

...but then things improve

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Note: For a long time I have not posted comments to the blog, because someone alerted me to the fact that the comments, when posted, allowed anyone to access the poster's email address, and of course many were children. But so many people make comments that are interesting and invite a response and I have hated not being to make them available. So I've decided to try this: posting those comments only from adults. Let's see how this works.

It is now lost-purse+two days, and I just got an email from the DMV saying that my new drivers license will be sent to me shortly and in the meantime I can use the email as proof that I have one. So that's a help, and Martin won't have to be a chauffeur anymore (though clearly he loved sitting in the car yesterday in the Craftworks parking lot while I looked inside for a birthday gift (why do some people have birthdays right at Christmas? It is VERY confusing)

The Patriots won again last night (okay, so it was against Miami; still counts) and are now 15-0. I am a little worried about next Saturday's game because it is being shown on the NFL network..whatever THAT means...and I fear this farmhouse in the middle of Nowhere, Maine, might not be one of NFL network's recipients. I will be VERY DISTRESSED not to watch that crucial game. There isn't even a bar to hang out in, in this little town. (I remember once, years ago, Martin and I were traveling in Colorado during a crucial baseball play-off involving the Red Sox, and we ended up in an Elks Club in a small town...I think Ouray...watching the game.

Last night—what my children used to call "Christmas Eve Eve"—it rained like crazy, with a howling wind, and this morning it is weirdly warm (at least for Maine in December) and the driveway is bare. There is still deep snow over the gardens and in the meadow but it is crusted now with ice, and Alfie is a little apprehensive about where, exactly, and how, he can walk, if he leaves the driveway. Tibetan terriers have wide paws, like snowshoes, so they do well on snow, but ice is a whole other problem. Or "whole nother," as some folks like to say.

Two more days of real quiet and solitude for Martin and me, then the company starts. Two grandsons, 7 and 9, here Wednesday. Then three grandchildren, 16, 11, and 11 (twins) Friday-Sunday. Various parents and uncles and friends as well, along with the kiddos, so lots of groceries to buy and things to cook. But right now is loafing-and-reading time. Martin's reading a biography of Robert Oppenheimer but I have a good thriller going (forget the name, and it's

upstairs at the moment) and the new Richard Russo book—"Bridge of Sighs"—waiting.

On January 9th I will fly to Germany (actually, I fly to Zurich and from there to Luxembourg, where my daughter-in-law picks me up and drives me to Germany, about an hour from the Luxembourg airport) so it's a lot of plane time and I will need a good long book: maybe two actually, one for going and one for coming back. I'll have just a brief visit...really just a long weekend, Thursday-Monday...but will visit my granddaughter's eighth grade class (at her request; or maybe it was her teacher's, actually) that Friday (she will have to be my translator since I don't speak German).

This morning when I took the dog out at 6:30 there was a full moon, still, in the sky to the northwest, over Mt. Washington. And tonight it will be Christmas Eve.

Tags: Untagged