

Robin's Two Little Birds

My friend Robin has started her own blog—Two Little Birds. I have taken advise from her on cooking, folding t-shirts and friendship for the last 20 years (is that right? It can't be...yes, I am afraid it is.)

I met Robin while hanging out at The Circle in Orange back in about 1985 (omg—more then 20 years!) and we have been friends ever since. We have taken long breaks to have “careers” (apostrophes for me), husbands, and kids, but we are tied with the bonds of teenage friendship that are strengthened by embarrassing hairstyles and long bouts of chain-smoking.

Here is a picture of Robin and me in our Bridesmaids dresses from our friend Caitlin's wedding. I like it because I think we look like 50's stewardesses. (Something I wish I could have been—we BOTH would have been perfect 50's stewardesses, aside from all the work it would have required. We wouldn't have liked the actual work part, just the dressing up bit.)



(We literally wore that MAC shade of red lipstick from 1986 to 1990, may it R.I.P.)

There are so many stories about Robin I could tell you, and be patient, I will. My absolute favorite story is when we were backpacking, with our friend Jana, through Europe back in 1990. We were on a train from Dublin to Rosslare to take the ferry to France. It was an old wooden train with big leather seats. The only people in the car were a troop of Irish Boy Scouts (un-chaperoned mind you) and the three of us. The boys were making rude remarks and running up and down the aisle “flashing” us... that sort of thing. Finally, Robin just grabbed one boy and planted a big, wet kiss, right on his lips. After she let him go, he just stood there—stunned—silenced by the kiss of a beautiful 20 year old. His friends fell to the floor laughing. Robin is the only person I know that could pull that

story off... If you know her, you know exactly what I mean, if you don't, you should read her blog.