

BEYOND THE LIBRARY DOOR

Some come taking shelter from the rain and find a treasure-trove of innovation, association, relaxation. Solid spines to grip when their own feel like they're crumbling.

We all find portals to new worlds here. Whatever shape we're in – imagination breaks the rules, and we wrap ourselves in capes of curated stories and warm conversations.

This wardrobe has an outfit for any occasion; patchwork shirts stitched by many hands. A reading shirt, an art shirt, a study shirt, a brew-us-another-cup-of-tea shirt.

In this place, we are best dressed, best kept, best in show because we know this is a public private world, a space to breathe deeply. The outside kerfuffle expertly muffled,

while our spirits are amplified, fortified, satisfied by each new adventure we find between these pages, and within these walls, grateful to compassionate staff who give it their all.

In the beginning, there was the word, and the word was
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Now, collaborative noise buzzes on every floor. Think trombones on a Tuesday morning, toddlers story time on a Friday afternoon. Think puppets and paragraphs, narratives, and cushions to sit on

while we laugh. We could go to the North Pole today. We could go to Egypt – 2000 years ago. We could go anywhere, meet anyone, communicate in whatever language feels right. We could find fossil shell spirals

pressed between pages, and be unfurled, unwound, never lost, only found. This space expands to fit us all. It is ethereal magic. We have travelled and it shows in the warmth of our eyes. We are acting out old stories,

telling new tales. Tales of things forgotten and things half-remembered, capturing memories in movement, music, and song. We gather in circles, point our toes alongside strangers; we are oak trees, or elephants,

dragonflies or friends. We share sounds, make music, create joy, dancing past our limitations, singing away our troubles. We are never alone with empty hearts or fogged up minds. We never lost the courage to try

something new, never lost the wonder of pop-up tales and scribbled escapes. Never lost the library card, always kept that key. And now, we're dancing, singing, playing, reading, being. Feeling all together better: better all together.

