

from NYC

Posted on Feb 14, Posted by [Lois Lowry](#) Category [Uncategorized](#)

I am writing this in a hotel room in New York. With a storm descending on New England last night and this morning, I almost cancelled my trip here...and in fact cancelled my 5 PM meeting here....then when, in the AM, it didn't appear to be too awful, decided to come ahead, by bus. (recommendation, incidentally: the wonderful Limo-liner which goes between Boston and New York, a real luxury bus, with lunch served by an attendant, internet access, comfortable leather seats). What is ordinarily a 4-hour ride took six because the driver was cautious and safe...so I arrived too late to make the 5 PM meeting anyway. But I can keep my appointments tomorrow and Friday, and use my theater ticket tomorrow night.

This posting from Blog reader Kelsey:

The Giver remains one of my favorite books. I first read it in a children's lit class about ten years ago. I am eyeing the boxed set to send to a family friend out in Nebraska. She is about to turn twelve and I think she is approaching an age where the trilogy will give her a lot to think about. Over the summer I used the book in a banned books presentation during a course on school library project development. I think some of the messages are so relevant to issues our country struggles with today. What kinds of personal freedoms are we willing to sacrifice to allow our government to keep us safe?

I'm glad she mentioned the boxed set of the Giver trilogy, because it does make a terrific gift and also (not many people know this!) contains a folder poster of three maps of the three communities. I drew the maps, and had to re-read the books carefully in order to do so. Even so, young readers...very meticulous...might find mistakes. Feel free to let me know! But I won't be able to make any corrections.

Because of the weather there are probably going to be a lot of theater seats empty tonight. I gave some thought to prowling around and seeing if I could get a last-minute ticket. But the prowling is not good; the sidewalks are slushy and it's cold. So I think I'll have some supper at the hotel and then hole up with a book, maybe even get some work done.

Yesterday was my oldest daughter's birthday: February 13th. She was born in Connecticut XX years ago, during a raging snowstorm. Today she lives in San Francisco, free of snow.

My second child was born 12 months later, but we lived in Key West by then, and I remember bringing him home from the hospital, 3 days old, wearing only a diaper.

The first one, who had just had her first birthday, had only recently learned to walk and was beginning to talk..she was especially expert at words that began with B: bottle, bunny, and suddenly: baby. But she always made a face when she said "baby." She was not at all thrilled with having a brother.

The other two kids were both born in Massachusetts, also a year apart, both in the fall, a nice time for birthdays.

I remember it being a lot of fun to have four small kids. But I was very young then. I would not want to do it again.

Tags: Untagged