

## Synchronicity

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I am not certain if "Synchronicity" is the correct word. But I am thinking of the circumstances when quite unexpectedly something happens at exactly the right time. Such as now.

A few minutes ago I went into the living room to the part of the bookcase where I had some travel books stored. When I moved, and downsized, I threw away (actually, donated) a number of travel books having to do with places that I had visited but would likely never visit again: Antarctica, Iceland, Sumatra, Lichtenstein (yes, really), etc... But I had kept things like guidebooks and maps of places I would be returning to: Paris. London. I went looking on that shelf this afternoon because I am going to New York the day after tomorrow and thought I might have a NYC subway map. Turned out I didn't; not a big deal, because I know New York well and can make my way around easily without a tourist map. But as I sat there by the bookcase, I saw a book that I didn't really remember: FOR YOUR EYE ALONE: The Collected Letters of Robertson Davies.

