

Dear, Dear Ed Blockers,
...And a number of
Other WAC students
In courses... but
above all,
Ed Blockers,
That special family,
...

"Aging invites you to become aware of the sacred circle that shelters your life. Within the harvest circle you are able to gather lost moments and experiences, bring them together, and hold them as one... Everything is stored within your soul in the temple of memory. Therefore as an old person you can happily go back and attend to your past time; you can return through the rooms of that temple, visit the days that you enjoyed and the times of difficulty where you grew and refined yourself. Old age, as the harvest of life, is a time when your times and their fragments gather.... and achieve a new strength, poise, and belonging that was never available to you when you were distractedly rushing through your days. (It is) a time of coming home into the temple of memory... where all your vanished days are secretly gathered and awaiting you." John O'Donohue

You ALL are in the temple of my memory, and, with a deep sense of gratitude, thanksgiving, and love ...

I have an urge to confidently say, "Deo Gratias" for what you have meant to me, mean to me.

This 'covid' time, this steadily moving past my four score years (nearly four years by now) have had a profound effect... urging me to think, put together the variegated jig saw of my life (in so far as I can), and becoming more conscious of the uncertainty of our time... dictating to me that I must say "thanks" ... I have a profound sense that all AND each of you have significantly added to my life.

The daily encounters, the occasional single encounters, were for me about seeing, not just looking and listening with a sufficient satisfaction... they helped me, pushed me to recognize, appreciate, question more, to see more deeply than the instantly apparent... you kindled my mind, and as Einstein once wrote, "Imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge is limited. Imagination encircles the world." Yes, you taught me. Imagination and invention flourished.

I am deeply grateful for those days, weeks, times.

As an American contemplative suggested *"We must allow ourselves to be captured by the goodness, truth, or beauty of something beyond and outside ourselves"* as we progress on our 'spiritual' journey. In mysterious ways you were, are helpers in my journeying. Thank you, thank you...

...with sincere and remembered affection. The rooms in my temple bring smiles... *Seán*