Election Day 2008

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I went this morning to vote, after getting a text message from a son in Falmouth, ME: "I just voted" and an email from a stepson: "I was the first person in Manchester, MA to vote!"...I had barely sipped my coffee and glanced at the NYT headlines, and already I felt as if I was lagging behind the rest of the world. pSo I threw on some clothes and walked to the fire station, kicking my way through the bright yellow leaf-cover on the sidewalk.. p

I love my neighborhood. It is very walkable, and the neighbors quite varied, but everyone involved and interested and friendly. pThere used to be a grouch down the street....I would encounter him dog-walking....but I think he has either moved away, or died, or maybe just retreated into a Barcalounger with a perpetual hostile frown on his face. I haven't seen him in a long time.
No long line at the fire station: surprising. pTwo glamorous Russian Wolfhounds tied to a post outside. Lots of strollers. Bikes. pA couple of people holding OBAMA signs at the requisite distance. No McCain signs; I wonder why. I suppose they don't bother, in a neighborhood known to be mostly Democrats.
Someone in the neighborhood reported that recently a nighttime intruder came into her yard and dug up her lavender. pThat is the most heinous crime that has taken place here in years. pLavender theft! Imagine. pI picture a masked man with an evil chuckle....heh heh....who takes his loot home and makes sachets for his great aunts at Christmas.
Tonight we will have friends here with us to watch the returns and who are optimistically bringing a bottle of champagne.
I remember the January that the Patriots won the Superbowl, late at night, and people opened their doors and cheered up and down the street.
Tonight I hope it will be be the sound of corks popping. pFollowed by a reverential silence as we give thanks for the democratic process and a collective optimistic sigh, as we look forward to change.

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