

Home Sweet Home

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It feels very good to be sleeping in my own bed after two weeks of hotels— a different one almost every night—and having my own cat purring on my lap, and my dog at my feet again. (The dog has a touch of diarrhea after being in a kennel, eating a different kind of food, for so long; but that is a topic best glossed over). I have several more engagements coming up: Dana Hall in Wellesley, MA, Monday night; Porter Square Books, Cambridge, MA, Tuesday night; and the Conocrd (MA) Public Library next Saturday night. But those are all local and I won't have to stand in a security line in order to get there.

It was a good trip (and productive, I guess, since SON will be on tomorrow's NYT best-seller list) with few glitches, and with the unexpected bonnus of saying hi to a few unexpected people here and there: Torben Platt, the son of Annelise Platt, my Danish friend to whom "Number the Stars" is dedicated, lives in Iowa and brought his wife and daughter to my Iowa city event; Stuart Ruth, with whom I went to eighth grade in Tokyo in 1949, came to the San Francisco event; Bob Ryan, Houston lawyer who was a close high school friend of my son Grey and who flew to Germany for Grey's funeral in 1995, came to my Houston event; Margaret Holcombe, to whom "Bless This Mouse" is dedicated, lives in St. Paul, MN, and came to my event there; and I know there were others whom I am overlooking. I also had a quiet and wonderful afternon with my daughter in San Francisco.



Me, age 12, on the far left, second row; Stuart Ruth in the striped shirt in the middle of the first row.

(Just glancing now at that first row of boys, I am reciting their first names: Keith, David, Billy, Henry, Stuart, Bob, Mike, and Joe. Having just come from a zillion book signings, many for boys that age, I can testify that today's 12-year-olds are, instead, named Noah, Dylan, Jack, Zachary, Tyler, Ethan, Jake, and Ryan)



And when I was in Washington DC I happened on a display of photos from Patagonia at the Chilean Embassy. I am going to Patagonia in January so it was an exciting glimpse of a beautiful place.

It is decidedly Fall here now. Leaves are golden and falling. In a couple of weeks I'll go up to Maine for Veterans' Day weekend and by then the trees will be bare there and the skies probably gray and bleak. But I have friends joining me, and tickets to a concert at Stone Mountain Arts Center

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