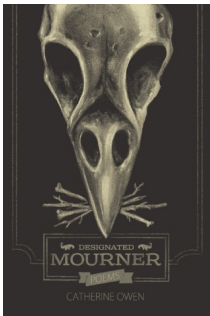


News from the Feminist Caucus, by Anne Burke, Chair

New Associate Member Roberta Ann Walker contributed her poem "Fragile Legacy", which was displayed with a collection of women's needlework at Eldon House, in London, Ontario, and is now part of the Women's Studies Library Collection at U.W.O. This month, we have the *Designated Mourner* Tour, by Catherine Owen, "Visualelegies, Women and Grief", at The Vancouver ARC Gallery, August 8-9; as well as *Writing Menopause Anthology*. In addition to: Interview Links with Susan McCaslin (& review of *The Disarmed Heart*); and with Magie Dominic, about her new memoir *Street Angel*.) Finally, a review of *Nocturnal Tonglen, Poems*, by Derek Hanebury, a remarkable first collection about his missing sister-in-law.



Designated Mourner by [Catherine Owen](http://www.catherineowen.org) Her new poetry collection, *Designated Mourner*, is from ECW in 2014. also see: www.catherineowen.org

Designated Mourner is a collection of elegies for an unconventional spouse and artistic collaborator, lost to addiction at a young age. These poems keen on the page, tracing tenderness and sorrow while raging against his night.

Well-crafted and intimate, *Designated Mourner* engages with a range of forms. It is timely as grief is a misunderstood and often shunned emotion in North American society, as is drug addiction. The poems allow emotion while never losing their aural power. Paperback, 96 pages

A meeting of flower and stone: grief form workshops on the designated mourner tour

- Three hours
- six or seven participants
- 60\$ each includes a signed copy of *Designated Mourner*.

"Talk about the vital connection between form poetry and the elucidation of grief according to our own personal experiences of emotion and control and do a free-write. Then, drawing on the free-write, we will focus on 3 forms I have found particularly conducive to the expression of the elegiac mode: 1) the Incantation, 2) the Villanelle, 3) the Sonnet. At the end participants are invited to recite one of the forms they have composed and discuss how it had connected with their grieving process. Printouts of these poetic forms and other elegiac poems will be provided along with a resource list."

Sign up at blackcrow.2@hotmail.com

Visualelegies art act artefact four women artists speak to grief August 8 and 9, at 7 p.m. to 12 a.m. Gallery Opening Parties with readings by Catherine Owen Music and Performance 12 p.m. to 5 p.m. Gallery, workshops, and roundtable discussion. For

schedules and more information call 694-787-1806. The Vancouver ARC Gallery is at 1701 Powell and Commercial Drive.

WRITING MENOPAUSE ANTHOLOGY

Deadline: July 15

Editors Jane Cawthorne, Lori Hahnel, Elaine Morin and Kari Strutt are looking for short fiction, creative non-fiction and poetry about menopause. Are you living through it? Writing through it? A witness to it? Is one of your characters going through it? Flash fiction also welcome. Prose submissions up to 2,500 words; up to three poems. Email submissions as Word attachments to: writingmenopause@gmail.com.

http://www.academia.edu/727912/Poetic_and_Prose_Responses_to_Menopause
<http://writingmfa.ucr.edu/opportunities/ANTHOLOGY%20CALL.pdf>

“Women of a certain age” seem to disappear in popular culture. We want to make them visible in all their grey-haired glory. What experiences have you had? How has menopause entered your writing? Has it made you and your characters feel restless or settled, charged with purpose or floundering in a mental fog, liberated or bereaved, foolish or wise?

Offer astute observations on this profound and under-valued transformation. Be funny, be furious, be the eye of the storm. Be courageous and outrageous. Offer us work that brims with the unexpected. Illuminate the journey. No “How-to’s,” medical or quasi-medical advice pieces, please. *The Writing Menopause Anthology* wants to make “women of a certain age” visible in all their grey-haired glory. Looking for short fiction, creative non-fiction, flash fiction and poetry. Writers can be living through it, writing through or about it, or witnessing it. The editors invite submissions to “be funny, be furious, be the eye of the storm. Be courageous and outrageous.” No how-tos or medical/quasi-medical advice.

Flash fiction also welcome. Of course. Prose submissions up to 2,500 words; up to three poems. Email submissions as Word attachments to: writingmenopause@gmail.com

Review of *The Disarmed Heart*, by Susan McCaslin (Toronto: The Thomas Poetry Series, 2014) paper 80 pp.

In fashioning an Ode, its linguistic origins are from “to sing”, from “voice”, and “to deny”; a lyric poem usually marked by exaltation of feeling and style, varying length of line, and complexity of stanza form. The type is serious in subject, and treatment, elevated in style, and elaborate; modeled on the chorus, in sets of three, strophe, antistrophe, the epode. It may be regular or irregular, the latter has freer shifts in subject and mood. The poem is encomiastic, written to praise and glorify, to eulogize, with personal description and passionate meditation; about a personal emotional problem, a general human one. There is a public oration aspect, though some odes are calm, meditative, and colloquial. It may be “homostrophic” (written in a single repeated stanza form) and shorter. (*A Glossary of Literary Terms*, by M.H. Abrams, pp. 198-9).

Part 1 of *The Disarmed Heart* appears as the “Open Odes”, the sensual mouthing of the ecstatic “O”, from *The Dunio Elegies* (Eighth), by Rainer Maria Rilke, “soft hooves” of

deer, a black panther (is there any other kind?), a hermaphrodite, “a solitary iamb” of crow; inconstancies, bliss, tidal flux, joy field; the rural or pastoral bucolic sins, Caesar and Judea. The brushstroke technique uses the heightened symbolist imagism of Ezra Pound, for an eco-activist, of emerald drapery, endangered forests, and “leaves’ trills dangle/verbs”. (Note: One of Rainer Maria Rilke's most famous poems was "The Panther". That poem consists of three stanzas (strophes), each containing four verses with alternating feminine and masculine cadence.)

In Part 2. “The Disarmed” (and disarming) “Heart”, praises for peace and harmony, stinging, Second World War, global warming, Moloch, “this hungry god”, (“gnawing his own raw heart”). An American philosopher George Santayana once observed, "I eat my own heart because I can and because it is my heart". In McCaslin's, there are also a reworking of Coleridge's “Kubla Khan”, now associated with the destructive pine beetle and Tar Sands; Leonard Cohen, nodding to William Blake. There are the weapons of mass reconstruction, whether jihad, crusade, or war; sentient, as “the heart/lies wholly exposed”. What we need is more love, or, at least “reciprocal altruism”. There are also verbs deployed, like missiles, for a fresco Queen of the Night, “deep//into the heart of all hearts”.

In Part 3. “Emparadised” is coined as a reflexive verb, magnolia blended with monarch, rainforest, cedars, in a narrative about a B.C. Mountaineer (1894-1990). A goddess poem involves “exploring chasms of words, canyon twists of verbs”. There are echoes of Earle Birney's “David” a Canadian classic of the documentary poem, in a symphony of aspen, “complex composing”. Like McCaslin, P.K. Page was fond of the glosas – a "glosa" being an intricate difficult form. Each such poem begins with lines from another poet – and those lines are meditated upon to form a new poem, where every stanza closes with a borrowed a line. McCaslin has compiled as much from P.K. Page, “earth music”, and her “secret calligraphy. There are glosas from “When the Stones Rise”, in which we uncover a pastiche, of the beloved, “The Paradise Mind: (for Mark)”. Of the couple's twin graces, she concludes “now/ you are the valley spirit, dear one/ I the mysterious female, your home”. We discover a story of the sea, “where the melting stones cry”, of correspondence and patterns, steeped in Christianity, such as Teresa of Avila and John of the Cross, of their martyrology.

Elsewhere the poetry draws obliquely on Cinderella, an Australian Shepherd; “greening”, opposite “an Empty Page”, an imagined dialogue between Stephen Hawking and the Poet. Instilled are: a polyphony, the Third Eye perceptive chant; Gnostic the genomes. There are the glory of Thomas Merton and the faces of women; nine muses, nine Marys; the gap, lavender of “old maid sisters, spinsters” (“Aunt Edna and Aunt Anna”). The poet recalls “their singing bones”, replete with ghazals, St. Mary of Magdala, and meditations. There are contemplations of mystical poetics, the metaphysicals, from English-teacher tropes, through varieties of figurative language, including but not limited to synaesthesia and caesura. A traditional "ghazal" is a poetic form and expression consisting of rhyming couplets and a refrain, with each line sharing the same meter. This collection imbues "blessed flesh", from Derrida, a conflagration of “Living Clothes”; as Goddess, Ontology, Ekstasis, and “Re-firings”.

This is McCaslin's thirteenth book. The poet pays homage to Katerina Fretwell and Penn Kemp; her Memoir Group, among them Kate Braid, Joy Kogawa, Heidi Greco, Elise K. Neufeld, and Marlene Schiwy. She credits her publishers with supporting poetry of the sacred. McCaslin taught at Douglas College, New Westminster B.C. Some of her other books are *Demeter Goes Skydiving*, poems, essays in *Arousing the Spirit*, (Woodlake Books, 2011); her memoir *Into the Mystic: My Years with Olga* (Inanna Press, 2014), and The Alfred Gustav Press *effortful / effortless: after Cézanne* (to appear May 2015).

http://www.stthomaspoetryseries.com/The_St._Thomas_Poetry_Series/Home.html

This publisher is a friend to poets, many of them League of Canadian Poets members, and I recommend their numerous titles to poetry enthusiasts.

Susan McCaslin is an eco activist whose poetic initiatives helped to raise awareness about what is now the Thomas Blauw Ecological Research Area, near her rural home in Langley B.C.

OpEd, *The Vancouver Sun*, June 16, 2014

<http://www.vancouversun.com/life/Opinion+would+Jesus+discriminate+against/9944319/story.html>

Dear friends, I thought I'd send some of my close friends who have an interest in this issue my latest OpEd on the Vancouver Sun's website. Ah, the freedom of retirement!

Best, Susan McCaslin



Susan McCaslin is a poet, essayist and retired educator

An excerpt appears below, for the full interview, please click on the link above.

Opinion: Who would Jesus discriminate against? TWU covenant is not about belief, but control, former faculty member says

By Susan McCaslin, Special to the *Vancouver Sun* June 16, 2014

There has been much recent public debate about whether provincial law societies should recognize proposed law degrees issued by Trinity Western University, a private evangelical institution in Langley.

The issue revolves around what I see as TWU's clearly discriminatory "community covenant," which students and faculty must sign, forbidding them to engage in "sexual intimacy that violates the sacredness of marriage between a man and a woman." Trinity argues that refusal to recognize their degree infringes on their right of religious freedom,

while others say law societies should defend the rights and freedoms of gays and lesbians, and even unmarried heterosexual couples.

Trinity has argued that its position is the traditional Christian view, and seems to suggest everyone there shares it; they all sign the covenant, don't they?

What is little known is just how controversial the administration's position is within TWU, and how many of its faculty members are mortified by the public spectacle now prevalent in legal circles and the media.

I have decided to tell the story of my own brief association with Trinity. When in 1973, I was a young woman in my mid-20s with a fresh M.A. in English from SFU, I discovered the mystical and esoteric stream of Christian tradition and self-identified as a Christian. A one-year sessional appointment at the University of Victoria had just expired and a friend suggested I apply to Trinity Western College.

I didn't do my homework on Trinity's roots in the evangelical free church, but went for an interview and was impressed with the then Dean of Arts. He offered me the job on the spot, mentioning the covenant, which at the time involved promising not to imbibe wine on or off campus. I don't recall it saying anything about sexual orientation. I told him I wasn't the "legalistic type," and enjoyed an occasional glass of wine with a meal. About to retire himself, he laughingly admitted that he too lifted an occasional glass in private. So I signed the covenant, making all kinds of qualifications in the margins, with which he had no problem.

Once at Trinity, I enjoyed my students and most of my colleagues, along with the opportunity to teach Biblical and Classical Backgrounds to literature, which examined many of the biblical stories as archetypal myth. Some of my students coined me "myth McCaslin." But after only a few months, I began to feel Trinity and I weren't a good fit.

Every time I went out with my friends to a restaurant and ordered a glass of wine, I'd look over my shoulder to see if someone from the college was seated nearby. I felt like a sneaky subversive. Soon I made friends with fellow faculty members who considered themselves mavericks working to change the system from within. I probably had an inflated sense of how radical I really was and also felt I had to conceal my true self.

Soon I became close friends with Grace Dyck, a brilliant young Mennonite philosophy professor from the prairies, who had done her Ph.D. with the well-known atheist philosopher Kai Nielsen. Dyck was a Christian who encouraged her students to explore their honest doubts, not to fear the "secular" world lurking outside, and in short, to mature in their faith by exercising both curiosity and reason.

Dyck was having marital difficulties, and after a while she and her husband separated. The president and board urged them to attend a series of coercive "counselling sessions." When this approach proved to be unsuccessful, they advertised her position behind her back.

Immediately, Grace left of her own accord for a prestigious position at King's College, University of London. She reverted to her maiden name, Jantzen, came out as a lesbian, and moved in with a partner she met subsequent to her time at Trinity. She eventually landed a post at the University of Manchester, where she became a prominent feminist theologian, an advocate of women's reproductive rights and AIDs research. Appalled at what happened to Dyck, I left Trinity right after her departure, accepting a part-time position as a substitute teacher in the public school system in Surrey at considerable loss of job security and pay.....

Another of our prominent Feminist Caucus members is Magie Dominic, who has been busy on a press junket to promote her most recent book, *Street Angel*:

There's an interview with me on Open Book Ontario. It was just posted this afternoon.

<http://ow.ly/zhxXJ>

www.magiedominic.blogspot.com
[Magie Dominic at Lincoln Center Archives](#)
[twitter @magiedominic](#)

The interview is titled "ON WRITING, WITH MAGIE DOMINIC" and focuses mainly on my personal writing process - on memoir. excerpts below with a link for the complete interview online.

http://openbookontario.com/news/writing_magie_dominic

On Writing, with Magie Dominic

Submitted by kate on July 17, 2014 - 1:25pm

[More Sharing ServicesShare](#) |



Magie Dominic is a Newfoundland writer and artist living in New York. Her poems and essays have appeared in numerous publications and her art has been exhibited in Toronto and New York. Magie's first memoir, *The Queen of Peace Room*, was shortlisted for the Canadian Women's Studies Award, *ForeWord* magazine's Book of the Year Award and the Judy Grahn Award. Her latest memoir [Street Angel](#) (Wilfrid Laurier University Press) was published on July 24.

Today, Magie speaks with Open Book about returning to her early days in Newfoundland, the importance of speaking your story and riding in a VW bus with Allen Ginsberg.

Open Book: Tell us about your new book, *Street Angel*.

Magie Dominic: Margaret Atwood said in a 1995 lecture; "If you write a work of fiction, everyone assumes that the people and events in it are disguised biography -- but if you

write your biography, it's equally assumed you're lying your head off." At the risk of being accused of one or the other I wrote *Street Angel*, a memoir. *Street Angel* tells the story of a young girl in a Newfoundland fishing village in the 1950's, and chronicles sixty years of a complex, secretive family.

The story begins in 1956. Patti Page and rock and roll are on the radio, and Ed Sullivan is on TV in black and white on Sunday nights. The Russians are sending dogs into space and the dogs have spacesuits and helmets. I'm eleven years old and in the back seat of my father's blue Chevrolet, on my way to the home of my father's brother and his wife, where I'll care for their two baby boys for eight days.

The hamlet is the first time in my life that I'm away from what I call my mother's affliction- her terror of darkness. My mother blocks doors with furniture, seals keyholes with face cloths, secures curtains with large safety pins, closes her eyes, places blankets over her head and lays motionless. But it's never enough. She finds temporary solace during the day, alone in her garden, but she sees a terrifying world in the darkness. The hamlet represents my first time away from that world.

OB: What prompted you to write a sequel to your first memoir, *The Queen of Peace Room*?

MD: *The Queen of Peace Room* is very much based in the present – a very specific detailed week at a secluded retreat house. The story is told from that vantage point, from my actual room, through flashbacks. The retreat, with twelve Catholic nuns in an isolated location, was a completely unplanned and unlikely event, but it was in that room that *The Queen of Peace Room* unfolded. Each room at the retreat house had its own name on a wooden plaque on the door. My room was called "The Queen of Peace Room", and hence the book title.

The Queen of Peace Room addresses my own experiences with incest, violence, rape and above all else – hope and faith. Speaking the truth about violence can be transformative and I researched how that transformation manifested itself for others. I'm quoting Margaret Atwood here - "The ability to remember the past helps us plan the future."

By telling our own stories we inspire others to do likewise. And conversely when we read or hear the stories of others we may understand ourselves a little more.

OB: What are you working on now?

MD: I'm thinking now about a window of time between 1960 – 1969. I touch on those years in *Street Angel* and *The Queen of Peace Room* but I'd like to expand on the dichotomy. I'd like to expand on the ten years that I saw - the people and stories; the violence and creativity; the enormous joys and unbelievable tragedies; the amazing people I worked with and read with and experienced.

To look back on it now it seems like complete science-fiction – except I have photo documentation! There's a line in *The Queen of Peace Room* – "The sixties were like the wild wooly west. Anyone who denies it simply wasn't there". It's true, it was the Wild West. Anything was possible. Half a million people chanted peace in a field in upstate New York. John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy were all assassinated. Anything that could possibly happen, happened. A man walked on the moon! I have to put my hands on top of my head when I think of the sixties, because if I don't my head may explode. I'd like to write about that decade. About what I saw. That's what I'm thinking about.

Magie Dominic, Newfoundland writer and artist, has long been active in the peace movement. Her essays and poetry have been published in over fifty anthologies and journals in Canada, the United States, Italy and India. Her artwork has been exhibited in Toronto and New York, including a presentation at the United Nations.

For more information about *Street Angel* please visit the [Wilfrid Laurier University Press website](http://www.wilfridlaurieruniversitypress.com).

The tonglen practice is a method for connecting with suffering —ours and that which is all around us— everywhere we go. It is said to be a method for overcoming fear of suffering and for dissolving the tightness of our heart. Primarily it is a method for awakening the compassion that is inherent in all of us, no matter how cruel or cold we might seem to be.

<http://www.ekstasiseditions.com/recenthtml/nocturnaltonglen.html>



Review of Nocturnal Tonglen, Poems, by Derek Hanebury (Victoria/Banff, Alberta: Ekstasis Editions, 2006) 91 pp. paper.

The title of this accomplished collection of poetry is from one of the Buddhist practices *tonglen* designed to "exhale the white light of love and compassion", as the portable means for connecting with suffering, a meditation method for overcoming fear and prompting compassion in others, no matter how cold or cruel.

This is a remarkable first collection, but the poet previously published in *Event*, *Fiddlehead*, *Prairie Fire*, *Grain*, *Poetry Canada Review*, and *Panorama*.

The book contains more than one dedication "for all those who searched/and are still searching" for a missing person, regarding the disappearance of the poet's sister-in-law. Another allusion is to Sri Chinmoy, for the sake of inner peace and happiness through meditation centres. Robert Bly, an American poet, author, activist, was leader of the mythopoetic "men's movement". His successful book was *Iron John: A Book About*

Men. Miroslav Holub was a Czech poet and immunologist. His work was influenced by his experiences, writing poems using his scientific knowledge.

This poetry is compelling, an extraordinary achievement, evocative and poignant. A brief Introduction unfolds a true-crime story, as if it were a movie but without a solution. The echoes are of missing women in Vancouver, oppression, death, and the victimization of women by power-seeking men. At points there is a sense of unrelieved human suffering; accompanied by an iconography of "missing" person posters, the usual suspects; the purse on the front seat, her otherwise empty truck found on the road.

A collection of fifty-eight poems are of varying length, composed of a powerful, moving latticework of landscape; and the inimitable passing of seasons. As her family members are aging without her return, they seek answers within a flawed investigation.

This full-length collection embraces Edmonton and the Peace River Country, with an extended exploration of the problem of evil. The poet alludes to a movie review of "The Pianist", as well as silent film, a plot unresolved, in stark black and white, not sepia tones.

Rain as a sustained metaphor implies various meanings (as noun and verb); of resistance (surrender), every man a suspect; as prey animal and predator, moose or coyote captured on remote infra-ray camera. The miasma of true and untrue clues, dancing, as all right (and all wrong) scenarios.

A black cat, Nefertiti displays stigmata, truly a devil in the details, while searchers among wild sage, saskatoons, first crocus prickly pear, and hawthorn, encounter emphatic symbolism: "the splayed bowels/ of a gutted doe victims/ barbarians."

The impassioned irony of The "Peace" Country, stampede, and the flowering rape/ field "holding my own against/the current of the Peace ("Rowing the Peace"). A "Found Poem" in imagination keeps the story alive, replete with (dis)associations, a few friends, prayers sung, secrets, and night sweats – impassioned decades of the seasons: spring/winter.

In "Terror" tremor, Morse code, "like an axe", are forcing the window. Wild cats disappear in unmarked graves, blame, "bitchslut/click": whether nurse, waitress, there pervades domestic violence in the anonymous "grip the females like prey".

There is the auditory "clatter/of cutlery" a hunter's harangue (of Belsen death camps) deer eaten alive. "Pogrom" exposes "the nazi in us" the patterns, in addition to alliteration: "bulk of blackness", "breathing"; in a concrete parkade "president's", "pile", "like prisoners", "unplug". There is "no love in this war zone", "just ice under snow and women/ and children pinned in the crosshairs".

Apparently seamless is the popular culture of car-envy "Chevy", the "Fifties", John Wayne, "what's dying/ under all this ice". Even white underwear, associated with

childhood sexual exploration, is not so harmless now, in context. Of "shocked yellow", "a tired man peace, my dear brother,/ abductor, clearcutter". Not literally, but a swollen tongue lost in chocolate, double roles of "she-cat" losing the youngest; the after-thought myth of Sisyphus and Shakespeare's Lear/ Cordelia. Of "Edge Of The Roof", so many nights wasted, even a beaten dog returns, all reminds us of our vulnerability; tracked by half-rhyme "calm of dawn", in the vein of Coleridge's "frost at midnight".

Since telephone charges are reversed, the black cat ("she sidles") a black hole to daylight; wet tongues her absence through an open window. About physical lovemaking, "vandals", decaying sack of guts, whether "artist, actress, woman". The combined prurience/ innocent ("he is inherent in the she") $Y(x)=X(y)$. Reggae/ Shiva, after seven years, a mock burial of all their hopes and memories "For us she will always live"// "over what happened in the last act." Paradoxically, she cuts them free. ("Mother Kali") Mother Russia's dead, yet "She sings".

This is an extraordinary book of poetry, not only polished, clearly defined, and based on more than metaphor, but, as a whole, represents a seismic shift in social consciousness. The poet moves beyond identification of the unnamed perpetrator and identification with "his" victims, evocatively conveying the frustration, heartbreaking hopelessness of survivors. The personal specifics are extended to the wisdom of the ages, meditation, the prayerful contemplation of life's meaning (if any,) and violent death.

Hanebury has also produced fiction and creative non-fiction, predicating a professional career, dispatched with human suffering unrelieved by hope. Author of a first novel *Ginger Goodwin: Beyond the Forbidden Plateau*, 1986, he earned a Master's Degree in Creative Writing, from U.B.C., in 1991, and has taught at North Island College, in Port Alberni, since 1988. His stories and poems have been published in many magazines, and broadcasted on CBC radio. This first book of poetry *Nocturnal Tonglen* was released in May of 2006 and this reader looks forward to more.

I recently came across an internet link, which deserves to be added to this discussion.

[Carolyn Pruyser - Missing - Peace River \(1984\)](#)

« **on:** May 28, 2007, 11:57:10 AM »

Date of Disappearance: May 17, 1984

Date Of Birth: August 30, 1965

Age at Time of Disappearance: 18 years old

Height and Weight at Time of Disappearance: 5'3", 130 lbs.

Distinguishing Characteristics: White female. Blonde hair; blue eyes.

Dentals: Available

Clothing: Blue jeans, blue esprit jacket, grey shoes, yellow short sleeved v-neck blouse with red and yellow on the neck.

Circumstances of Disappearance

Carolyn was last seen at a Mohawk service station in Peace River shortly after midnight on May 17. Carolyn's car was found just a short distance from her parents home. The

keys and purse were still in the car. Foul play is suspected in Carolyn's disappearance.

Investigators

If you have any information concerning this case, please contact:

Peace River RCMP CIS

403-624-6615

OR

Peace River RCMP

403-624-6677

Agency Case Number: 84-2335

NCIC Number: M-131847631

Please refer to this number when contacting any agency with information regarding this case.

Source Information: ChildFind Alberta

California Department of Justice

<http://www.unsolvedcanada.ca/index.php?topic=369.0>

"Carolyn's brother-in-law, Derek Hanebury, wrote a book of poems called *Nocturnal Tonglen* that chronicles the family's anguish and the journey of healing that followed. Annemarie said her daughters thought the poems might be too painful for her, but she had to read the book. "I thought it was beautiful," she says.

She keeps it, with Carolyn's graduation photo depicted on the cover, in her bookcase. It's all she has left."



dhenton@thejournal.canwest.com