

## How does your garden grow?

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Well, okay, I couldn't resist putting these pictures on the blog. I have just arrived in Maine, and things are green and pretty and in bloom and in bud, and it is a glorious place to be (though we tried to pick lilacs to put in a vase, but they are past their prime and petals flew everywhere).

Sadly, though, I just got an email from someone named Emily, sent to the blog, which says:

*i no you have a lot of mail but i sent you an email about 3 or so months ago sayin i liked you and wanted to no if you would be in ohio and you acted all stuck up to me it hurt my feelings becasue i have all your books and you were my favorite author.....*

And that is troubling because the last thing I want to be is "all stuck up"! I don't remember Emily or her e-mail. I get 40-60 e-mails a day, most of them from kids. So sometimes their answers are very brief, and perhaps Emily's was shorter than she wished it had been. And I would have told her that Ohio was not currently on my list of places I was going, but I assume I told her I was sorry.

E-mail, particularly when there is such a volume of it, is not an ideal form of communication. Sometimes when you try to be humorous, people don't see that. Sometimes if you use capital letters it sounds as if you are shouting. And apparently to Emily, I sounded "all stck-up." Darn; I wish that hadn't been the case.

But without e-mail, we would, most of us, be sunk. So we need to make the best of it. Even you, Emily.

This time I have brought to Maine my entire Bette Davis video collection, so a night without Red Sox will be a night with Bette Davis; and it promises to be a very good summer.

I have just filled the bird feeders and I am marinating a steak. Is this heaven, or what????!!

Tags: Untagged