

Feb. 2007

Dear Sweet Ladies,

This month came suddenly after a fairly quiet month spent doing what to me feels like thousands of math problems of all differing levels in an attempt to catch up from our well-spent partial vacation time the month and a half previous. Don't get me wrong – I like math. I don't mind teaching it either. What I object to is when they keep asking me for help by waking me up when I'm clearly much too comfortable in my chair at the school table to be bothered. :-/

They say that the best weather is behind us now and it will really begin to heat up. Unfortunately, I took it for granted and didn't go out for all the walks I should have. January behavior sticks with one even when removed from the cause of staying in I guess. This new season (what appears to be blowing dust season) was kicked off by a driving rain for about ½ hour one day, and then blowing dust the next day. Laundry dried out there needs to be shaken out before being brought in. A walk to the store = what you went to the store for + grit on your face (and your clothes). The sky is hazy but I'm hoping it will clear now and again

The day of the Famous Formula One Races on the Marina Road near us, was beautifully clear. The races don't interest me at all, but the accompanying helicopters and airplanes flying by our balcony really interest me. So do the old fashioned dhows in the harbor all lined up for the event. Enclosed are a few photos from that.

We also are just entering Birthday Season at our house. Most of the boy's birthdays are in March, but Jon's kicks it off on Feb 6th. However he made it to age 17 I do not know. I kindly asked him not to ask for pumpkin pie this year, like he did last year. I was unable to locate anything resembling pumpkin over the holidays. Well, unless you consider that carrots resemble pumpkin. He decided on chocolate Mousse pie. Since chocolate is all too easy to find here, that was easy.

I find myself staying up too late for a couple of reasons. First of all it is finally quiet and I can have a few thoughts. I get this early in the morning too. ....which would explain my falling asleep at other odd times...

But the more important reason is that Ben and Robyn are usually not as or sometimes busy right around after their lunch and can "chat" talk on "Skype". Skype is a free internet based telecommunication service. We can literally talk through our computers to each other

via the internet, with a headset. There is sometimes a delay, but sometimes not. It had been blocked here for awhile, but it currently is open. We used Google talk before that. I love this feature of the internet.

Kim is giving piano lessons to a girl in our building, and she babysits for another nice family we know 2 buildings away. She enjoys having some work.

Before I start sounding like a Christmas letter here, I'll get on with the "Logic Free Zone" report. Oh but first – Thanks for all the Christmas cards and letters. What a fun package of mail that day was. Now we have a wonderfully overflowing bulletin board, and all of you in our hearts afresh.

The Zone:

~ Celebratory events, such as winning soccer matches and the like, are handled by much parading with cars. Honking, revving unto backfiring (usually this causes the engine to blow and they push it off the road), doing "donuts" on dry pavement, and things of that nature. I can't relate to this since we need our car so it would be inconvenient for it to explode, but we \*can\* see it all- 10 floors below since ours is the main parade road.

~ (an old repeat) still struggling a bit with the "store hours" issue. We will be going to the store this morning (field trip) (ok we'll go to the cultural center afterwards) and we'll do our schoolwork this afternoon. I should be more flexible in my attitude about this, but I hate messing deliberately with the routine. I prefer it all falls apart before I've noticed.

~ Maybe this seems logical to you, but it's just odd to see a price on something, be able to tell them I want it for a cheaper price, and get it for that. I suspect that is their version of making everybody happy, since I'm smiling because I feel like I got it for real cheap, and they are probably laughing at me for still paying too much.

~ Law enforcement in Dubai have stated that they will be much tougher on speeders. We will no longer get away with even 10kph above the limit. Then they raised the speed limit from 120 to 160 kph.

~ Because of visa issues, dead people have a very hard time returning to their country. They are working on laws to change this since they are of very little use anymore. :-0

February is such a short month and it seems to go by so quickly. There is Valentines Day, and then my Mom's birthday. (Happy Birthday Mom!). And I know President's day is somewhere in there, because in the olden days we used to get off school for it, and they sold cherry pies in the stores. That's what my Mom used to get for her "birthday cake". Sorry about those crushed and crumbled birthday pies you got all those years Mom – those city buses were brutal :-D

And I don't want to hear any more about people boycotting valentines day – there is always somebody around you that needs to feel loved and cared about. We're all such needy people that way.

We have had quite a few times to be able to share a bit what we believe recently, and even a few earnest discussions. The most recent one was today in the grocery store and by the end, the very sweet lady was asking me if my tall daughter was married, and that she wondered because she has a son who she wants to find a wife for. It turns out "he's very honest, and dresses like us (?!) and is hard working".

The fact of her age didn't seem to register as a problem for the nice lady. Well, of course I smiled and said my daughter was much too young, so she kissed all the cute little children and pinched the older one's chin (in a nice way), and said we were very nice. Sigh. Oh well.

Until next time.

Very much love and fond affection,  
Pam.

"From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:  
lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Psalm 61:2



