

Morris Senior Center

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Movie Matinee Fridays – Second and Fourth Friday of each month; 1:00 pm; FREE. January 11 – Mama Mia! Here We Go Again, PG-13. January 25 – A Simple Favor, R. February 8 – Hearts Beat Loud, PG-13. February 22 – Collette, R. Movie Matinees held at the Morris Senior Center.

Lunch & Learn – Tuesday, January 15; 12:00 pm, FREE! This month's Lunch & Learn topic: Mackinac Island. Join us as we tour Mackinac Island with one of our own tour guides. This is a BROWN BAG lunch event; beverage and dessert provided. Registration required by contacting the Morris Senior Center at 860-567-7437.

Cake Walk – Tuesday, January 29; 12:00 pm, FREE with your treat! Bring your home baked treat and get ready to play a fun game with your treats as the prizes! We'll enjoy a lite lunch prior to our Cake Walk, compliments of the Morris Senior Center.

University of Connecticut Women's Basketball Game Watch Party! – Thursday, January 31; 6:30 pm; FREE. Join a bunch of your like-minded Lady Husky fans and watch the women take on the UCF Knights on our 60" flat screen television. Pizza, snacks, beverages, raffles and more! Event held at the Morris Senior Center

Make Your Own Valentine – Wednesday, February 6; 10:30 am – 12:00 pm; FREE. Stop in and create your own Valentine for someone you love or to send to one of our homebound Seniors. Event held at the Morris Senior Center.

Lunch & Learn – Tuesday, February 19; 12:00 pm, FREE! This month's Lunch & Learn topic: AARP's Living Longer, Living Smarter program. This interactive session offers a look at how to prepare for your future so you can live your best life the way you choose. This is a BROWN BAG lunch event; beverage and dessert provided. Registration required by contacting the Morris Senior Center at 860-567-7437.

Potluck & Trivia – Tuesday, February 26; 12:00 pm; favorite dish or \$5.00. Join us and guess what's for dinner and what the answer is to your trivia question! A friendly competition with your neighbors complete with prizes, of course!

St. Patrick's Day Celebrations – Thursday, March 14; 12:00 pm; Warren Congregational Church. Join us to celebrate the Irish in you, with us! We'll dine on a catered lunch; enjoy wonderful Irish-themed entertainment, raffles, surprises and more! Tickets are \$15.00 pp and may be purchased at the Morris Senior Center.

The Litchfield Connection

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Colossal Puppets & Young Musicians Star in St. Michael's Epiphany Pageant

A special guest puppet-master joined in St. Michael's-Litchfield annual Epiphany Pageant, as well as several young musicians, on Sunday, January 6.

Northwest Region Missionary Eliza Marth joined church members in the performance of the Colossal Puppets, and musicians Audrey Terhune (saxophone), Ivy Altman and Emma Vinisko (violinists), India Altman (Cello) and Abigail Yanaway (Treble) joined Jennifer Johnson on viola for several Christmas carols and Abigail Yanaway also performed solo renditions of "Once in Royal David's City," "Lully, Lullay" and "What Child is This?"

St. Michael's-Litchfield is located at 25 South Street, just off the Litchfield green, and can be contacted at office@stmichaels-litchfield.org.

Pictured are Missionary Eliza Marth and Curry Walker, member of St. Michael's-Litchfield



Monthly Musings

Leaning In by Jane Bailey



In the depth of Winter, I finally learned that there was in me an invisible Summer
- Albert Camus

No one will argue that January 18th isn't the depth of winter. I for one am not a fan of winter. I miss the changing spring palette from Crocus pink to Daffodil yellow to Iris blue to finally leaf and grass green. I miss the heat of summer days spent on the porch with a glass of iced tea and a book in hand as squirrels dart across the lawn making their pass at the bird feeder, scattering birds and their feed as they steal what they can. I miss summer walks and dinners of fresh corn, grilled meat and strawberry shortcake. I miss the au-gust change of palette back through the color range of gold to red to brown as the leaves make their fall and the painting shifts from high to low on the easel, with the fiery red Burning Bush underbrush the last bastion of autumn before Thanksgiving. So yes, when winter hits, I miss all that. Terribly.

Here I sit, grousing about being cold, not wanting to go out. Cranky that I must scrape snow from the windshield and fender crevices of my car. Afraid of falling on ice, afraid of driving on snow-slicked roads, afraid of catching a winter cold—or worse, the dreaded flu. I spend my days cold and afraid. Last week, the howling wind piled a 21-inch pillow of snow on the deck, blocking the slider and darkening the kitchen as the power ominously flickered. What if the pipes freeze? What if we can't get out? What if, what if?

Yet the swirls of white whipping around the house were a sight to behold—a MoMA exhibit of Jackson Pollack splatter paintings as the snow swirled and dropped leaving traces in the air as the snow moved and swirled up and around and back in and among the frigid air that seemed it might freeze all in place: a three-dimensional painting that could be packaged in an ice-cube. Cubist art at its best.

The arctic cold prompted me to visit the cedar closet

where I found an old Irish fisherman-knit sweater that still fits. Warmth enveloped me as I tugged it over my turtle-neck shirt. I found socks, thick hiking socks at the back of my sock drawer. How good they felt on my cold feet as I rolled out an extra room heater and shut the door to the library to keep out the cold from the other rooms. I warmed the kitchen with the stove-heat under milk for hot chocolate and padded back to the library to snuggle into the heat of Philip Roth's American Pastoral.

It was like being homesick—missing so much of spring-summer-fall home, yet gradually feeling the homesickness dissipate by fortifying myself and leaning into winter. Lean in! Lean in! as Sheryl Sandberg wrote. It's hard to lean in to that which we don't like!

Yesterday the snow fell gently. Simple quiet strokes of the brush added thin layers of white, one on top of the other until the ground was once again covered after the thawed interlude of warm temperatures last week. The beauty of this snowfall so different, yet no less beautiful than last week's storm. As the white layers covered the backyard, the brook magically kept flowing, its dark arterial path flowing in stark contrast to the soft white banks on either side. Beneath the winter snow, the flow of water—lifeblood—continues its path. The water is seen clear in contrast to the winter white surrounding it.

Like this morning when the lights I flicked on before dawn illuminated the darkness behind the window, blocking whatever light might be there. By turning the lights off, I could see the last of the stars disappear and the midnight blue of the dawn sky start to outline the bare tree branches across the barren field.

In this winter that I hate, water flows and light glimmers, if only I will lean into it.

Jane Bailey is a freelance writer who lives in Litchfield. She is a retired educator who enjoys writing creative nonfiction that explores matters of the heart.



January 2018 storm - Jane Bailey

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