

For some reason, one of my favorite poems in high school was Robert Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." I think that the calming tone relaxed me and the New England setting invited me (which I find interesting, because New England has become the go-to vacation place annually for my wife and me. We love Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

My oldest granddaughter graduated from Babson College in Massachusetts. My son went to college and worked in Boston. We have spent a great deal of time in Portsmouth, Portland, Wells, York, Ogunquit, Boston and Wellesley. On our vacation in Vermont one summer, we paid homage to Frost, my favorite American poet, visiting a home where he wrote many of his poems and paying respect at the cemetery which is home to Frost, his wife and children in an area displaying New England restraint. (I looked for a giant monument and almost missed his eternal home, out of its modest nature.)

Of course, when I wrote the lines about longing for 2020, I had no idea that a pandemic was coming and that 2020 would be a miserable year. I was clearly referring to the election of a HOPEFULLY new President on November 3, 2020.

By the way, the "Village" alluded to may be read as Great Neck Village in my neighborhood --- or any other village that comes to your memory or consciousness.