

Summer is a third over and I haven't accomplished much of anything except work. I know, I know. The first official day of summer was just Tuesday but my seasonal calendar kind of goes with the schools.

Oh, to be a kid again with endless days stretching before me filled with nothing more strenuous than dragging myself to the pool or to a neighbor's house to kick around and do, well, nothing.

Of course, the kids today don't even have that luxury. Some have a schedule packed with baseball and other activities.

The library's summer reading program is also in full swing. There is nothing better than a good book. I don't care what the weather; a book is the perfect addition to my day. I should adopt the philosophy that there is no reading until the work is done. I would be much more productive on Saturday mornings, my favorite time to sit on the porch and pour over the pages of an exciting mystery or the newest best-seller.

It kind of made me feel sad that reading is a chore for some.

I have thoroughly enjoyed the library programs I have attended and am well past the age limit. They are going around the world in eight weeks.

A lot of forethought, effort and sweat goes into the annual program that affords children in pre-K through fifth grade with an alternative to lazing around with a Gameboy or a computer mouse clutched in their hands for at least one day a week.

They also want to fill up that reading card and go to the pool party at the end of the program. Who doesn't need goals? Someone (I don't know who) once said the only difference between a dream and a goal is a plan. These children are learning to plan their week around reading to reach a goal. I hope this is a habit they carry with them through life.

I can't imagine life without books. As a child, I was allergic to pretty much everything that grew out of the ground, dust and of all things, chocolate. (I still shudder at the thought.)

My mother had to talk to the cashier at Franklin Elementary to make sure I wasn't sneaking chocolate milk with my lunch. No wonder I'm such a chocoholic now. Thank God, some people grow out of allergies.

Anyway, my favorite pastime became reading. I had to be inside a lot from May to the first frost and I turned to books. How wonderful it is to slip away from a hectic day and immerse yourself in someone else's life and circumstances.

Read on, kids. You will never regret becoming a good reader. It will serve you well.