

EDITOR'S JOURNAL

The Overbooked Country Inn

On occasion I find myself saying or thinking—I believe I just had a senior moment. Proper nouns like actors' names, movie and book titles or a recent conversation are playing hide and seek, and they're hiding in a 100-room hotel. That name or movie title could be in any one of the rooms, or even in the basement. For example, last week my wife and I ran into an acquaintance who I've known for years, and her name was right on the tip of my tongue. As I stood there pretending to pay attention to what she was saying, I was desperately trying to find the right door, and in this particular hallway there were dozens of doors, and they all had the same word written on them: FORGOT. When I have painful moments like this, it reminds me of my mother's descent into Alzheimer's disease. She began to forget simple things, searching frantically for an elusive word that was right on the tip of her tongue. Most of the time she didn't find it, so it wasn't long before she quit trying.

Getting older brings with it a host of new surprises and even shocks, and I know that for many people memory loss is one of them, but in my case I think it's content overload—that is, I think I have too many new guests flooding into my overbooked country inn. Their names are Editorial Deadline, Thirty Emails, Payroll, Invoice, Exercise, GetEnoughSleep, Appointment and Phone Call, and each one of them wants to be first in the door. I appreciate that my wife gives me little reminders about conversations we've had because, too often, I was likely rummaging around in one of those rooms and only heard half of what we were saying.

All of my adult life, I've had a this unquenchable thirst to start new projects, and for the last two decades, I've been running three businesses—a book publishing company, an online publication and this magazine. Although this little publication certainly isn't the *Washington Post* or *Esquire*, and publishing PL every other month isn't as overwhelming as a monthly, it's the collective load of all those demanding guests simultaneously knocking on my door that have prompted a change at Pleasant Living.

Starting this year, with this issue, PL is returning to its roots and becoming a quarterly. Instead of six times a year, you'll be seeing us four times—in the winter, spring, summer and fall. We'll continue to bring you the same nostalgic-contemporary perspective, the interesting people, the history and culture of Virginia's River Country that you've come to expect from us over the last twenty-five years. Next time you visit the Land of Pleasant Living, we think you'll find that PL will be even better than before. That front porch rocker will be even more comfortable and relaxing than it was the last time you were here.

See you this spring!



Editor/Publisher

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