

## eyes and stomach

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"Your eyes were bigger han your stiomach" is what my mother used to say when I was a lllittle girl. I'm still not sure what it meant. But here is a photo of an amazing food item. Explanation:

I was in Amherst, MA, on Friday. Susan Bloom and I went there together in order to do an event at the wonderful Eric Carle Museum that evening. Susan "interviewed" me on stage...the event havng mostly to do wiht censorship....(it is a nice way to do a presentation, the two of us together, and I think less dull for the audience than just a "speech".. A lot of audience participation afterward, as well, with many questions.

Anyway. After the book-signing that followed, Susan and I...and Megan and Rosemary from the Museum...went out for a snack. or a glass of wine. or whatever.

The menu had a list of amazing desserts on it, so dessert is what we ended up having.

Here it is. This was ONE PERSON'S order. The plate was roughly the size of Rhode Island.



As I said, the event at the Eric Carle Museum had to do with censorship. Ironically I got home to an email from a 7th grade teacher asking me if I could provide a statement for her to use when she goes before the local school board (this is in California) to defend "The Giver" after a group of parents asked that it be removed from their district's "Approved Books" list.

Of course I replied with a statement for her. Then I turned to my next piece of email, and read a letter from the mother of a 15-year-old autistic boy named Andrew. She said that although he is often electively mute, and rarely initiates any conversation, he does read. And suddenly at dinner the night before, he had begun to talk about a book he had read...The Giver. She didn't know of it, hadn't heard the title before...but it was the first time her son had ever talked about a book. He wanted his parents to read it so they could all talk about it together. She had just bought the book, hadn't started it yet, but was so moved by what it had apparently given to her son and would bring to her family...that she wrote to tell me.

I hope both of these people will write me again. Their letters yesterday were each the beginning of a narrative, really, leaving me wanting to know what happens next.

It is 7 AM. Clocks turned back last night, and my dog, who usually gets me up at 7, understandably began prancing around at 6 this morning. But that's okay. I have lots to do today and an early start is good. First: clean sheets in the guest rooms. I have been involved with a panel discussion to be held this evening in Cambridge (at Lesley University) having to do with the role of agents in the lives/work of children's authors. So I will have two out-of-town agents staying at my house overnight, and all of the speakers and committee will have a bit of supper here before heading off for the event. So this morning I will cook. It will be fun...good people, all of them...but it means that I'll miss the second half of the Patriots/Colts game!!!

Go Brady!

Tags: Untagged