

## october at the shop

Did you make it to the yard/sidewalk sale? Some of you did, I know because I saw you. So nice to be out and visit a bit, even if it was rather damp.

We had a LOT of clothes, and we sold a lot. I hope everyone enjoys his or her purchases.



Still no date for reopening the shop, sad to say, but we don't want to endanger anyone by having too many people together inside the shop. Let's hope, as we all take reasonable precautions, this won't last much longer.

On top of the the unsettling feelings of dislocation caused by our current upheaval, there is, for some, the added sorrow of having lost a beloved pet. In recognition of that grief, and in honor of St. Francis, whose feast day is October 4, (and just because I have a soft spot for all things dog) here are a few more lines from Mary Oliver's *Dog Songs*.

### From "Her Grave"

She roved ahead of me through the fields, yet would come back,  
or wait for me, or be somewhere.  
Now she is buried under the pines.  
Nor will I argue it, or pray for anything but modesty and not to be angry.  
Through the trees there is the sound of the wind, palavering.  
The smell of the pine needles, what is it but a taste  
of the infallible energies?  
How strong was her dark body!  
How apt is her grave place.  
How beautiful is her unshakable sleep.  
Finally,  
barking and shining?  
the slick mountains of love break  
over us.

### PANGUR BAN

Pangur Ban, my cat,  
tis a like task we  
are at; hunting mice  
is his delight.  
Hunting words  
I sit all  
night.

### From "Bazougey"

So, that deepest sting: sorrow. Still,  
is he gone from us entirely, or is he  
a part of that other world, everywhere?

**Take care of yourself!**

*St. Andrew's Thrift Shop*  
9:00 a.m.—Noon Wednesday and Thursday  
10:00 a.m.—1:00 p.m. Saturday  
240 925-7445



