

At Home

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My mother had calling cards. Yes, really. Engraved calling cards. In those days women paid formal calls upon each other. There was always a small silver tray in the front hall, where the calling cards were deposited.

And there were certain hours when a woman was "at home"...which meant one could call upon her.

Now we have business cards, printed, not engraved, and they have our cell phone number and our email address and they look quite, well, businessy, not at all like my mother's.

Nonetheless, I am now "at home." In my new home. Several neighbors ave come to call, to introduce themselves, and they have come wearing jeans and sneakers and apologizing for the gardening dirt under their fingernails. Times have changed.

The dog was terrified at first, of the strange yard, probably because I had had an underground fence installed, encircling it, and he got zapped when he checked out the boundaries. Now, though, he is in full command; he lies on the front porch observing, and he seems happy with his new home.

I have about eight boxes still to unpack, and I have a grandson coming overnight tonight, who will help; and his brother overngiht tomorrow night, who will as well. It is one of the reasons I chose Maine as my next place...my final place, I suppose...that I am near two grandchildren. I have bene to two school concerts recently...something I never could do when I lved in another state. Here is Rhys, age 12



When I went to the supermaket today, the gray-haired cashier looked at my items: chocolate milk, frozen pizza, pancake mix, ice cream, etc...and said: "Grandchildren visiting?"

Later, at the end of June, my German granddaughter, 19, will be here...she will have finished a stay in Costa Rica where she studied Spanish and worked in a National Park: tending baby sloths!

Next week I will move from my new little house to the farm where I have spent many summers; but it is only 35 miles from here so I can go back and forth comfortably. I have found a new doctor, a new vet, a new kennel, a new...whatever. I have a new Maine driver's license and temporary Maine plates on my car.

Moving WAS NOT easy. It was hideously stressful...not emotionally, but just the logistics: the packing up of a 10-room house where I had lived for many years...HARD! But now that it is done...and I am almost completely settled in...I feel as if it was the right move to make, at the

right time. Soon I'll get back to the work that I have neglected for a couple of months while going through this process.

And new people have moved into my Cambridge house. I hope they will be as happy there as I was.

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