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1. It is a good book. A lot of detail and strict.
 2. It's kind of hard reading it. Different kind of language.
 3. We had a good discussion.
I have good summaries.
I need better questions.

My father, a Marine Corps fighter pilot, 200 pounds, six-two, a blunt instrument: a semiautomatic assault weapon. My father waged war against the Japanese, the North Koreans, the Vietnamese, and his family. My first memory: my mother trying to stab my father with a butcher-knife while he was beating her. I knew this was going to be a long and involved life. . . .

The worst thing that happened: Dad was stationed at the Pentagon and a fight broke out between my mother and father when my sister had her birthday party, her ninth birthday party. I was eleven. A fight started. My role was to get the other six kids out of harm's

way. So I rushed them out of the room. My second job was to get Mom away from Dad. I went roaring in. I was eleven. Dad could eat Ollie North for breakfast. I get between them. I looked over my head and saw the butcher knife I'd seen when I was a child. My mother connected this time. Blood got on me, my sister. Mother took us to Hot Shoppes and said she was going to leave Dad. She did not.