

When some doors close, others open. The pandemic closed the doors on family; no summer congregation, no Thanksgiving, no Christmas--only Zoom. The door to coloring and coloring books opened with the finding of a long stored box of 12 colored pencils and a coloring book. The realization that 12 pencils were too repetitious next came an order for a box of 36. On Valentines day an a package arrived on my doorstep anonymously which spewed forth a case of 120 colored pencils and a coloring book. What JOY!, but also a question. Who were they from? The four daughters all pleaded innocence, several friends pleaded innocence, leaving me puzzled. In the middle of the night a name came to me of a friend that I had talked on the phone with a while ago. She confessed and I thanked her heartily. Now I am totally engrossed in the art of coloring books. At the age of 85 I am easily amused. PS: looking through boxes I found 2 more coloring books!