

Brooklyn

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Am I allowed to say "I've been busy"? Is that an excuse? It's true, in any case; and I have neglected posting to the blog lately.

Some of the "busy" has included spending a weekend in Brooklyn, where I was given the "Best of Brooklyn" award, given each year to an author with a connection to that city...ah, excuse me, borough.

I lived in a Brooklyn as a very young child, when my father was transferred from there after being in Hawaii, where I was born, for several years. We were in Brooklyn on Sunday, December 7, 1941, and that is one of my very early memories. I was four. My father was outside, about to get into the car. My mother heard the news on the radio. She began to cry. Honolulu was our *home* until so recently. I ran outside and told Daddy to come in; Mama was crying. I have a memory that she told him he must put his uniform on. (He was a US Army major then; but it was a Sunday; he was wearing civilian clothes.) I have always wondered if it was announced on the radio that military personnel should be in uniform. I couldn't have made up that memory...it is so specific.

But always there are questions you don't ask your parents in time, and then they are gone, and you wonder forever.

My father had to go off to the war, and Mother took us (my sister and me) to Pennsylvania, where her parents lived. Later, when the war ended, we would go to live in Tokyo.

But when I was almost fifteen we moved again to NYC. We lived on Governors Island...the greatest piece of real estate in the world..but every day I took a boat to Manhattan, then the subway to Brooklyn Heights, where I went to high school.

So I had a legitimate Brooklyn history, and it was an honor to receive the award, and a treat to be back there at their marvelous Book Festival. Here are the crowds in front of Borough Hall...this is two blocks from my old school, Packer Collegiate Institute.



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