

PATHWAY TO STARDOM

CHAPTER 8: My husband : Leisure and sports

During school holidays, my husband would take my children skiing or to a tennis camp as the seasons dictated. David is conservative by nature and cosmopolitan by education as a graduate of Berkeley University in South California. School holidays meant a change in tempo. My husband would rejoin his family and sport took centre stage. Never one to set much store on academic achievement since David himself is a fanatic sportsman (champion amateur golf player in Hong Kong And amateur water ski champion as well). So extra curricular activities are of crucial importance to my husband rather than academic achievements by my own beliefs. Christine's friendship with Jessie triggered a desire to become the next Steffi Graf. To hell with academia, my daughter pleaded to be allowed to join Jessie in a sports-orientated school near Versailles. To my chagrin, Christine got her way, only to realize that tennis was not her thing. I cajoled the French Bilingual School to let her return without repeating that 'missing' year. Since I placed so much importance on academic achievement to the extent of sending my children to Paris with the objective of making them trilingual so of course I would want my daughter to follow again a more conventional academic path.



Starting his first ski lesson



Christopher riding a pony for the first time



David playing golf



Christopher with his father and sister skiing in France



Christopher and his father skiing in France



Christopher playing golf at age of 13



David riding on Boulou



Christine riding on Boulou



David car racing



David waterskiing



Christopher & his father winning a prize at Golf de S
Nom la Breteche, France



David Tsui winning a Competition at the Hong Kong golf club



Golf professionals Davis M. Love Jr., Bob Toski, Peter Kostis and David

Swapping her tennis racquets for the keyboard, Christine was determined to become a concert pianist. This was fine with Christopher, until the awful realization dawned. He was expected to do likewise. My children's summer holidays were now spent in Courchevel, practicing 6 to 8 hours each and every day under the stern eye of Professor Andre Gorog of the Conservatoire de Paris. My son hated it, hated the sight of young Japanese practicing and practicing until their fingers bled. Just as escape back to Paris beckoned, Christine became infatuated by a young lad her own age and determined to win her way into his heart through her exquisite piano playing.



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