

Submissions for issue four, before Feb 21st, midnight
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Share reactions to issues 2 & 3, at 8 pm Feb 18th [on Zoom](#)

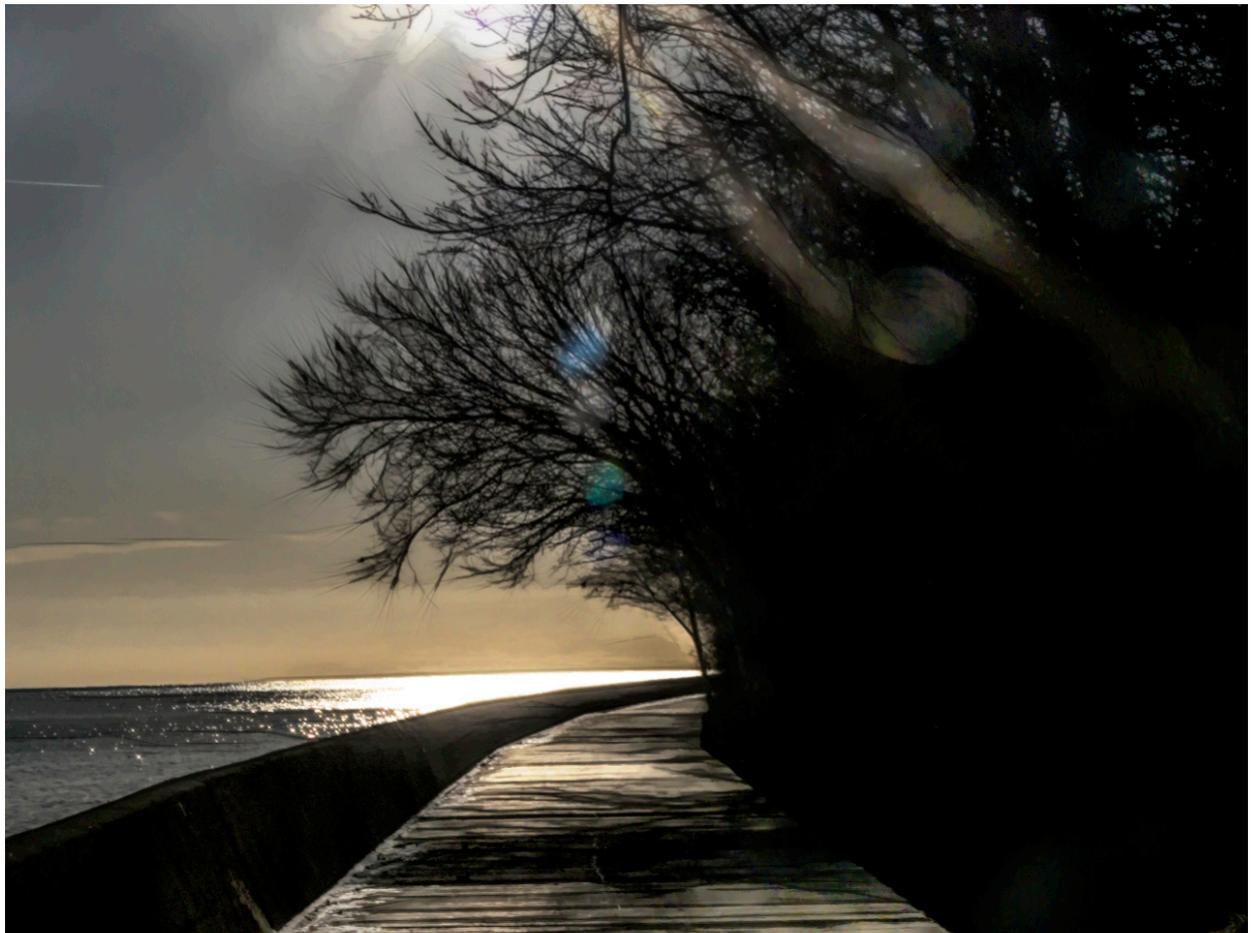
The planks were icy, where the spray from the lake had blown over them and frozen, and the breakwall was covered with ice where the trickles had frozen. But the sun felt warm, with no wind. Lorna and I walked along, stopping every ten metres to take photos of the icy mirages, or the boardwalk, or the flocks of long tail ducks that swam alongside us, singing what sounded like "alouette".

The ducks were in large flocks, maybe 60 ducks each, and they swam together, then all dived together. A few times I got my camera out and by the time I had the focus and exposure set, there wasn't a duck to be seen. I'd put it away, and all 60 would pop back up. But eventually we got into sync, and I shot them all.



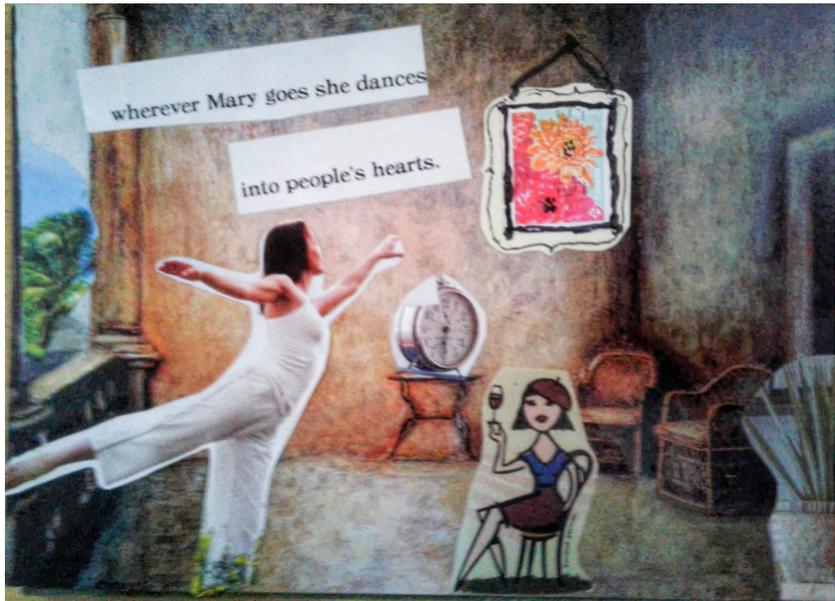
Ahead there was bright, and hope. We were walking out of the darkness, together, into the light. I knew that the boardwalk would curve and lead us to the pier where Ward's joins Centre Island, but at that moment I didn't really know just where we were going. All I knew was that it was lovely to be out, to be sharing the light and the day, to be sharing love.

Peter Marmorek



The Shoebox in the Attic

Oh you know the one... it started off on the bookcase in your office, and then maybe it was moved under your bed for awhile before being relocated to the back of the closet. And now, it's in the attic. Too precious and cherished to ever be thrown away this is the box of letters, postcards and memories. The missives, epistles and notes are wrapped with especially selected or perhaps random ribbon, lace or twine. Maybe there are knick knacks or tiny trinkets or photos in there too.



One of my part time jobs during university was working in the large reference library downtown. On Saturdays I worked in the Canadiana Department. I worked in the inner office, standing at a table, under the glow of a warm light... surrounded by boxes of ephemera. Supervised by the Archivist, my task was to unfold, mostly letters, from mostly banker boxes and lay them out in a specific way, logging them and preparing them for cataloguing.

These boxes contained letters from the time frame of 1916-18, World War I, and were donated to the library for archival purposes. These were letters from young soldiers, my age or younger, written to their loved ones. While it wasn't my job to read the letters, per-se, I did, look into the windows of their lives. They were handwritten, and some tattered; personal, though not deeply, and often with the occasional thank yous for the care packages they had received. At times they wrote about the conditions they were in. In some cases, details were blacked out. Mostly, the young men were missing home and sending love and hellos to their family members. I cherished this intimacy.

And, this was better than any book I could have read; this was the real thing... stories of a lives being lived.

Nostalgia seeps, somehow, into the shoebox, and over time, it weaves itself through the words and contents. Yes, I'm a sentimentalist, at heart. When, opened, that nostalgia, that wistful longing for perhaps the past, gently wafts out and swirls around us, greeting us with..."Remember me? I am a part of you; I'm a part of someone". It might feel visceral, even, this stumbling across the shoebox.

For me, that tangible look and feel and smell and touch of an old letter, the paper or stationery, along with the sensation of the lace or ribbon between my fingers is satisfying. Dusty windows, faded memories. The sentiments expressed, the handwriting or typed note along with the curiosity of "What comes next?", and the heartfelt endearments even if trivial are heartwarming. Or, the sad news travelling from afar, heartbreaking.

Not to mention the intimacy of "Dear so and so" and "Yours truly", "sincerely", "lovingly". The colourful, maybe collectible postage stamps, the script maybe from a carefully selected and favoured fountain pen ... the care, thoughtfulness and kindness.

How will this "shoebox" translate in the digital arena?

What will become of these letters when we have e-mail? Will there be a digital shoebox? What might that look like - "Here's the thumbdrive of all the love letters collected by my mother." "That correspondence is in my Google Drive ...". Digital archivists scan paper based documents for preservation into computers. Digital Forensics is about the recovery and investigation of material found in digital devices, "often in relation to computer crime". *sigh* Where will nostalgia reside? Will we stumble upon memories in email? Perhaps. Where's the ribbon and twine? How about the smell of that paper and Aunt Mabel's lovely handwriting... she always drew little flowers beside the X's and O's.

It won't be the same and I suppose that's ok. In the meanwhile, I'll take myself back to the warm glow of that overhanging light at the librarian's table, and cherish the papery. I'll make tea and invite nostalgia to be with me and the shoebox.

*Ahna, aka
The MailBox
Whisperer*





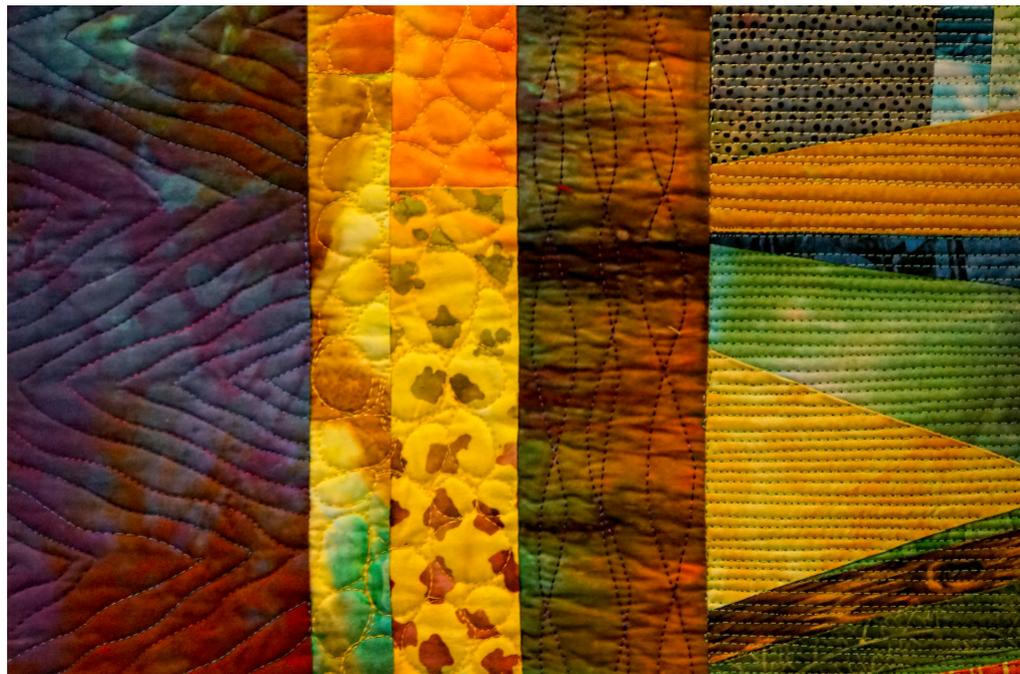
Joan Walder's Quilt

This quilt is titled "Family Matters" and was a commissioned piece for a friend of ours. It measures 23" x 39".

If you look carefully you will see that it contains a word within the piece.

It is constructed from commercial and hand dyed cotton fabrics.

(Whole piece at left; detail below)

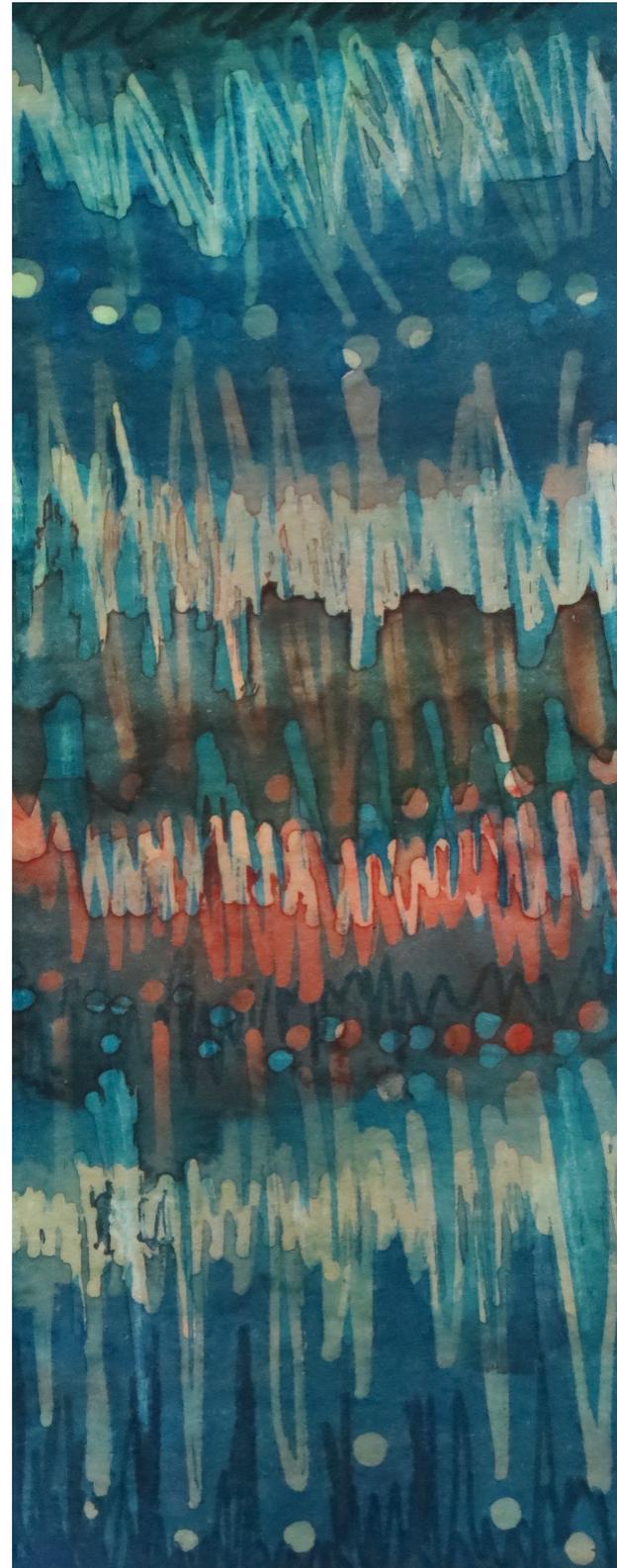
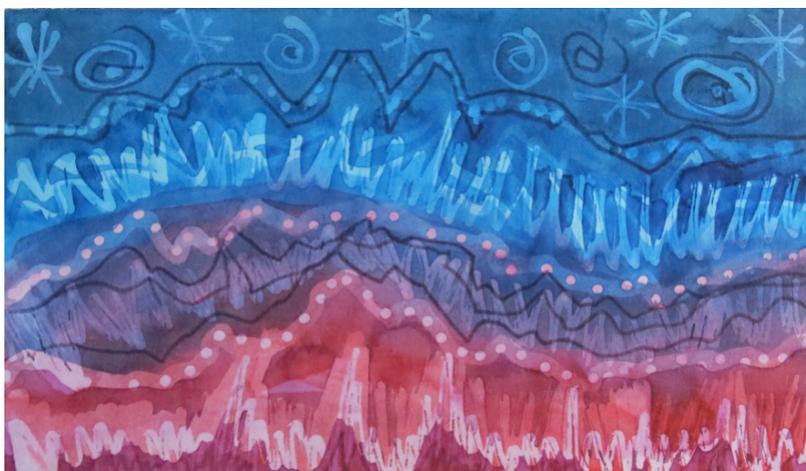
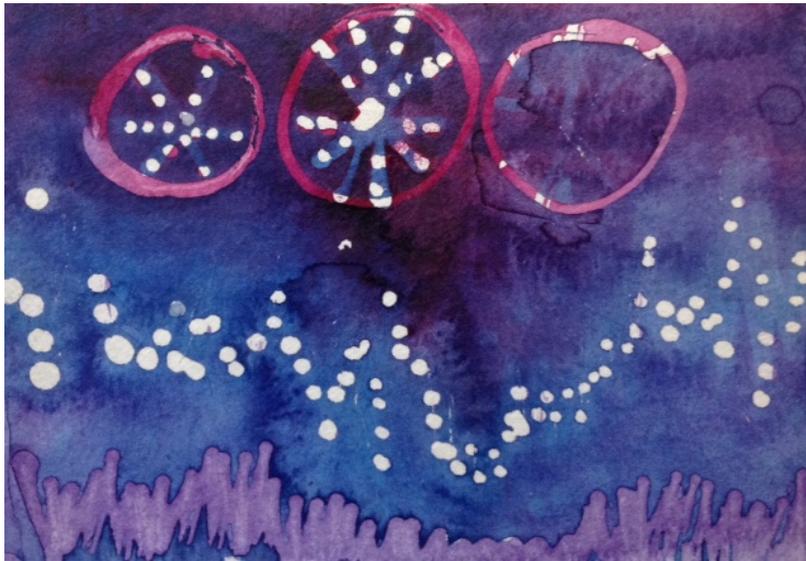


Watercolour and Masking Fluid Experiments

Lauren Renzetti

I wanted to learn about masking fluid and how it worked so I did some experimenting. With the notions of Batik Fabric, Joan Walder's quilt making and fabric dyeing

and the hope of relaying the magic of a starry night a hot day with cicadas singing tall grass waving with a hot sun beating down and many layers this is what I came up with. (Part 1)



Weavings

I felt the wisp of wheat against my leg
as I strolled off the path
and into the field
the wind looked like a whistle, through the
auburn

I'm not sure what possessed me to strip
out of my clothes
yet I knew at that tender seventeen
it was the right thing to do

I apologized to the tall grass
as I folded my body onto its
makeshift carpet
and I could see myself in the bird's eye view

She flew me up the road then
north to the next
where I was standing close to the rust of an
old mower
the same whistle dancing within its
dull, uncut stack

I thought I might fall against the shed
as I saw myself leaning nearby-
a grown man whose checkered path
I already knew

I recognized my spirit and felt
It smile back at the boy
of eight, perhaps ten
... it's gonna be a tough go
yet you'll make it here, alive

Before that afternoon
I didn't know time could stand still
as it rushed past me and
weaved within the treetops

And I had no way of seeing
that I'd have to die to
different versions of myself
to find me, next to the old metal

Douglas Crozier



*Photo by
Douglas Crozier*

A Light Romance

What men say in the dark
Often fades come the light
Somethings wrong with his face
He put up quite a fight

The bruises he gave you
Came from nothing but love
Let me hold you so tightly
Oh, you fit like a glove

The window is broken
The dogs under the bed
The whiskey he finished
Has gone to his head

Well he said that he'd give you
Something you've never had
That's what all of them say
And it's usually bad

But sixty ain't forty
And my knees are real sore
Shattered bones in my fingers
And a knife on the floor

So just listen to me dear
If you won't be a nun
Keep your wits all about you
And carry a gun

Lou Ann Shipp, April 16, 2020



Words and image: Rev Wayne

The Sound Page

Primate Playmate

Kurt M. Thomsen

To move forward and evolve to higher physical and spiritual beings, we must look back at our devolved forms. Oh, and be careful of the banana peels.

[Just click here](#)

Love is Love is Love is Love

Susanne Maziarz

words and music by Abbie Betinis, 2017

Abbie writes, "This song is dedicated to the victims, and survivors, of hate crimes everywhere, and specifically those at the Pulse nightclub in Orlando on June 12th, 2016. Love is often the bravest thing we do. May love prevail."

vocals, piano, and percussion by Susanne Maziarz, Jan. 2021
reverb provided by the sanctuary at Eastminster United Church

[Just click here](#)



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