



Christmas, 2017

Dear Friends and Family:

We Won!!

Our 5-year legal case against Min's HOA, the case that would never end, like something out of Dickens' *Bleak House*, is finally over and we didn't even go to trial! How did this happen, you may ask? Ha, ha. We infiltrated the HOA and won the out-of-court game. Take THAT, evil property management company!! The flood damage caused by failure to maintain the roof has been fixed at the HOA's expense, Min can now get a good night's sleep in her own bedroom, and a big source of aggravation is finally behind us. So now, after two years of serving as secretary of the HOA and performing many valuable services to her building, Min is retiring from the board to a life of domestic peace. Except she's still working at her job. In fact, she has just negotiated a nice raise. Things are looking up! Alan is tutoring a brilliant young 9th grader and occasionally returns to campus to deliver lectures on classic literature to a dwindling number of followers—this year's senior class is the last to have cycled through his classroom as freshmen. Time marches on.

Travel was family-related this year, with Min and siblings Jick and Ping returning to their home city of Fuzhou for a short visit and Alan making several pilgrimages to Missoula to spend time with Mom. Next week Alan will fly north to Tacoma for a long-deferred visit to daughter Branwyn and Grandson Cary.

Life is good. We have all of our needs taken care of except one—RAIN!! We need lots and lots of RAIN! As I write, a half-dozen major wildfires are wreaking havoc everywhere in Southern California. May the Lord give comfort and protection to those in destruction's path—and to our entire nation in these troubled times.

We wish you all the joys of the Christmas season!

-Alan and Min

Happy New Year to One And All!!





JARED KUSHNER'S HARVARD ADMISSIONS ESSAY

BY MEGAN AMRAM

Dear Harvard, How are you? I hope you are well! My name is Jared Kushner, and I would like to go to you. As an example of how smart I am, here is some money.

I heard from my daddy and my friends' daddies that you are a big house for smart, good boys. I am a good boy! I am nice and my face is very smooth. Would you like a hundred-dollar bill? It has Benjamin Franklin on it! He is silly, because he only has hair on the sides, not on the top. Here are some of him!

Here are some facts about me: I am Jared. I am more than six feet tall, which is funny, because feet are on your legs, not how tall you are! That always makes me laugh. My favorite color is green, like money. My favorite shape is rectangle, like money. I also

like round, which is like some kinds of money that poor people use for littering in fountains.

When I was a kid, which was last year, I got mad that there was no sixty-nine-dollar bill, so my daddy paid the U.S. Treasury to make one special for me. I showed it to all my friends and we all laughed and then I gave it to our maid because I was bored with it. She cleaned it and gave it back to me so that I could throw it away.

I am a good student. I got straight D's in high school. "D" is the first letter in the alphabet. At first, the teachers said "A" was the first letter, but my daddy paid the teachers to teach us a new alphabet song so that I wouldn't feel bad about my grades. It worked! In school, my favorite classes were recess and lunch. I did very good on the SAT because I filled in every single bubble, even the

ones for my name, which was a trick question. I am so smart! For me, tests are as easy as D-B-C!

I am good at after-school activities, such as sports and allowance. I was on the basketball team in high school. My daddy gave the referee money so that I didn't have to dribble and could just carry the ball. All the other good boys were jealous, but only my daddy loved me enough to pay the referees so that I got to carry the ball and use a ladder. Ladder dunks are worth fifty points.

My daddy is also so good at games. Daddy and I like to play a game called hide-and-go-seek, which is where we tape money to ourselves and go to the Cayman Islands and hide the money all around. We are so good that no one ever finds it! Daddy said we were there to put the money in the laundry, which is funny because after we buried the money it was so much dirtier and sandier than before. My daddy is so silly sometimes!

Harvard, I would like to go to you so that I can be big and strong someday, like all my daddy's friends. They are so cool and impressive. They wear ties all the time to keep their shirts from falling off. My daddy is so rich that he can buy any building he wants, even the Empire State Building or the moon. Here are some things I want to be when I grow up: a fireman, an astronaut, a business boy, a fire truck, a thousand-dollar bill. If you would like some more money, here is some more money!

I do not want to be mean, but if you do not let me into you something bad might happen. My daddy is very nice but when he is mad he can be very scary. One time when he got mad he made a lady go to my uncle's house to kiss my uncle even though the lady wasn't my aunt! Yuck!

Anyway, thank you for letting me into Harvard! I am so excited to go in you. When I arrive, I would like four dorm rooms, a parking space for my Range Rover, a girlfriend, a girlfriend for my Range Rover, a pony, a Range Rover for my pony, three opals, and the ocean. I have been a good boy and I deserve it!

Love,

Jared Kushner, grade 12, age seventeen and a half. ♦