

Busy, busy

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I'm aware that it has been a while since I have updated this (and also aware that world is hardly waiting breathlessly for the update) but time flies past, seemingly more so in the summer. I always think that when I get to Maine where it is quiet and I am often alone (though until this year, that meant alone-with-dog), the time will pass at a leisurely, unhurried pace and I will get lots of work done. And for a while, here, this summer, that was true. But then the pace picked up and now the days are whizzing past.

First, I began to contact Tibetan Terrier breeders with the hope of finding a puppy available in late October, the first time when it will work for us to take on a new household member who will need attention. (For those who don't know the breed, I'm attaching a photo)



And now we are awaiting the birth - next week - of the litter which will include, we hope, the male brindle Tibetan which will be ours. (If the litter is all black females instead of the brindle male we want, then we'll have to go back to the drawing board, I guess). All the breeders I've talked to have agreed that the male of this breed is more affectionate than the female. Wonder why? Our Bandit was a male and certainly it was true of him, but then we have not really known a female well. At any rate, we have a deposit down on a little boy and have been going through the difficult process of name-choosing. (And have learned that it is a mistake to ask others to help in the process! EVERYONE has an opinion!)

In the midst of that, I drove over to the coast of Maine overnight to do a book-signing in the lovely little bookstore called Left Bank Books in Searsport (and had a conversation with the owners, at dinner, about how tough it had been for them to choose a name for the store! Probably worse than naming a dog!)

I was reminded of how much I love small independent bookstores...what a pleasure it is to be in such a place where everyone, owners and customers, all share a love of the smell and feel and touch and wonder of books. Thank you, Left Bank Books, for inviting me there!!!

Home after that to a visit from my son, his wife, their two little boys, and their two golden retrievers, Tillie and Dash...one, just two months old...and is there anything more wonderful to watch than a little boy and his puppy?* Another photo to attach!



And now they have all gone home, and Martin, who was here for the weekend - (and pruned all the lilacs while he was here; Martin is a master pruner) - has gone back to Cambridge, and a woman friend, Carol, is visiting; and at noon today two other friends who are vacationing in Maine will arrive for lunch.

And I think a bear got one of my bird feeders last night.

And that is life in the country, at least for now.

* just thought of an answer to the "is there anything more wonderful" question; the answer: "A little boy and a book." It requires another photo: same grandson (Rhys, age 5) ; and the book he's reading? One by his Oma: the paperback edition (brand new) of "Gooney Bird and the Room Mother."



Tags: Untagged