

an old, comfortable house." The library is clearly loved and lived in. Cozy cashmere throws with Paul Renwick's colorful hand-embroidered blanket stitching are draped across dark leather bergères. Built-ins reach the height of the Serge Mouille ceiling lamps, with children's books crowding a low shelf,

the most beloved titles spilling over into a red wagon on the antique French herringbone-pattern oak floor.

The library and adjoining living room overlook the grassy patio where the blue Cornilleau Ping-Pong table provides a shady refuge for Dexter, the wirehaired dachshund. Higher-stakes games (in proper footwear, of course) are played on the immaculately groomed grass tennis court up the hill, flanked by the swimming pool on one side and the vegetable garden across the gravel drive. For further amusement there's the full-size jungle gym in a forested nook of the property and a playroom on the third floor, equipped with chalkboard walls and a miniature ball pit.

The master suite is decidedly more grown-up: The walls of Brian's study are covered in cognac pigskin, and a large copper tub custom made in England takes pride of place in his bathroom. Emilia's dressing room

CHILD'S PLAY BELOW: Nico shows Emilia proper archery technique.





is, she grabs Francesca, just woken from her nap, in a bear hug, wrinkling the smocking on the toddler's dress. "Almost two!" she says brightly. "Are you going to sleep over again tonight?" Emilia asks Emsy, who gets to share her mother's bed when her father is in town for business. Emsy swivels her head, as if part of a delicious conspiracy, and gives her mother a contented nod. \Box

