Come Again Another Day

Posted on Aug 19, Posted by Lois Lowry Category Uncategorized

The puppy woke me up this morning at 6:22 AM (Why is it I always glance at the clock when he gives that little yip that means "Take me out so I can pee"?) and it was (still is, at 7:15) pouring rain. Darn! Tha gardens will love the drink of water, but why today? Today I am having between 50-60 people here for a 50th anniversary celebration. And though there are rented tables and chairs set up in the barn, and enlarged old photos of the anniversary couple thumbtacked to the walls inside the barn.....we had envisioned the barn as the place for sitting-down-to-eat-in-the-shade, a respite for people roaming the lawns and enjoying the view of the lake and mountains. Now the view is gone completely, hidden by rain. I will have to slog out through the deluge to pick the flowers that will become bouquets on the tables. The rain is tap-tapping on the metal roof; and it is DARK today in the barn. With the wide doors open at both ends, on a nice day, breezes and light flow through. Not today, though, unless the weather does a quick turnaround in the next 4 hours. People are due to arrive at noon.

We will make the best of it. But DARN.

Happier note: in the mail I have received an advance copy of a YA book to be published by Atheneum next March: "The Opposite of Music" by Janet Ruth Young. I first read this in its earliest stages, a partially completely manuscript, when I was one of several judges selecting new work to be awarded the PEN New England Childrens Book Caucus Children's Discovery award (an award now named the Susan P. Bloom Award) several years ago. The book-in-progress had a different title then - and I can't even remember what it was - but I do remember that in introducing the author at the event where she received the award, I said that while reading it, I had thought: "I wish I'd written this!" Not in envy but in admiration. The book is so well structured, so innnovative in its form; and I am happy to see, reading the finished product, that it has not lost those qualities.

I very rarely - make that never - write blurbs for books. You know what a blurb is, right? One of those quotations on a book's jacket that says something like, "I couldn't put this down. What a page-turner!" and then is signed by someone who too often is a close friend of the author.

Just for the record, I am not a close friend of Janet Ruth Young. I've only met her once. But I do admire this book and I feel, a bit, as if I was in on its early stages and am now so happy to see that it has grown into such a fine finished novel. So I will be glad to write a few words of well-deserved praise to help send it out into the world.

Also in the mail, I rceeived an odd request; a teacher - or maybe it was a school adminstrator - sent me a blank audiotape, with a request that I recite and record the Pledge of Allegiance - then it will be played at their school to lead the students in that daily patriotic recitation. Presumably many people have been sent a blank tape and I suppose many of them will folow the instructions and return it with their recorded voice. But I couldn't. I'm returning it still in its unopened package. For one thing, I am at my summer home and do not have a tape recorder (actually, I don't think I have one at my "real" home, either). That's a reason, but also an excuse, I suppose. The truth is, I just don't feel comfortable with such a project.

Liberty and justice for all. Yes. If only it were so.

Tags: Untagged