



There is a great deal of beauty in my day to day life. It is a rather safe kind of beauty in many ways, carved and curving sidewalks, houses arranged at angles that just miss the feel of confrontation and are never too far from the shelter and buffer of a tree. My house itself, is full of beautiful objects, some of which are beautiful in the way that they do what I ask of them, and others in the way that they defy any use at all. The most beautiful objects have a history, but don't seem dependent upon it.

These objects themselves, sit in a very boxy context that someone found beautiful in its time. I have a board where I've posted pictures that look similar to the house, with visions of what it might be in some alternate universe.

One room lets in a great deal of light.

My painter friend Genie and I have a history. When I gaze at her work I'm never sure if I am judging her work or just admiring her. I see her in it, and I love her. I know what she meant and where she started. I know where she was brave and where she held back. I can often see both the struggle and the moment where she decided to leave a work alone.

The way she accepts herself is beautiful.

My daughter and I enjoyed a blissful day recently, and just when it really couldn't get better, we were given the most beautiful sunset. There is an episode of Gilmore Girls where a character tries to measure what others' thresholds of happiness are by whether they are the 'type' to get mushy over sunsets. We are that type, and we pulled over so she could take this shot.

