side-musician or a member of a small chamber group) over forty commercial classical CD's. It's wonderful to hear one's own music performed capably, and it turns out that this piece is very entertaining and unusual at the same time. It seems to me that I sent you a home-made CD of some of my music last year but you have been unable to hear it since you don't own a CD player yet. Do you have a player now? Are you able to have any of your children bring one of theirs over so you can listen? The CD 'boomboxes' now available (portable easily-carried CD players with speakers and radios inside) now cost only about \$60, and the personal CD players with the headphones only can cost as low as \$30. They are very easy to learn to use and the sound is remarkably good, with the lightweight headphones bringing the sound directly to your ears. If you don't have one of those players yet, allow me to send you one as a gift so you can listen to music--mine and any one else's. You'll enjoy having one (if you don't already). There is another CD you both should hear that our church music program put out a few months ago that includes two of my vocal compositions, along with selections from our choir, our folk band and our jazz big band--all the groups sound just wonderful. The CD is yours free if you can use it!

I remember a good Hollywood movie ('Milagro Beanfield War;' did you see it?) from a few years ago that was set in New Mexico in the 1970s. In this movie an urban American living in a small town had befriended an old Hispanic man who had never been out of the neighboring countryside or even to a major city in his life. Not quite understanding the principle behind those little CD players with the headphones, the old man allowed his young friend to try them out on him. The scene is very well acted by the old man. As soon as the guy places the headphones on the man for the first time, he leaps up in surprise, alarm and panic, waving his arms, frantically looking every which way to see where all that music is coming from. The friend snatches the headphones off right away and the oldster is left bewildered but no longer terrified. Before long he wants to try it again. Hopefully, you have had some experience already with these players; they sound very realistic. By the way, you may have heard of some recent Hollywood films, such as 'Pearl Harbor,' 'Black Hawk Down,' 'O' (for Othello) and 'Forty Days and Forty Nights' featuring a new young superstar actor named Josh Hartnett. Josh was in the same class at South High School here in Minneapolis with our son Jonathan, and they were somewhat acquainted. I remember seeing Josh on stage three times in the school plays and musicals they put on during that period (1993-95). He showed amazing talent and potential even then and now he's a very popular personality in his early twenties, 'taking Hollywood by storm.'

Daniel, now 21, soon to be 22, is just finishing his last semester of college at Hamline University. If all goes as expected, he'll be graduating with a BA in sociology in May. He has no idea what he wants to do then other than work a while at any job he likes so that he can save enough to move to a different city and live there for a while. He wants to get out and travel and see the world some. I approve; I just hope he does it wisely with consideration to practical matters such as having the financial means not to get stuck in a situation he finds troubling, and not to isolate himself from his support network of friends and family. We hope for the best for him; he's a wonderful man just now starting to reach adulthood--not entirely there just yet, but stretching his wings and his circle of acquaintances and branching out into new things. I am really looking forward to taking these two trips with him, especially to one in the fall to Spain and Portugal. He is very good company on these excursions, and I believe he really likes spending time with us too. I remember Eric mentioning once that one never stops being a parent, no matter how old the children get. I suppose that remains true for both even now. How are the grown kids doing? Are they all healthy and happy? You did mention a few details about their lives but an update and refresher course is always good. I intend to continue to be a connected and valued parent to Daniel and Catherine for the rest of my life. I'm sure that this description also fits you both well.

Catherine and Ben are doing well enough. Ben is still working up to the top of his family's company, which makes packaging of all sorts for commercial use. His father, the president of the company, will be retiring at 70 in four years. Ben has already learned a great deal about how the company runs and has worked closely with many of the over 200 employees already. Ben is working hard to make some really important reforms and improvements and his father has resisted the necessary changes in part due to loyalty to long-term employees (who may no longer be as effective as they once were). Things are always changing and the modernization of methods and processes needs to happen for the company to stay healthy. This, Ben's Dad realizes, but nonetheless he has not been a very effective leader, according to my biased reports. Ben and his Dad are sometimes at odds, but work together quite well generally. Many company employees hope that Ben will in fact assume the company leadership when the time comes, because that will likely mean stability and continuity for most of them, as opposed to the no-man's-land of confusion and possible chaos should the company get sold to another owner in four years. I think Ben is certainly up to the task and would be a good, conscientious and effective boss for the business. We'll see how things play out.

Catherine herself has recently quit her very good job as a 'wordsmith' for the Keybanks system, where she helped to write, in proper and clear English, most of the letters, brochures, ads and other communications to the customers and the public. It was a tiring and not-too-satisfying job for her. She was very good at it but found it frustrating not to be really applying her skills to her own very important creative writing, which is the most important work she has. Besides, there is a limit to the number of ways a writer can say to the bank customers that it is to their own benefit that the fees are going to go up. "To serve you better, we are going to be charging a higher service fee..." etc.

Anyway, she is happy to be back home working on anything she wants to, without the nine-to-five grind. She is looking forward to her chance at last to really get into some of the writing she has been putting off since the days at Columbia University, where she earned a master's in creative writing a few years ago now.

Catherine and Ben went through a terrible time this last April with the premature birth and death of their only child thus far, Jacob. He was born four months prematurely and there was nothing that could be done. Since then, a number of tests have been conducted to determine what happened and the news is that the complications arose due to a very unusual problem with her uterus. Apparently the doctors have learned that she has a condition where her uterus is actually malformed, growing in two lobes on the top half. This problem, while rare, is not so rare that it doesn't have a name: it's called a 'bicornate' uterus. She had experienced three or four major episodes of bleeding during the pregnancy that brought her to the emergency room at the hospital each time. It has been suggested that the smart thing to do during her next pregnancy, which all the medical consultants encourage them to go ahead with, is be prepared to spend a lot of time with constant bed rest so the pregnancy won't be jeopardized. If the implantation of the fetus takes place in the bottom half of her uterus where there is still plenty of room, things will likely go well, full term, with few complications and no real need to stay in bed. But if the implantation catches in either of the two lobes higher up, things could get crowded and tend to come loose, or at least bleed and maybe induce premature labor. Bed rest should help the situation in that event, according to the specialists in 'at risk' pregnancies. Both Ben and Catherine, and by extension, Patty and I, have learned a lot about this condition, and we are all cautiously optimistic. It really means a lot to them to have children, and now is the time in their lives for it to happen, if possible. Catherine is now 35 years old, already, remarkably. Patty and I have no other grandchildren yet, with Daniel only 21, so we are all pretty wrapped up in the progress of the next pregnancy which they plan for sometime this winter or spring. As you may have surmised, this whole thing is a leading reason for Catherine to quit her job (they have enough income from Ben alone) so she will be able to devote her entire time and effort to seeing the pregnancy safely through with no distractions, deadlines or any demands on her time or attention. We all hope for the best for them. They were pretty devastated with Jacob's death and don't want to go through anything that harrowing again. The future will tell. It is certainly out of our hands.

Patty continues to work for the Center for Global Education, where she can be termed 'middle management' now. She has a number of important tasks that she has to take care of every day, and she has become a very essential part of the ten-person staff at the Minneapolis headquarters. There are a number of other employees, many of them natives, in the countries where study sites are situated: Mexico, Nicaragua, Guatemala and Namibia (southern Africa). Students of all ages are constantly taking study abroad trips to these sites and some other trips that the Center sponsors and organizes. The travelers take relevant classes usually full time while they are on the excursions. It is a very effective program that gives the participants some first-hand experience and

education in third world settings. 'Enlightening and sobering and life-affirming,' according to the common post-trip feedback from the participants. Patty helps with the publicity of the travel programs, including visits for presentations and one-to-one discussions with potential travelers at many area colleges, and she also is involved with the production of several of the publications that the Center creates. It feels like it is important work to be doing, a good organization to be involved with, useful and valuable in today's world. Aside from that, Patty is still struggling to finish up her now quite long Master's thesis about 'servant leadership' as demonstrated by three important writers, Vaclav Havel, Madeline L'Engel and Gabriel Garcia Marquez. She has a fine advisor on the Augsburg college staff, a creative writing professor with a Ph.D. Patty has learned a great deal about the writing of such a detailed and complicated academic tome. She feels like she has to complete the task now that she's gotten this far, but now realizes that she could have bitten off a much less complex subject and completed her M.A. long ago, like last spring. Many others in her master's program have completed their work with much less dramatic (and traumatic) master's theses. It should make interesting reading when it is finally finished. Her course work was completed over a year ago now. She plans to graduate this spring, one day after Daniel graduates.

So life spins on with constant demands on one's time and various complications from time to time, but in general it has been a wonderful adventure thus far. I have high hopes for the future of all of the family members, for my music, Patty's career, Daniel's full life ahead, Catherine and Ben's lives, the new babies, Catherine's dreams to be a professional writer and Ben's hopes to be an first-rate company president. And we expect to broaden ourselves with more travel in the coming years, a stretching-out that has been put off due to various roadblocks before this. I think you have presented an admirable precedent in your travel adventures and we hope to be as involved and experienced as you by the time we reach our 80's. I suspect that you also think of your lives as wonderful adventures, and I hope your children and all the rest of us on the periphery of your remarkable sphere of influence take your example as the way to lead full lives. I hope that your family and all the grandchildren fully realize just how remarkable you are, and how hugely important it is for everyone to make the most of what they are granted to work with. I admire your individualism, energy (now toned down, I suspect), zest for everything you are involved with, and enlightened approach to everything. You've had your influence on me even from afar and with our too infrequent contact. I thank you for that. This is a lot like the concept of 'servant leadership' Patty's has been working with, especially as expounded by a well-known writer, named Robert Greenleaf (in case you want to read the text of a talk he's given or a book he's written). You have both been 'leaders,' in your own quiet ways, by example, by the way you do things and the impact you have among those around you in the lives you have led. It is a leadership that does not need or use a position of power at all, and is not at all motivated by the desire to 'control,' it uses only the natural contacts you have had in your everyday lives, professional and otherwise. Servant leaders are able to have a sometimes profound positive impact in the community and world they serve simply by the way they effect progress and growth and improvement through their own careful decisions about how

best to use their time and effort. Servant leaders who are writers have a very large sphere of influence sometimes, creating and spreading good among hundreds and thousands of people at a time through their printed words. But even you, without having written published books, have had a wide-reaching positive influence among a wider circle of society than you probably realize. Congratulations. And keep it up as best you can.

As I mentioned before, I like to think of you, Evelyn, as the sort of person my mother would have been if she had lived as long as you. From what I have learned about her and remember myself, she was a good parent for me when I was really small, and she had a positive influence among the people and community she touched, too. I like to think that her gift to me still lives on in the way I try to lead my own life today. I hope that I am doing some good in the work I'm wrapped up in on my church music committee, the neighborhood writer's group (this year's writer's festival is planned for early April), the art fair we do each year across the street in August, etc., and my music school, which I don't have much involvement with anymore, but is still cooking along after 31 years, providing music lessons and classes to hundreds of people a year. And I hope that my music will provide some entertainment, awakening and 'uplift' to those who hear it. I still think that all creative arts have the potential to do a tremendous amount of good in people's inner selves (it has in me) and I want to carry on with the cause of bringing art of all kinds to as many people's lives as possible. So anyway, I hope to do a little towards carrying on the tradition that my mother and you both seem to have promoted: live life with a lot of thought for the good of others and the world, make a difference, be a leader in the manner you apply yourself. (Of course, this doesn't mean forgetting about taking care of yourself; that's still an important part of the balance to strive for.) Naturally, your and Mother's common Christian faith has had a lot to do with your motivation and the impetus for your actions, and I still cherish the values Mother instilled in me. I remember feeling proud in second grade Sunday school at Hennepin Ave. Methodist Church in Minneapolis when I heard my mother's name announced as the dedicatee for a giant painting of Jesus hung on the wall in the Sunday school room, paid for by the others in church she had worked with before her death. And I remember I no trouble reading the inscription on the little brass plate with her name on it.

I'm becoming more aware of the shortness of time now too. There's an awful lot I still hope to accomplish with what I have left; I'm getting the idea that I shouldn't be too casual with my spare time. You both are now in the 'twilight' as they say, and I hope you feel reassured that you did well with your time. From a distance, as I see it, it appears that you have a great deal to be proud of; with a lot of people, family and friends and colleagues, who think the world of you, and you deserve it, you have earned it. When I think how quickly things can change in the course of one's life, everyone should make the best of things in the most timely fashion possible. Those 3000 people in the World Trade Center on September 11th last year had no inkling that suddenly today would be their last day on Earth. It has been a terribly stressful few months for the whole world, especially for Americans. People here everywhere during the first three months were just beside themselves with grief, sorrow and terror. "What is this world coming to?" was a common



theme everywhere I went in my piano tuning travels (a better-than-average way to take the pulse of the public). People were distraught and horrified, wondering what would happen next, and if this was going to be a very good place after all to bring children. Now, things have gotten more back to normal and we all seem to have tried very hard to move on, live our lives with some purpose, make fresh resolve to improve the world in our own way, and make the best of things. The war in Afghanistan has been truly terrible, with so many helpless innocent people killed by American bombs. I wish there had been a better way. But it seems that some good has come out of it: the Taliban has been ousted, to the great relief of the vast majority of Afghans, a new beginning is making its attempt to take hold, and the terrorists of the world have been hugely slowed. But the underlying problems, concerns and inequities that gave rise to all that hatred are still there. I do believe now, though, that there are enough people concerned with righting the wrongs that started the terrorist movements that some reforms can take place. I remain hopeful in spite of everything. I guess I'm naturally an eternal optimist.

All this makes me feel that life is very delicate and vulnerable--and precious. I have gone through what seems to be an inordinate number of deaths of those around me since 1995, as I suspect you have as well (I remember my mom Evelyn saying more than once, "All my friends are dying." It seems to be the way of the world the older one gets.) Each person was a precious and special individual that I still think about, cherish and miss. It began of course with my mother leaving me when I was the least prepared to handle it, at age 8, and again 30 years later in 1985 when my Dad died--too soon again, it seemed to me, but at least I had come to accept that he had some heart troubles, and felt apprehensive about it. I was still thunderstruck and completely surprised when it happened, though. And then in summer of 1995, there was dear sweet Jonathan, a real gem of a 17-year-old stolen from his life by a quirk of the heart malady he was born with. Then in the following year, Evelyn's fine, respectable and intelligent second husband Erkki died. Three years later, in August 1999, I spent an incredible two weeks with Evelyn as her life evaporated from her in surprisingly big steps. I learned a lot about life and death then. She had become convinced that her death was necessary and right and that nothing should be done to slow or impede it. It was impossible to dissuade her from that mindset. She repeatedly said she had nothing more to live for, and nothing I could say to reassure her made any difference. And there was not really anything that could have been done medically, either. Even though her mind was still sharp, her physical self deteriorated in frustratingly rapid stages. She needed constant care and help (she had 24-hour a day professional care), and hated being in that state. She wanted to remain in her apartment and that's where I stayed too during those two weeks. We had some occasional close times together though, which I think we both really needed. I served a very important role for her, someone who in the end really proved that she was important and valued enough to warrant someone by her side. She needed to know that someone cared enough, and I did, with no regrets or reticence (others in the family might have stepped forward if I hadn't). In spite of my very mixed feelings about her and the way our relationship had gone up and down over the 44 years she was my stepmother, I believe we had some deep respect and love for each other in the end which were reaffirmed; I'm

glad of that. But in the last analysis I was there because my father wanted me to be, and out of devotion and love for him. I cared for her as best I could. She had been incredibly valuable to him and I respected that.

Three months later, Ruth, Douglas' long-time wife, died too early too, at age 65, from emphysema. She was not too close to me, having lived so far away for so much of the time, but I had fond memories of her especially from my childhood. And within a year, Patty's father Randy died too, from a stroke, in his early 70's. I respected him and thought highly of him, although I can't say I had learned to love him much. He was especially important to Patty and to his only two grandchildren, my boys, who he thought the world of. I understood that revered relationship and was very thankful for it on behalf of Jonathan and Daniel. Finally, Catherine and Ben's preemie boy was born and died the same day in April 2001. We dropped things and went to stay with them for the first few struggling days afterwards. I think it must have helped some. We were able to understand to depth they felt for him and all the hopes that they had invested in him now instantly vaporized. We saw a special box they had for him, some clothes, ribbons, birth footprint, etc. and a couple of photos, tiny and helpless and so fragile. Life is very ephemeral all too often. Well, all of this reminiscing and philosophizing is probably getting tiresome for you. The conclusion I have reached is that death is completely natural and not really fearsome at all, just completely final. It is a passage that no one is really ready for--but it has its own freeing quality, a culmination that should not to be thought of as an entirely negative and tragic thing. It is incredibly painful for the others who want the one who dies to live on, but for the person him/herself, it must not be such a devastating thing after all. I was present for the passing of Jonathan, Randy and Evelyn. It seemed that their spirits were at peace; I'm not sure how I know that, but there seemed to be a magical aura that I felt coming from them, that told me that.

I'm terribly sorry to have laid all that on you, but you are important to me, even though I don't know you as well as I wish I could. I suppose all this thought about the future could be troubling and unsettling to you. But I've been told by counselors and others that actually looking at it from different sides can be helpful, and I know full well that it has been on both your minds for a while now. It's on my mind too; I find all too many obits these days for people in their mid-fifties. One never knows what will happen at anytime. Will a tornado strike, a car go the wrong way, an airplane fall from the sky? I only wish for a long full life like yours, with dozens of people who value me and cherish my relationship with them. And I believe you both are very lucky on that score.

I mentioned before, I think, that preserving family history is an important legacy to leave the succeeding generations, and so I recommend once again that you both (and your kids) do some taping of the two of you talking about your lives, where you've been, what transpired in the watershed years, when important events took place, who important family members were and what were their origins, and so on. You did a little taping when you were here years ago and that is a very good start on some of the record keeping I speak of. Oral history is so important to a family, and you have such interesting and

exciting experiences to talk about! Perhaps Mark or Alistaire will sit you down someday before a mike or video camera and encourage you to reminisce about your lives. It would be well worth the trouble, in my view. I did some of that with both my dad and my mom, and I'm glad I did. Of course, an additional, more complicated route is actually to write a memoir, as both my dad and mom did. I would encourage you to do that too if you're up to it. I suppose that you may be slowed down now in your typing skills, but the computer keyboard these days has virtually no resistance to make fingers and joints sore. If anything comes of this idea, I would be honored to get a copy of whatever it is.

I watched some of the winter Olympics from Salt Lake City (it just ended last weekend), and it was fun to see how well all those amazing athletes did. The US competitors did very well, but I was especially proud of some of the Canadian metal winners, including the figure skating pair that had all the controversy surrounding them. I saw the performance and I think that they should have won the gold metal outright in the beginning, but I was content with the Russian pair and the Canadian pair both sharing the gold metal. And I hear that there was quite a groundswell of excitement and celebration in Canada's urban areas when the Canadian hockey team won the gold over the US team. The Canadians deserved it and it has been too long since they won--after all, Canada has the best hockey players in the world, right? Anyway, it was all very interesting and I'm pleased to see the Canadians do so well. All of us around the world were relieved as well when everything concluded with no attempted terrorist attacks or anything like that to spoil the way things went for so many participants, and audience. I heard that the NBC network, which did a fine job covering the winter games, had 3000 people on staff to pull it off. I also heard that NBC earned a cool \$75 million (US) in NET profits from the advertising. Well worth it for them, I'd say. I'm now looking forward to the 2004 summer Olympics in Athens, which will also be covered by NBC.

Well, I should close now. This letter has taken a bit too long, as is my fate with all my letters. Let me know about the offered CDs and CD player--if you could use them I'll send them off right away. Also enclosed now is a copy of piece vocal piece, 'Remember Me,' written for Jonathan but certainly appropriate for anyone. I think you have a recording of this piece on the CD I already sent you. I'm sticking in the envelope a couple of things from Patty's organization for your information. Patty herself is responsible for the publication of the 'Global News and Notes' and she wrote the lead article of this issue herself.

I'd love to hear from you anytime. If any of your children have internet access, I can also be reached at my e-mail address: [wpark@mn.rr.com](mailto:wpark@mn.rr.com). Hope all is well with you; best of luck with all that you do.

Love,

