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Going Out

DONALD HALL

When my parents celebrated or relaxed, it was always by going out to dinner. When my father died, my mother kept eating out with friends, with neighbors, and, in the years when she substitute-taught, with other teachers. Her friends have died. For ten years arthritis has kept her in a Barcalounger mostly, watching birds and schoolchildren, squirrels and dogs. Now at ninety, she lives in the sunroom not too far from toilet and kitchen: she cooks in five-minute episodes of standing up. One day I heard her mentionwith the scorn we keep for other people's frivolities, like Learjets or gilded toenails-"Oh, I don't care to go out." She sews aprons and makes scrubbers from nylon net. She rereads Agatha Christie in Large Type editions.