

Slavonice

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I am now in a small town called Slavonice, pronounced Slavonitsa, and will be leaving here tomorrow for Bratislava. No time, and tough computer access, to add much here, except to say that last night we had dinner and wine in a tiny restaurant and listened to four local guys play violin, guitar, drums, and a old eastern European bagpipe, and singing folksongs with gusto and great voices...the restaurant clientele, including us, joined in at times; and it made me think once again how sad it is that political and religious differences can't be bridged, when it is so clear that we all have the same spirit and sense of humor underneath.

This morning I bought handmade buttons from a pudgy local lady who spoke no English but had a great semi-toothless smile; and now, when I get home, I will knit a sweater to hold the buttons and I will think of her, and this village, for years to come.

Then Martin and I went to a local grocery store and bought bread, ham, and cheese from which we made ourselves a primitive picnic lunch. Going to grocery stores in foreign countries is always both a wonderful adventure and a good way to get a feeling for real life.....plus you can see what you will be eating, unlike a restaurant where you may order what you think is chicken and it turns out to be cauliflower (also an adventure). I have been in grocery stores in Japan and Iceland and Italy and Kenya and a zillion other places, and it never fails to be one of my favorite stops.

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