

Lunch with a friend



It's one of those funny ironies in life that one of the most important aspects of our lives, one of the biggest blessings, one of the things you treasure the most—friendships—usually spring from seemingly insignificant experiences, inane common interests or sometimes just dumb luck.

The first friend I ever made online, right after I started my blog, was Lisa Mertins. Our friendship started because of a rock. She posted a picture of a beautiful, dark, smooth rock on her blog. I knew that I would like someone who dedicated a whole post to a rock. I'm the type of person who picks up a pretty rock, puts it in my pocket, takes it home, washes it, and puts it with all the other pretty rocks I've collected and so is she ('inane common interest' illustrated). That rock was a bridge into each other's lives.

We rarely get to see each other in real life anymore, but Lisa and I met for lunch at Kimmie's in the Orange Circle on Monday when she was in Orange County for the afternoon. We split a our sandwiches—pastrami and an egg salad if you must know—and as we talked I felt like I could stay there all day surrounded by our friendship, the surly waitresses and the kitsch of St. Patrick's Day decorations. I felt happy, understood: all because of a rock.

Lisa is a phenomenal artist. She worked for years as an illustrator for The Orange County Register, so her style might look familiar to you. Now, as an independent artist, her work has reached new heights of spectacularness! (Oh, yay, made up word).

