



I was just thinking...

IF BELOVED remembrance had wings, I would close my eyes and return again to:

A La Cigogne in Paris, an Alsatian hideaway Bing Crosby and I discovered separately and adored jointly for its exquisite attention to fine food and service.

A night in an enormous old room at the Caledonian Hotel in Scotland, with Edinburgh Castle glowing ethereally through my window.

Lunch at the Pink Elephant on Gasparilla Island off the Florida Gulf Coast, with pompano almondine and then the quaint ferry trip back to the mainland.

A day, a week, or a month on Butter-nut Point at Whitefish Lake in Minnesota, but only as it was in the days of my childhood—secluded, serene, and sweet with the scent of pines.

An afternoon at Country Club Plaza in Kansas City, with a visit to Putsch's



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN ALLEN

and dinner at the Golden Ox in the teeming heart of the stockyards.

A return, as I was then, to Tennessee and the ivy-draped antiquity of my school as it was then, blooming with magnolia and the innocent hopes and dreams of girls becoming women.

A night on the town in Chicago or New York, but no more than that. It's like eating whipped cream on a dead run.

Dinner again at Sheik's in Minneapolis, where time stands still but young voices sing like angels in a dark wood.

A walk through England's heather, a drive to the Red Lion Inn, moonlight on the Serpentine, and John Gielgud at the Globe Theater.

Biloxi in the springtime and New Orleans in the rain. The Missouri hill country on a summer morning with my grandmother's kitchen aromatic of pork chops, hot biscuits, and gravy.

The Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., where the majesty of greatness is a silent hymn.

Halifax and Quebec, the white fences and wild flowers of Kentucky, afternoon tea on a British liner, grits and red-eye gravy in Cairo, Illinois.

But, more than all of these, the joy of coming home.

Patty Johnson

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