

I'm sitting in the living room with a fire burning, watching the snow come down. I should really go out and shovel the front steps and courtyard, but I really don't want to. We drove through a mix of rain, snow, sleet and sun yesterday as Pat and I made our way back from Los Angeles.

The worst part of the journey was the final few miles from the south end of Santa Fe to the house. I drove through dense fog that swallowed the tail lights of the cars in front of me within just a few feet. I could barely see the lines on the highway. I crawled home at 30 miles an hour, and it was white knuckles all the way.

Because of the weather it ended up adding a couple of hours to the drive. Santa Fe to L.A. can certainly be done in a day, especially if you have a companion. I'm not sure I could do it alone, but I may give it a try when I go back late this month.

I also realize how much I love Los Angeles. I love the energy of the place, the restaurants, the beach, the quality of horses in the area, the fact there is so much to do. Yes, if you have to commute on a daily basis it can suck, but I'm a writer. I can adjust the times that I travel.

Every winter I think "I'll sell this house and move west." Then spring comes and I think, "Not yet", but this year the need to get out is stronger than ever. I was actually born in L.A., at the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital so maybe I'm being drawn home.

What I really want is to be rich enough to have a small place in L.A. and keep my N.M. house. I'm deadly serious about this -- if anyone would like to rent a spectacular custom home 17 miles from the Plaza in Santa Fe, and an hour from the Santa Fe ski basin, two and a half miles from a high end riding facility complete with indoor arena, let me know. I could leave it mostly furnished.