Book, Two, Silence, Stars, Writing, Girl, People, Sunset, Growing Up, Spring, Three, Pages, Substance, Ears, Ought, Twists, Silly, Hair, Shining, Good Things

It was June, and the world smelled of roses. The sunshine was like powdered gold over the grassy hillside.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

Betsy returned to her chair, took off her coat and hat, opened her book and forgot the world again.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

You might as well learn right now, you two, that the poorest guide you can have in life is what people will say.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

Good things come, but they're never perfect; are they? You have to twist them into something perfect.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

Isn't it mysterious to begin a new journal like this? I can run my fingers through the fresh clean pages but I cannot guess what the writing on them will be.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

In silence the three of them looked at the sunset and thought about God.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

The wastes of snow on the hill were ghostly in the moonlight. The stars were piercingly bright.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

Was life always like that? she wondered. A game of hide and seek in which you only occasionally found the person you wanted to be?

~Maud Hart Lovelace

I cannot remember back to a year in which I did not consider myself to

be a writer, and the younger I was the bigger that capital 'W.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

Betsy. The great war is on but I hope ours is over. Please come home. Joe.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

The silence in the room had width, height, depth, mass and substance.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

You have two numbers in your age when you are ten. It's the beginning of growing up.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

One strain could call up the quivering expectancy of Christmas Eve, childhood, joy and sadness, the lonely wonder of a star

~Maud Hart Lovelace

She thought of the library, so shining white and new; the rows and rows of unread books; the bliss of unhurried sojourns there and of going out to a restaurant, alone, to eat.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

I'm finished with something, but I'm not beginning anything. That's wrong. When you finish something, you ought always to begin something new.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

Come in early, so there'll be time to pop corn,' Mrs. Ray said. If she mentioned popping corn, they always came in early. So she usually mentioned it.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

We'll just have to find more flowers in the spring. That's when they

bloom, tra la.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

When there are boys you have to worry about how you look, and whether they like you, and why they like another girl better, and whether they're going to ask you to something or other. It's a strain.

~Maud Hart Lovelace

Do you girls have hope chests?' Lloyd asked. We certainly do.' I don't,' said Betsy. 'My husband and I are going to use paper plates and napkins.' Poor Joe!' Lucky Larry!

~Maud Hart Lovelace

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