

February 18, 2022

Hey friend!

Listen. It was so good to be temporarily live and in person, but now I'm back to remote teaching and remote happy houring and remote board gaming and then this week I ALSO had remote book club, and I cannot do it again. I cannot look at another screen for one more minute. Can't, won't, shan't. Contemplating renting a boat and dropping my computer into the exact center of the sea. Hence the long-hand here.

Anyway. I hope you're doing okay, or whatever "okay" looks like right now.

OK, so, Thing 1:

My mom's been keeping herself busy with some next-level cleaning, and I'm 75% sure the main reason she's glad I've moved back to town is so she can move stuff out of her house and into mine. Normally it's stuff like my second-grade math quizzes and an alarming collection of MASH games I apparently kept under my bed. But last week, she dropped off a package with a bunch of letters and scraps and things from our great-great-great-etc. aunt Georgiana. Have I ever told you about her? Bit of a family legend. She was from a super wealthy English family back in the Regency (ahem, the period between 1795-1837 - it's the teacher in me!) then just picked up and moved here in her twenties to run a school. So! I thought you'd dig them too. I'm going to send the letters and some trinkets along to you as I go through them. I may also send some light crafting projects to keep us busy while we wait for normal. Or "normal," anyway.

I've enclosed the first letter (hold onto your bonnet, it's a SCANDAL!), along with a little painting-slash-research project I did on my own after reading it. I hope this is fun for you! It is for me, so...sorry not sorry for roping you into it!

Thing 2:

I kept hoping we'd be able to keep our re-re-re-rescheduled 7th Annual Best-Teas Party on the books, but that's not looking likely. Rather than rescheduling for the





Gemma's Desk

178th time, Lilian suggested we do it over Zoom. I know, I said what I said re: screens, I got outvoted and here we are. I'll soldier through it if it means we can eat too many scones and toast some oolong together, finally. We can also show off the finished crafting projects I'll send along. Invitation enclosed, on PAPER, because I needed one win here and this was it.

I've been thinking a lot about the Before Times, where we could spontaneously be like "Hey, let's go get a drink" and split a pitcher and share fries out of the same basket and not think twice about it. Or when Kids could just breathe their Kid germs all over each other with abandon. When I was a Kid I was in this bowling league with my dad's coworker's Kid, and he would fake sneeze in my face all the time. I didn't love it then, but now? I'd run screaming and hide under my bed for 14 days.

My mom always said that meant he liked me, but that is... not the kind of courtship I think we should be encouraging amongst our young gentlemen. Patriarchy, right?

Anyway. Not sure why Sneezy the Bowler was where my brain went, but here we are. I'm going to go back to trying to master this family scone recipe (enclosed for you too, let me know if you do any practice runs before the party!). And have fun with Aunt Georgiana!

Love you MISS YOU,

Gemma

