



Enter to Grow in Wisdom

Library

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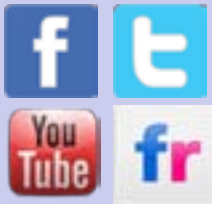
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December Newsletter

Libraries Change Lives



Enter to grow in wisdom

This is my library, and yours. Enter to Grow in Wisdom: there's nothing to lose.

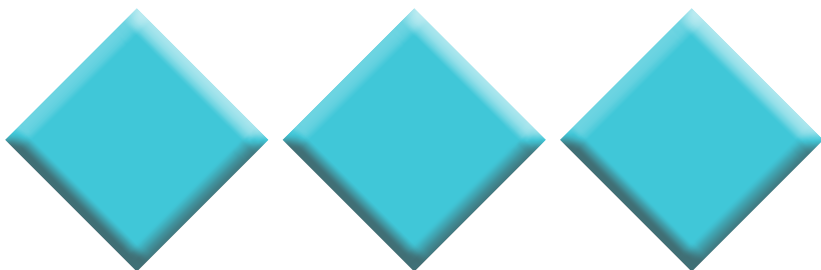
Eliminate Re-gifting!



The only thing that will stop the re-gifting cycle is to buy gifts with taste. Great taste. Such as, oh, I don't know, a bottle of wine?

Class at the Library

Save the Date! Wit, Wisdom & Wine



Libraries Change Lives

My love of books started like yours and maybe the person next to you: the smell of books is the smell of childhood.

I learned to read when I was five. From then on, books played with me in the morning, and whispered stories to me at night. I was punished and rewarded with books: no more Christian Andersen for talking back, a new compilation of short stories for good grades. My old house was replete with novels and encyclopedias, dictionaries and recipe books, magazines and journals, all in mysterious, “hidden” places. In the living room, a whole bookshelf was dedicated to safekeeping classics. My mom and dad seemed to leave poetry and paragraphs in their wake.

I thought of words like a magic hat. Out of one could come out a shrewd sorcerer, the next two held hostage a beautiful girl, and from the last few words, an unexpected ending took a bow. My memories of reading are colored by a child’s mind: books were my games. I took pride in ordering them all by height before going to sleep, and counting them during the day. I wouldn’t have dared fold down a page, or scribble on their margins. My care meant that I could keep my books safe, and nothing made me happier.

The notion of loving a library is similar to loving words. It’s not clear what their magic is until you realize they were keeping you safe the whole time.

Eight years after I had first opened a book, an older version of myself struggled to put two sentences together. When I was thirteen, my family moved to Rochester from Mexico City. It was December. The air smelled foreign, and the feel of snow was unlike anything I had seen or read before. I missed the murmurs of the street at night, and couldn’t imagine ever liking how dark the sky turned after five. And my books, my beautiful words! I couldn’t communicate anymore. English was a string of elegant but unintelligible syllables.

Each day felt like I had been betrayed: by my parents, by my books, by myself. I turned my back on reading; I grew frustrated each time I tried. The days started to merge into each other, and an indifferent routine kidnapped my curiosity. Then one day, my dad told me to put on a coat and a scarf. He was going to show me something. That afternoon, the first building I stepped into upon my arrival was the local library.

This was new. It may now sound strange, but I couldn’t remember ever being in a library in Mexico. Bookshops, yes,



Libraries Change Lives... continued

enormous and imposing every time; borrowing books from friends, of course; signing up for a library card, no. And what a place! There were DVDs, VHS tapes, CDs, computers, shows, study rooms; my dad told me one can borrow an MP3 player and I didn't believe him. I ran upstairs, still in shock, and the smell reminded me of home. I was already in love with books, but I did not expect to grow fond of the library.

I made several trips to the building after the first time. I felt lonely in school sometimes; soft melancholy tapped my shoulder even when I laughed. But I was reading and learning in English. I took books to my Middle School, and read during lunch. I didn't understand all of the words, but sometimes I knew what the ones surrounding another meant. I started with books from the kids' section. I observed battles from afar, and kingdoms flirt with conquest. I moved to the teen's area without noticing it. I stayed a while, but after the unlikely romance and all the angst, I was ready to move on. Wait, did I say I was ready?

What I have described was only the beginning. The more time I spent at the library, the more I understood that it wasn't just the books. It was like the Rochester Welcome Center: inside its walls, I felt safe and supported.

My family bought a printer and installed Internet just three years ago. Until then, the library was essential to the completion of my homework, and the emails I sent to my family at home. Today, I go to the library to read and study. I check out drawing books and ask to take practice tests in private rooms. I chat with librarians online to find the research for my projects. And you'll never guess where I began to write this essay.

Enter to grow in wisdom, the front says, but the library has grown, too. And I couldn't be happier, because my story will cease to be a secret and become the story of many.

This is my library, and yours. Enter to Grow in Wisdom: there's nothing to lose.

Gift ideas - in good taste

OK, people, listen up. There are objects sitting on store shelves that would normally stay there forever if it weren't for desperate shoppers during the holiday season. The short-sleeved clown sweaters, dusty tins of fruitcake, the perfume that not only burns the skin on contact but also makes a skunk jealous, and the sets of fuzzy dice start looking really good to last-minute shoppers. The poor souls who are the recipients of these gifts either store the gifts forever and only bring them out when the giver comes to visit, or most likely, the items are re-gifted.

The only thing that will stop the re-gifting cycle is to buy gifts with taste. Great taste. Such as, oh, I don't know, a bottle of wine? Oh yeah! Add a book to that bottle of wine and you have a great gift package.

Here's the deal - you can buy the book at the Friends Bookstore or the Friends' Holiday book sale (December 5) and you can pair the book up with a nice, specially-marked, bottle of wine from Andy's Liquor (Crossroads) and a portion of the proceeds will benefit the Rochester Public Library. By doing this, you're not only giving a gift to your friend, you're also giving a gift to the community. Win - Win.

Eliminate Re-gifting!

Library Wine

on Sale at Andy's (Crossroads)

Special Price!

\$9.99
/bottle

a gift in good taste

This holiday season, give a book and a bottle of wine!



Look for these labels to support the library.

A portion of the proceeds will benefit the Rochester Public Library

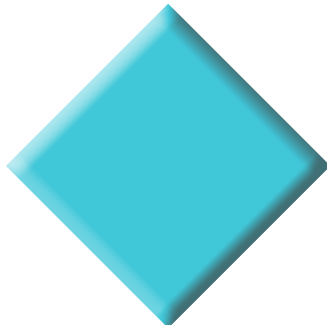
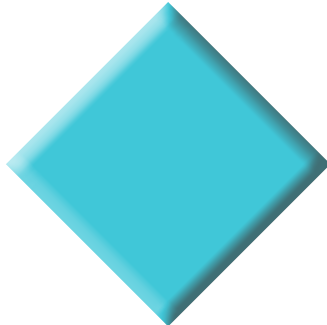
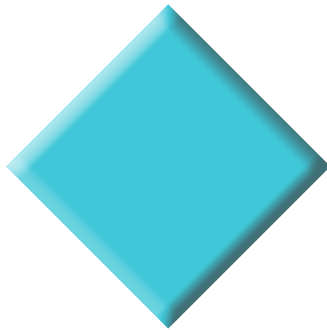
Book Repair Class

As a book lover, I get sad when books fall apart. Well-loved, well-read books don't last forever, but there is a way to make them last longer. When the book needs to be held together with rubber bands, it's possible to repair it!

Our Book Repair Class will show you some simple techniques for repairing your own hard-cover books. You will learn about tightening hinges when text blocks are pulling away from the cover, replacing torn endsheets, mending paper and tipping pages into bound volumes. Class will include demonstrations and a chance to try some hands-on repair. Class will include handouts and a listing of where to purchase supplies. (NOTE: This is not a class for repairing rare or archival books).

There are two classes on the schedule so far: Friday, December 10 & Friday, February 18 both from 9:30 – 11:30 am.

Space is limited for this free hands-on class so sign up early! Register online, by calling 507-328-2305, or at the Fiction Movies and Music Desk on first floor.



Save the Date!

10th Annual Wit, Wisdom & Wine fundraiser

Saturday, January 15, 2011
6:30 pm

- ◆ *entertaining and informative speakers*
- ◆ *silent auction*
- ◆ *raffle*
- ◆ *wine and hors d'oeuvres throughout the evening*
- ◆ *special wine tasting and refreshments following the 2nd class*