

Home once again

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Well, after Logan Airport virtually closed down last night, and I was in Richmond, VA, hoping to get home, I went to Richmond's train station and boarded an Amtrak train at 6 PM. All night I hurtled (okay, it wasn't really hurtling; it was stopping at every small town) up the East Coast through rain and wind. I ate a microwaved hot dog for dinner at some point and I dozed a bit from New Haven to Providence, even though the guy in the seat behind me was talking endlessly to his girlfriend (*hearing only half a conversation, one imagines the other half. What I heard was frequent "So now you're questioning my sexuality?" What might she have said to prompt that from him? Many possibilities occurred to me*) At 8 AM, groggy, I emerged at South Station in Boston, took the subway to Cambridge and then from Harvard Square a taxi the short distance home, where there was fresh coffee waiting in the kitchen when I walked through the door.

In Boston, today, they ran the Marathon through the wind and rain, and there were a lot of stalwart fans along the roadsides, wearing raingear and watching and cheering. I was not one of them. I curled up under a quilt on my bed and slept most of the morning.

Now the storm has ended here but it is still raging farther north and my Maine caretaker just called to say that high winds apparently set off the alarm system in my house there. He checked and found no evidence of burglars. What burglars would be out in this weather? Any self-respecting burglar would be home, cozy, enjoying loot from some previous crime.

The Holocaust Remembrance Service in Richmond...the reason I was there yesterday...was moving and solemn, held in the very fine Virginia Holocaust Museum; and I was glad that I was able to make it despite not-very-pleasant trips each way.

And now I am glad to be home, and Sunday's NYT crossword puzzle is finished, and I have just mailed my tax stuff; and though I missed The Sopranos last night, I can still catch its re-run this week. All is well.

Tags: Untagged