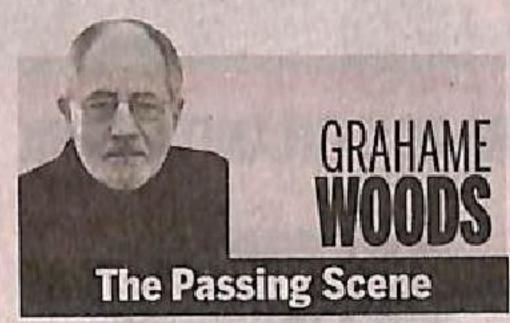


COMMENT

COLUMN

Our library - nourishment for the brain

here's a danger in life of being lulled through the familiarity of things that become part of our day-to-day routine, of taking them for granted; so it comes as something of a shock when that routine is suddenly shattered. The familiar has been wrenched from our lives. Even though one knows it will happen - the favourite coffee shop that closes between Christmas and New Year's; the addictive political television show that takes a hiatus through that same period; a restaurant that closes for good. And so it is with the news that the Cobourg Public Library will be closed until further notice due to flooding caused by a burst water pipe during the recent frigid cold spell.



The library is so much a part of Cobourg, a fixture that's always there, like Victoria Hall, the park, the beach, St. Peter's church, the harbour. Ever since my wife and I moved to Cobourg in 2000, the library has been a part of our lives; it's there, comfortable, part of the fabric of living in Cobourg. And, yes, taken for granted. It's a unique hub where one can browse over the latest newspapers and magazines, have

access to the Internet, research for projects, find a DVD or CD for relaxation at home, explore Cobourg's and Northumberland County's history. Oh, and yes, borrow books from a vast selection of fiction and non-fiction, specialty books, all constantly updated.

In recent months I've had occasion to check with the ever helpful and friendly staff about what I thought might be a fairly obscure book – having read about it in one of the weekend newspapers' review section – only to find that, not only does the library have a copy, but there are six people already on the waiting list. To which I am added. Then one waits for the pleasure of hearing the stern, authoritative, telephone mes-

sage, a pre-recorded male voice, summoning one to pick up the book by a certain date, a voice taking me back to distant, pre-historic school days, a teacher swishing a bamboo cane. "Woods! To the front. Talking in class!"

I belonged to a library at an early age, one that was a long trek from where I lived, but worth the bike ride to get Coward's Book of Birds before I saved enough money to buy my own copy, or the Romany books about a gypsy and his Labrador dog moving around the country in a horse-drawn mobile home. Or the Biggles books, fictional accounts of a dashing fighter pilot who, with the license of fiction, fought in both World War I and II, flying Sopwith Camels,

then Spitfires and Hurricanes, bringing an impressionable kid closer to the reality of the dogfights at 15,000 feet above his head, a silent movie of interwoven contrails and, occasionally, a dark spiraling shape trailing black smoke, falling to a distant horizon.

The Cobourg library has an excellent section for children, supported by its website (www.cobourg.library,on.ca), announcing the myriad of programs for children of all ages. As well, one can check the site for the availability of books and is well worth surfing to glean its full potential. I often wonder if an interactive page for readers' reviews would be good – "Have just finished Malcolm Gladwell's David and Goliath – very inspir-

ing and I highly recommend it."

In my primary school, another teacher, Miss Lucas, urged everyone in the class to 'read, read, read, assuring us that reading was food and nourishment for the brain. Fortunately, I have several books of my own clamoring for attention that will carry me through until the library re-opens. In the meantime, this hiatus provides a pause for thought and appreciation for what our library contributes to the community - doling out food and nourishment in spades. And it's free.

Grahame Woods, a retired mental-health counsellor and Gemini-winning television playwright, lives in Cobourg. He can be recahed at ggwoods@sympatico.ca.

natural world and Canadian wilderness, ticularly his final resting place - the nark Highlands of the Ottawa Valley. His hily is grateful to many dear friends and ghbours for their help and support, becially to the Closs family of mmermoor. Family and friends may pay ir respects at **BLAIR & SON** (15 Gore St. Perth, Ontario) on Friday January 17, m 3:00 to 7:00 P.M. A funeral service for holas will be celebrated at the nunciation Orthodox Cathedral, 15 oreton St., Ottawa, on Saturday January h, 2014 at 1:00 P.M. followed by a eption. In Memoriam donations to the St. In the Compassionate Mission, 155 badview Ave., Toronto, would be oreciated. For condolences or further wiblairandson.com

ich as refugee integration and able development, and was Russian Orthodox: Church be is fondly remembered by and friends for his integrity, his s and his commitment to truth An historian by training, a strong interest in his dual Russian ancestry, whose was profoundly attached to orld and Canadian wilderness, is final resting place - the ands of the Ottawa Valley. His seful to many dear friends and or their help and support, o the Closs family of Family and friends may pay at **BLAIR & SON** (15 Gore St

January 15, 2014 Peacefully in Lammermoor, Ontario, after a long struggle with Waldenstrom Macroglobulinemia, a rare form of blood cancer. He was cared for until the end in his home by his wife Cecilla, his children Nicholas Alexander (Anne-Catherine) and Natalia (Colin), and his sisters-in-law Deborah (Franco) and Eden (John). He will be mourned by his grandchildren Marie-Alexandra, Sarah-Gabrielle, Louis Philippe, Yevgenya and Anisya, as well as his loving cousins and the extended Ignatieff and Fraser families. Nicholas was educated at Upper Canada College, University of Toronto (Trinity College), and the University of Manitoba. He pursued a career in public administration from 1963 with the Government of Canada and later with the Secame Labour policy and Occupational Teath and Safaty in which he county in which he careful to the Safaty in which the safaty in the safaty in the safaty in the safa

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