

SPRING 2007

A GIFT OF REST AND THE OBLIGATIONS FOR THE CARE OF THE SELF

Some thoughts about rest,
renewal & popular education

by
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I love the seasons, the ebbs and flows of warmth and cold or light and dark. When, in my travels, I have spent a season in tropical latitudes where the equinoxes and solstices are gentle sighs compared to the rushing tides that I am accustomed to, I have felt a lack and a longing for the change of colour and light and sound that marks the life of the northern world. My imagination (my soul, perhaps) was born to roam the world and the stars, but my body was born to this land and it knows it. And, as much as I love to travel (and that is quite deeply) there is a remarkable and difficult-to-describe feeling of rightness when I have returned home and can once again breathe air that my body knows, drink water that my body knows, feel the gravity of this spot on earth from which I was fashioned.

As the earth hurtles in its annual courses around our star I can see in the seasons a rhythm of birth and growth, dying and death that is both ancient and always ever brand new. Every culture that has ever been has learned to mark time by the rising and setting of the sun and moon, by the sun's annual dance from the Tropic of Cancer to the Tropic of Capricorn as well as its ever-so-slow precession from zodiac sign to zodiac sign. And the myths of old saw in these things cycles and rhythms out of which they fashioned stories of life and death and renewal. These epics are available to us still: the Kalevala, the Odyssey, the Mahabharata, the creation stories of aboriginal nations of the Americas.

In these stories, in these rhythms of seasonal change are to be found powerful and vital lessons that seem as important to be teaching and learning now as I am sure they have always been. In particular, rhythms of work and rest, play and renewal. And I write these words as much to teach myself as I do to communicate with you who reads this. For I have long been in the habit of working, over-working, working some more and, finally, burning out. Once, many years ago, during my time as a student journalist working for the McGill Daily I thought nothing of working 24 hour shifts to get the newspaper out – a quick power nap, some food and I was ready to go until I dropped. I managed to

maintain that pace for a couple of years, even taking pride in my stamina (as youth are wont to do). One year, as we were wrapping up the season and looking forward to the summer break I found myself suffering a strange affliction. Tests showed that not only did I have mononucleosis but that the virus had also caused liver damage. I was told not to drink alcohol for six months and to get lots of rest. Luckily I was able to do just that and I spent a summer in Vancouver with many hours devoted to sitting by the water (at both Wreck and Jericho beaches), writing in a journal, reflecting on how at 23 I could be so burned out.

Well, I recovered and have a mostly lovely summer to remember for it. I returned to Montreal and, not having learned my lesson, leapt into my usual patterns. The 80s continued pretty much in the same vein. Trips to Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, founding youth leadership programs, doing anti-poverty work, literacy and ESL tutoring, and more, left me many times exhausted and weary. I also read about burnout and reflected about the popular education work I had been doing since having discovered Paulo Freire's work when I was a teenager. But it was the words of Thomas Merton that struck me most deeply:

...there is a pervasive form of contemporary violence to which the idealist fighting for peace by nonviolent methods most easily succumbs: activism and overwork. The rush and pressure of modern life are a form, perhaps the most common form, of its innate violence. To allow oneself to be carried away by a multitude of conflicting concerns, to surrender to too many demands, to commit oneself to too many projects, to want to help everyone in everything is to succumb to violence. More than that, it is cooperation in violence. The frenzy of the activist neutralizes [one's] work for peace. It destroys [one's] inner capacity for peace. It destroys the fruitfulness of [one's] work, because it kills the root of inner wisdom which makes works fruitful. (*Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander*, NY: Doubleday, 1966, p.86 – Note: *I've changed Merton's use of the male pronoun to the more gender neutral "one's".*)

When I came across this quote (while in Brandon, Manitoba working on a youth leadership program) it sounded like it had been written for me. But, despite recognizing myself in these words, it would be years before the wisdom in them would reach my heart. Nonetheless, I think I took these words as important signs that I was on a good path, one on which I had progressively opened myself to a critical understanding of my place in history and society. By the mid-80s I had accepted that, despite what I may have suffered as a youth (e.g. miserable school years, etc.) that I had an enormous amount of unearned privilege. I learned about patriarchy and violence against women and saw my privilege as a male being part of that; I learned about colonialism, racism, the slave trade and the genocide of aboriginal peoples and saw my whiteness as part of all that; I learned about international development, capitalism and so-called underdevelopment and "Third World" countries and saw my Canadian-ness as part of that. Everywhere I turned I saw oppression and saw myself implicated in it. How could I not choose to devote my every waking moment to resisting this oppression, to rejecting the benefits of the privilege that an accident of birth had set me within? I'm not bragging about how effective my work was, merely admitting that I worked hard and long hours for little pay. And, not surprisingly, found myself exhausted time and again.

Eventually, exhausted with being exhausted, I chose to study for a while and reflect on my dozen years (at that point) of almost ceaseless activism. Out of that reflection I drew a Masters degree and a new understanding of storytelling, popular education and the arts of the self. Having had to work full-time while studying, I was also exhausted. But it would yet be another dozen years before I finally turned my attention to the full import of Merton's words. Along the way I picked up many notions about rest, renewal, abundance and scarcity, gift economies, the relationship of obligations to the self and to society, and notions of the self. If the aphorism "we learn more from our failures than our successes" has any truth in it, I should be a genius by now.

The 90s had also been a contradictory decade of success and loss. For me (as for many) the 90s began with the loss of the Nicaraguan Revolution. After the US's decade-long counterinsurgency war the Sandinistas could no longer keep power. The elections of 1990 were heartbreaking and, while some pointed to internal contradictions within the Sandinista Party as somewhat to blame (and, truthfully, there were contradictions), there was no denying the overwhelming nature of US aggression. Who knows what would have been possible if the US had not warred so successfully and illegally against that small country. The one bright light of the 90s was the success of the anti-apartheid struggle which I, along with millions celebrated. But many of the other victories were more ambiguous. Neoliberalism was rolling over Canada's economy in the form of free trade agreements and conservative economic reform in Ontario and elsewhere. The 90s had also begun for me with the loss of Grindstone Island Co-op, a centre for social change education that had been going since 1972. I joined the Doris Marshall Institute for Education and Action, a group of popular educators. Many of the members of DMI have been my most important teachers. After a few good years of work with DMI, we were no longer able to weather the changed economic climate which had become much more hostile to social justice work. We closed our doors in 1997. Likewise, one of the best popular education projects I had ever been a part of ended in 1996. The Moment Project of the Jesuit Centre for Social Faith and Justice had, since 1988, conducted an annual series of workshops and I had served on the steering committee for four years between 1991 and 1994. The Jesuit Centre closed in 1996 and that was the end of the Moment Project. I put a lot of energy into organizing popular education in North America both through the International Council for Adult Education and the North American Alliance for Popular and Adult Education. This latter group had a troubled existence and tottered into existence in 1993 and faded away by 1998. These were some of the stops along the way that lead me and a few friends to found the Catalyst Centre (first the charity and then the worker co-op). After a few very good years, things got tough. Funding proved difficult to secure and our lofty dreams came to nought. After a couple of years researching and advocating for participatory budgeting at the municipal level we had failed to raise any funds to pay for the work we did let alone carry on. Another couple of years pulling together a national coalition to create a national Democracy School also ended in failure to secure funds. It was mid-2005 and I was truly tired and fairly discouraged. Eduardo Galeano's words always help me in these moments:

...I do not have a bad opinion of doubt. I think doubt has been a factor in the movement of history. I have grown to appreciate doubt more and more and, at the same time, to distrust those compañeros who only offer certainty. They seem too much like the wooden men which the Popul Vuh in Mayan mythology describes as one of the mistakes the gods made when they attempted to create man and didn't know how to construct him and finally they made him out of corn and he came out alright. But one of those attempts consisted of creating him out of wood.

The wooden man was just like a man except that no blood ran through his veins; he had no spirit or courage and didn't speak a word. I believe he had nothing to say because he had no courage and therefore was never discouraged. The proof that one has courage lies in the fact that one can be discouraged. And the proof that one can arrive at certainties that are truly capable of transforming reality lies in the ability to entertain fertile doubts before arriving at certainty; doubts that buzz around in one's head, one's conscience, one's heart, in the imagination, like tenacious flies. We need neither fear doubt nor discouragement: they are proof that our endeavors are human. And we are fortunate that these endeavors are human. Otherwise, these would be the endeavors of false men, men of wood, that is to say bureaucrats, dogmatic men, people who choose models over reality. Discouragement and doubt indicate that one sees reality as it really is. (In *Eduardo Galeano: Interviewed. NACLA: Report on the Americas*, 20:5, Sept.-Dec. 1986, pp. 14-19.)

Ahh, but words only go so far. So it was that just at that moment a couple of years ago I learned of a rare and unusual fellowship opportunity: a grant to rest and renew. Part of the Metcalf Charitable

Foundation's redesign of their "Community Program", the Renewal Fellowship was available to community leaders who wanted to take a break, to rest and renew. Metcalf themselves admitted that they lacked a precise definition of rest and renewal. Which suited me just fine, since that's one of the things I wanted to think about. I applied with no small amount of scepticism and was stunned to find that I had been awarded one of three fellowships. So began a rare moment for me, in which I could plan to rest, reflect, create, renew. My proposal included much creative work and a good deal of space and time to reflect. But life has a funny way of happening according to an agenda over which we are foolish to think we have much control.

My fellowship time was to have begun in February 2006. But in January my family learned that my father urgently needed heart surgery. Though the heart surgery itself went well, it was followed by complications with the lungs. February, March and April were something of a blur of hospital visits and stressed family members. My father suffered a great deal as he healed and slowly returned to good health. And I found myself, surprisingly, with rare resources to be able to provide support to my family. As can happen when someone in a family suffers, we drew closer. And I marvelled at the way that gifts work. The coincidence of my family's need and my capacity to be present seemed cosmic or poetic or just lucky.

This seemingly inauspicious start to a fellowship about rest and renewal proved to be a well-timed herald of the thinking that I had hoped to do during my sabbatical. For, while "rest" may be relatively easy to define (we work, we rest; something moves and is then at rest; we spend our days awake and then sleep and rest at night, unless doing shift work or dogged by insomnia), "renewal" is another matter altogether. And my dad having his heart fixed up and my family coming together to provide support were powerful signs of renewal. It also got me to thinking about just *who* is the subject of renewal? Is it the individual (in this case, community leader) or is it something more than the individual? For I had noticed that even when I had just gotten news of my Renewal Fellowship, the benefits of this gift began to work on myself and those around me. I noticed that the reaction of many friends and colleagues to learning about my Fellowship was something more than "being happy for me." There was something deeper going on. And it reminded me of something I had read twenty years ago in Joanna Macy's *Despair and Personal Power in the Nuclear Age* (New Society Publishers, Philadelphia, PA: 1983):

When we open our awareness to the web of life, we connect not only with the suffering of others, but to the same measure, with their gifts and powers. We experience synergy. Conditioned by the patriarchal, zero-sum notion of power, we are often tempted to view the skills and good fortunes of others in a competitive fashion – to view them with envy and take them as indications of our own inadequacy or deprivation. But as synergistic open systems, as fellow-neurons in the net, we can welcome them as a common resource. We can learn to tap them – like so much money in the bank.

In the Buddhist tradition this is known as *muditha* or "joy in the joy of others." It is the flip side of compassion. If we can grieve with the griefs of others, so, by the same token, by the same openness, can we find strength in their strengths, bolstering our own individual supplies of courage, commitment, and endurance. (p.32)

Learning that, as compassion can mean "to share suffering", there is also a term that means "to share joy" had a profound impact on me. Meaning so much more than the commonly uttered "I'm so happy for you", I embraced the deeper sharing of joy that *muditha* names. (That we lack a comparable word in English seems worth continued reflection.) And as I observed family and friend's reactions to my good news I could see this deeper sharing of joy taking place. And people were not just happy for me, they were also happy to learn that such a program existed. The quality of this sharing of joy was remarkable. I could see that it pushed back against pessimism and cynicism (e.g. that foundation funds are difficult to get and often not worth trying for). I believe that the gift of the fellowship had a

way of moving amongst my friends, family and community in the way that I've learned that gifts can move.

Within, amidst and around the dominant economy of monied commerce exists another and far older economy: that of the gift. And, though it differs from the quid pro quo of commerce (which is based on a relatively direct equating of monetary value for the thing valued), the gift economy nonetheless has its own rules of giving and receiving. It is a remarkable and resilient economy that all but hides in plain sight.

Charitable giving, including both donations from citizens and institutions and the consequent disbursements from charitable institutions are, perhaps, an obvious part of our gift economy. A not-so-obvious and yet vital (literally) part of our gift economy is blood and organ donation, a social practice that remains strongly resistant to being drawn into commercial relations. Volunteerism is yet another aspect of our gift economy that is an essential part of Canadian life. There are, of course, numerous gift practices in our society. And as I've reflected (often and deeply) about how gift economics works, especially regarding volunteerism, I have wondered about how the care of the self figures into things. For I think there is a close relationship between the exchange/movement of gifts and processes of self and community renewal and, for that matter, environmental renewal as well (though this last thought may have to wait for my attention).

In *The Gift: Imagination and the Erotic Life of Property* (Vintage: NY, 1983) Lewis Hyde makes a persuasive case for seeing the workings of the imagination, in a word *creativity*, as both embodying and necessitating gift exchange:

Those parts of our being that extend beyond the individual ego cannot survive unless they can be constantly articulated. And there are individuals – all of us, I would say, but men and women of spiritual and artistic temperament in particular – who cannot survive, either, unless the symbols of *zoë*-life circulate among us as a commonwealth. (p.154) (Hyde uses the term *zoë*-life roughly to correspond to spiritual, i.e. eternal, life as opposed to *bios*-life which is that of the body and which dies.)

The “symbols” that Hyde refers to here are, to put it plainly, art and the “articulation” he refers to is the creative work of making art. Nor is Hyde limiting this creative activity only to artists. Everyone creates. Everyone needs to create. And this is something that I think is at the core of processes of renewal.

I've long-since taken to heart Hyde's theory of gift giving and creativity and, as such, proposed for my fellowship a variety of creative activities. I rented a small book studio for a few months and, along with a former student from the Faculty of Environmental Studies, did some papermaking, bookbinding and learning how to make pop-up books. I solicited contributions from many friends for a 'zine about rest and renewal. I enrolled in a workshop with Nick Bantock (author/artist of the two trilogies of **Griffin and Sabine** and much more) at Hollyhock (a retreat centre in BC). And I wrote, wrote, wrote – about 50,000 words – some for a book I'm working on, some stories, many journal reflections and blog posts. Oh yeah, and much of that writing was done in Spain along with my friend Clara. I spent a couple of weeks with Clara and her husband in a small village in the middle of Spain where we punctuated hours of writing with walks around the ancient fields of sunflowers cut through with Roman roads. I spent the last few days of my travels in the south of France with two other friends Shawna and David where I did yet more writing. Shawna had just finished the fourth draft of a young adult novel that I hope will soon be published.

The curious, perhaps ironic, consequence of all this very successful creative work is that it has left me with a host of new ideas and projects that I was ready to pursue as the Fellowship ended. But with the return to the exigencies of earning a living, many of these ideas and projects have had to wait. Not the least of which is reinventing the Catalyst Centre – but details on this will have to wait for another time.

So what is rest and renewal? And just who is that rests and renews? As I look back at my practice during the Fellowship I can see that there were three elements that were key: the gift, creative work (which includes both producing stuff and learning new things), and time with good company (which included family, friends and my self). Humans are multifaceted and multivalent – we are simultaneously social and singular; we are mind, body heart and soul; we are logical and oh-so-illogical. And when I think about resting and renewing my *self* I find that my notion of the “self” is one that is hard to pin down.

For as I have learned from Martin Buber’s work, the self always exists in relation to others. He created the term *I/Thou* to name this irreducible inter-relation. And I have been wrestling with this notion for a long time. For me it’s one of those ideas that just seemed “right” when I first came across it. I realized as a teenager that we are all inextricably bound in relation to each other and who we are depends on which contexts we are in at any given time. I was a loner in high school, quite invisible to the in-crowd; which was an interesting vantage from which to see my fellow teens practice their different selves: cruel, kind, silly, shy, the list is long. In my family I was able to be one kind of person; in Haiti with Canada World Youth I was someone else; and working at the McGill Daily newspaper in the early 80s I was yet someone else. All these selves were, of course, related – Buber wasn’t theorizing a new kind of schizophrenia. But perhaps I wasn’t quite sure and that’s why I devoted myself in my anthropology studies to research on cults and radical personality transformation.

Sure, I received the gift of the Fellowship and, in a limited though important way, I benefited from it. But through me the gift benefited numerous relationships. More than I can write about here. I did get the rest. But the renewal was something that happened to all my relationships. If rest is stillness, then renewal is flow. And so, I would provisionally conclude and suggest that we see rest as something that the individual needs and gets. The subject of renewal, however, is much more than the individual – it is the individual-in-context or the self-in-relation. Renewal is a little trickier to talk about given our tendency in the Western world to focus on nouns and objects which we then put into action with verbs. Renewal is a dynamic process the subject of which is relationships. Renewal recognizes what the Avatamsaka Sutra proposes as a structure of the universe:

Far away in the heavenly abode of the great god Indra, there is a wonderful net that has been hung by some cunning artificer in such a manner that it stretches out infinitely in all directions. In accordance with the extravagant tastes of deities, the artificer has hung a single glittering jewel in each “eye” of the net, and since the net itself is infinite in all dimensions, the jewels are infinite in number. There hang the jewels, glittering like stars of the first magnitude, a wonderful sight to behold. If we now arbitrarily select one of these jewels for inspection and look closely at it, we will discover that in its polished surface there are reflected all the other jewels in the net, infinite in number. Not only that, but each of the jewels reflected in this one jewel is also reflecting all the other jewels, so that there is an infinite reflecting process occurring. (*Hua-yen Buddhism: The Jewel Net of Indra*, Francis H. Cook tr., University Park: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 1977, p. 2.)

I would say that every spark of life in creation is one of those jewels. And we each sparkle and vibrate and reflect perpetually.

And I have added one very brilliant new sparkling, vibrating strand to the net of my life. Having had the opportunity to reconnect with a friend of over 20 years I found myself quite spontaneously

proposing marriage. J'net agreed. And so added an unexpected poignance to my reflections on changing of the self.

I'll conclude this meandering reflection with a few thoughts about popular education. The Fellowship allowed me to let many thoughts push down roots. Before me is the joy of seeing some of those roots push up stems and ultimately flowers. That will take some time yet. Meanwhile, some hints about where my thinking is going.

I have spent most of my life volunteering, giving my self, my time, my heart to others because I believe this can change the world. Not alone, of course; millions of people are doing what I do in countless contexts. And what will change the world and, for that matter, what changes it every day, is people giving of themselves. And, while we put much stock in the "strength" of the economy as a sign of prosperity, we would do well to pay more attention to the gift economy which, I dare to suggest, is both more vast than the money economy and more important.

For over a quarter century now I have been learning, practicing and developing popular education. It has also been a quarter century of trying to figure out what the heck it is and isn't. And I've learned that it is a means of social change based on ethics of democratic learning and of social justice. I have also come to see popular education as a practice that is simultaneously about political change and the changing of the self. It is a commonplace to say that the "personal is political" and vice versa. But this very commonplace tends to hide, in plain sight, the more radical notion of a self-in-relation. While the word "personal" evokes notions of privacy and the individual (which fit nicely with our dominant forms of education and consumer democracy), the notion of the self-in-relation, as Buber and others suggest, pushes us to new understandings of how change happens. I think much social justice education and activism has neglected the care of the self (a phrase I draw from the work of French philosopher Michel Foucault). We fancy that we are caring for the world, making it a better place. But what of our *selves* in that vast puzzle. We fashion the world and the world fashions us. All that is in the world is recapitulated in our beings which includes all our relationships. Often I have seen social justice activists learn better behaviour and that counts for a lot. In fact there is great urgency for many new better behaviours regarding our use of water and energy and air and so much more. But better behaviour is merely the beginning of change. Learning to behave better does not mean that we have learned to *be* different. And that is what must ultimately happen if we are to fashion a better world. There is so much to say about what this *being* different entails. For now, I am reflecting on the importance of the care of the self which is part of the reinvention of the self. Popular education is one way to do this.

And, when I speak of popular education and the changing of the self, I am pointing towards a large set of theories and practices that affirm the inseparability of the self from the world. To say that to change the self is to change the world or vice versa is not to reduce one to the other. Both need to happen. Popular education, a modest and overlooked practice, has long recognized this inseparability. Some of the first words I learned about popular education were from the work of Paulo Freire: faith, hope, love, humility and critical thinking – I'll call them "arts of the self". And I know that the answers I seek about how to practice a care for the self that includes rest and renewal as well as how to practice a radical transformative social change that can renew the world are to be found in this constellation of arts of the self. There is much I have yet to figure out.

But for now, it is time to rest.

APPENDIX: THE 'ZINE INVITE

Friends, family, kindred spirits,

This is an invitation to participate in one of my occasional 'zine projects. As some of you know, I was granted a **Renewal Fellowship** by the **Metcalf Charitable Foundation** in Toronto to rest and reflect. And it was great. While it didn't work out as expected, I still managed to do much of what resting and renewal is all about. And now I'm writing about it. Belatedly. But such is life. My sabbatical time started in February last year with the unexpected event of my father going in for heart surgery – a trying few months for all, I can assure you - and all worked out well. And my sabbatical time ended in August last year with a startling and wonderful change of circumstances in my life: I got engaged. Some of you know the details and I will share the story with all of you through this very 'zine to which I am inviting you to contribute.

I've been making 'zines for over 25 years (you should see my archive) and for over ten years i've been producing an annual winter solstice book which i share lovingly and as best as i can. This season i am combining my need to reflect on a remarkable year with my passion for 'zines and my beloved solstice projects.

So, the 'zine is about rest and renewal. But, of course, what this means will certainly vary widely. And that's what I hope this 'zine can explore and share. This 'zine will be called: **Gathering Blossoms Under Fire: On Rest & Renewal** and the basic question is just that: *what is rest & renewal to you?*

In my application to Metcalf I included some favourite words of Thomas Merton that have guided me for many years:

There is a pervasive form of contemporary violence to which the idealist fighting for peace by nonviolent methods most easily succumbs: activism and overwork. The rush and pressure of modern life are a form, perhaps the most common form, of its innate violence. To allow oneself to be carried away by a multitude of conflicting concerns, to surrender to too many projects, to want to help everyone in everything is to succumb to violence. More than that, it is cooperation in violence. The frenzy of the activist neutralizes one's work for peace. It destroys one's inner capacity for peace. It destroys the fruitfulness of one's work, because it kills the root of inner wisdom which makes works fruitful.

Alas, as I admitted in the proposal and repeat here, these words have always been more ideal than real. And that's some of what I pondered during my sabbatical time and what I want to explore with this 'zine. I did some wonderful writing (and, as some of you know, I'm working on a manuscript I'm provisionally calling "Trickster Pedagogy"); I started reading Proust's **Remembrance of Things Past**; I traveled (and learned that it's all true what they say about food and France); I learned (along with a friend) how to make pop-up books; I met **Nick Bantock** and learned the wonders of collage and writing with him and a lovely group of folk in the magical land of **Hollyhock**; I made some new friends and I reconnected with some long-time friends; I thought of all of you. (Some of last year's peripatetic life is chronicled on my blog: **Comeuppance**.) And, as I mentioned, I got engaged – to J'net August, that is, a friend of over 20 years. I will share more about all this through the 'zine.

So, I invite you to send me something you'd like to include in the 'zine. It can be something you've written (a poem, a short essay, excerpts from stuff you've published), or it could simply be a favourite quote that you believe speaks to the issue of rest and renewal, or an image you'd like to share. For those of you who need a word count as a guide, I'd recommend nothing longer than a thousand words – one page of the 'zine is filled with 500 words. And, of course, short contributions are most welcome. If you are ambitious enough to send me something as an insert (not that I'm encouraging such, but neither do I want to curb your creativity) I plan to make 150 copies, so I'll need 150 of whatever insert-y type thing you might dream up. You can mail them to me at: #805-10 Walmer Rd. Toronto, ON M5R 2W4 CANADA

I don't want y'all to be obsessing over this for too long so my **DEADLINE** is relatively soon. If you want it to be in the 'zine send me stuff by **SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18**. (If you post me something, let me know that you've done so by the 18th so I know it's on the way).

Finally, all i can offer in return for your contributions is a copy of the 'zine (for which i'll need a mailing address - so don't forget to include that if you send something along).

That's all for now, folks. I look forward to hearing from you. I hope that your lives are touched by some of the wonder and abundance of this world. I hope you are well and loved and doing good things in the world.

I send you love and warmth (from this wintry clime)

Peace
chris