

October

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This is my son and my grandsons, and this is October in Maine. Now aren't you sorry, some of you, that you live in Arizona?

Only joking, of course. But it IS the best time of year here.

This evening I talked to those two little boys in the phone, and their dad was reading them "Diary of a Wimpy Kid," which I had sent them. "How do you like it?" I asked the nine year old. *AWESOME*, he replied. What a great feeling, to hear a kid describe a book that way.

It is the ninth inning of the Red Sox/Indians game; and that's another reason it's the best time of year here.

When my younger daughter was a very little girl, she had an imaginary friend named October. We were not allowed to chuckle about that; October was a very real part of the family for maybe a year. Then she went the way of all imaginary friends, into the mists of memory and nostalgia.

Tags: Untagged