

The sanctity of doing the dishes

written by Holly

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By Holly Lisle

Out of childhood experience come some amazing things. I remember doing the dishes with my mother. She washed, I dried, and we sang. Old songs – “White Coral Bells” as a round, “Down in the Valley.”

That experience today metamorphosed itself into something strange and sad in the story, and into a scene that surprised me. We all have our ghosts, and some of mine today came sliding across the pages, leaving me wisful for days gone but not forgotten.

This is a very odd book I’m writing.

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