

15-4-78

Dear Folks,

I think of you when I hear a Beethoven symphony or the words of a child hood hero repeated and more beautiful as I approach my fourties. The strength and principles you planted into me at an early age though inconsistent with the larger culture I grow up in is now flowering in fertile soil. I see your faces in my mind and remember the courage both of you demonstrated during the McCarty period when you were alone. How fortunate that Gail and David can grow up in a community that supports their ideals - it shows - they are so strong and independent, you would be proud.

I work hard. I'm the administrator of the medical system in Jones town. Its the most exciting thing I've ever done.

There is a song we sing that begins, "It feels good to rise with the morning sun" and ends, "It feels good to see all the work we've done and to know the future is now", it sums up my feelings about my life here.

I am thousands of miles from you, the electronic communications are limited between us, but I am more your daughter than I've ever been before - - - Phyllis