

Winter

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It is almost impossible to describe the aftermath of snow and ice storms without resorting to clichés, because of course the ice DOES sparkle like diamonds. I woke this morning, two days after Christmas, to the welcome sound of the plow in my driveway. The sky today is very, very blue after the white blur of yesterday. I had to postpone my plans for movie and dinner with friends yesterday because the snow kept coming and coming and the driving was very treacherous. This morning, sunshine makes everything glisten and the roads are scraped clear and oh, Maine, you have once again redeemed yourself.

I have a couple of trips in January and, as always in winter, find myself unnecessarily worrying about weather. Emails back and forth with Madison, Wisconsin, have me thinking: *yes, of course those flight times are fine...unless there is a snowst...*

But why bother saying that? They surely know, in Wisconsin, about snowstorms. And the worrying is pointless because one can't do a thing about it.

My other January trip is to southern California, to speak at the Charlotte Huck Festival in Redlands. This will be my second time there; and the first time...it may even have been the first time the festival was held...Charlotte Huck was still alive. She was a remarkable woman and scholar and I was fortunate to have known her.



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