

Recognition

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If you click to enlarge, and look carefully, you can see Mt. Washington, with snow on it, behind the bare trees at the foot of our property in Maine. But no snow anywhere else...kind of sad, for a New England Christmas, which one would like to have Norman Rockwellesque.

Still, there are all the food and gifts and relatives..and in our case, DOGS...that one looks forward to at holiday time. My son and his family brought their two golden retrievers, Tillie and Dash, up to the farm, and our Alfie loved having his cousins to play with, though there were the not unexpected fights over toys. *MY rawhide bone! No, MINE!*

I am currently reading the book titled SNOW by Orhan Pamuk, the Turkish author. My kindergarten grandson, Rhys, picked it up, and commented, "I see you're reading a book called *Snow*."

"Good for you, Rhys, you're reading!" I told him.

"No," he replied, "I can't read yet."

" But you just read the word *Snow*," I pointed out.

"No," he said; "I didn't read it. I *recognized* it."



He is also the child who, incidentally, upon opening a Christmas gift that he loved, exclaimed: "I've wanted this ever since I was five!" (That would be two weeks ago).

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