



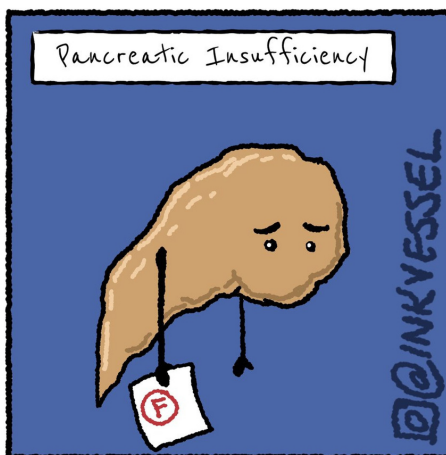
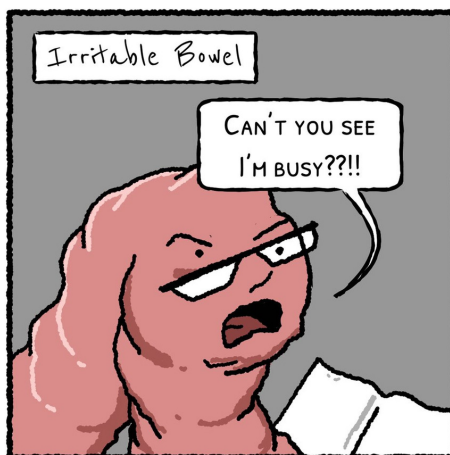
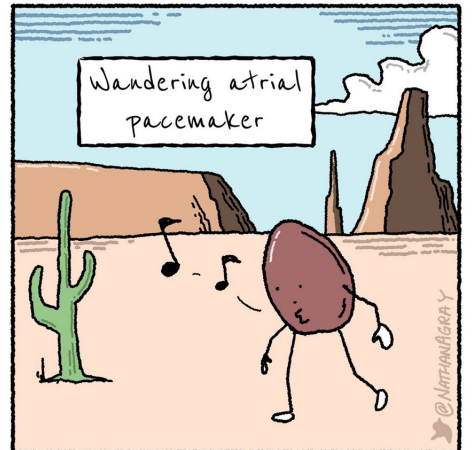
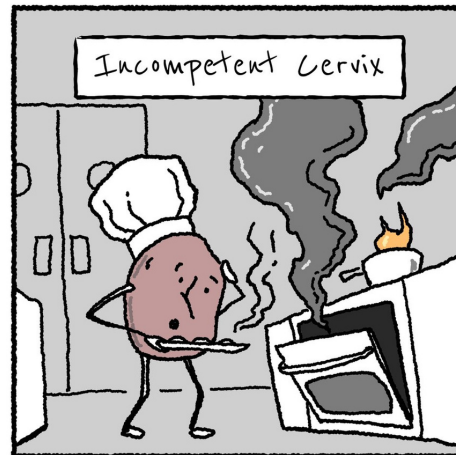
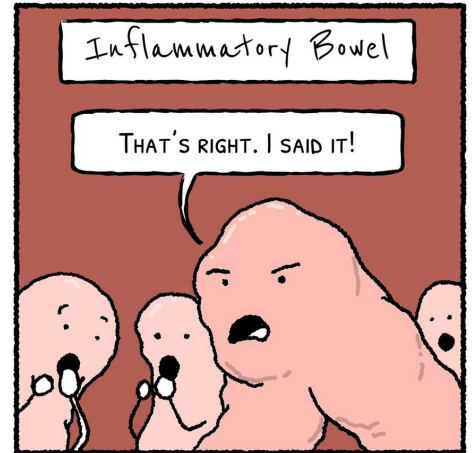
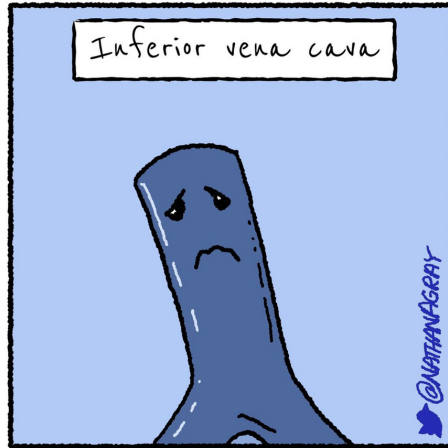
September Simple Mendelson Joe @Canadian paintings

Hello everyone,
How are you? Honestly, I feel so powerless that I just want to curl up and hibernate until this is all over. I've certainly got a good start on the pre hibernation carb loading bit!
So much going on in our personal, provincial, national & global worlds all of which are turned upside down in countless ways. Over the years I've tried to lighten things with personal anecdotes and funny stories, but I'm kind of empty right now. So I'm sharing colorful Canadian art and some random jokes and hope that brightens your day.

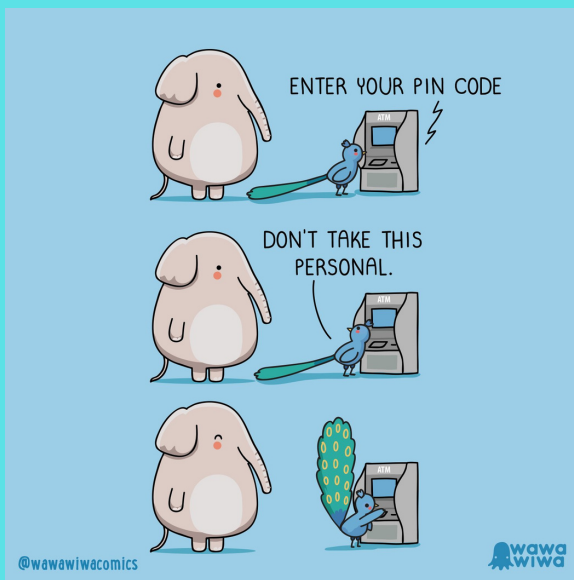
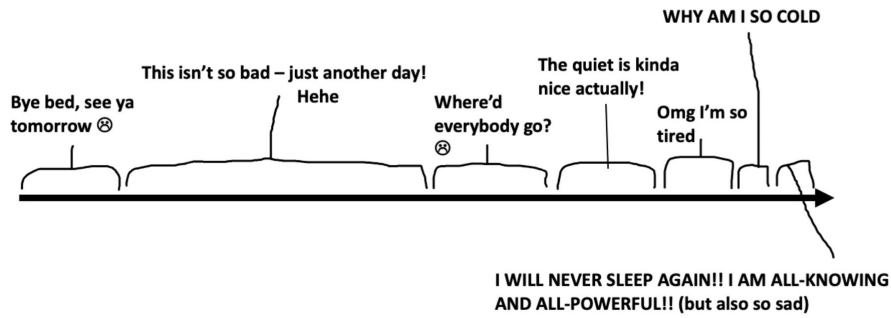


Northern Ark Kurt Swinghammer

@StefanTigges posted some of his fave physician cartoonists. This is @NathanAGray



28-hour call



Dr Paul Mackey @auscandoc · 5h
When you get to nail an anesthetist and dad joke in one hit
@DrSandman11



THE WRITER GETS SOME FEEDBACK ON THE LATEST DRAFT OF THE NOVEL

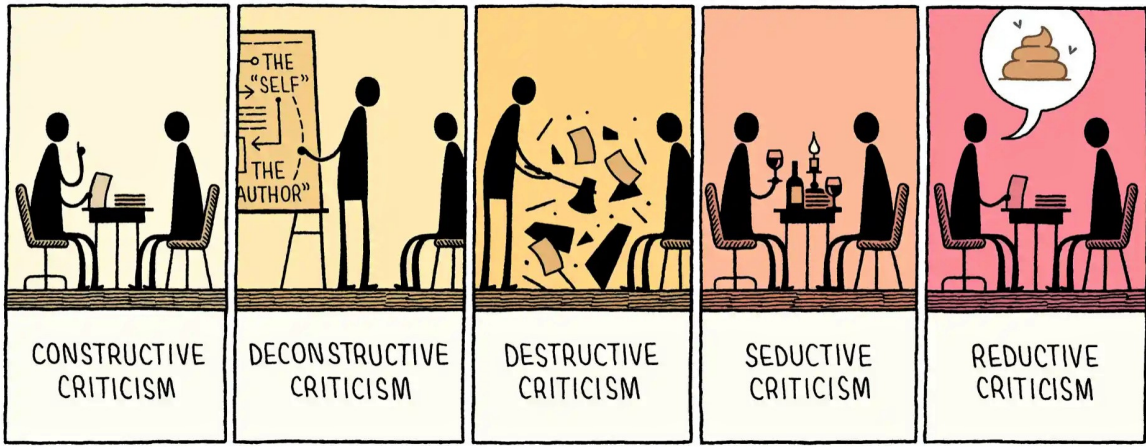
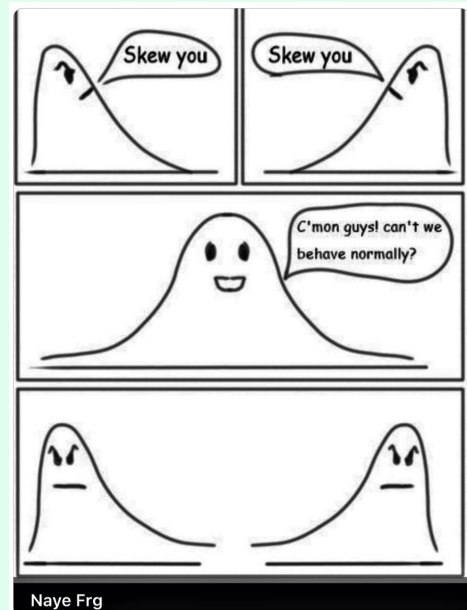


Illustration: Tom Gauld



Tom Gauld

THE BOOKSHOP CAT AND THE PANDEMIC

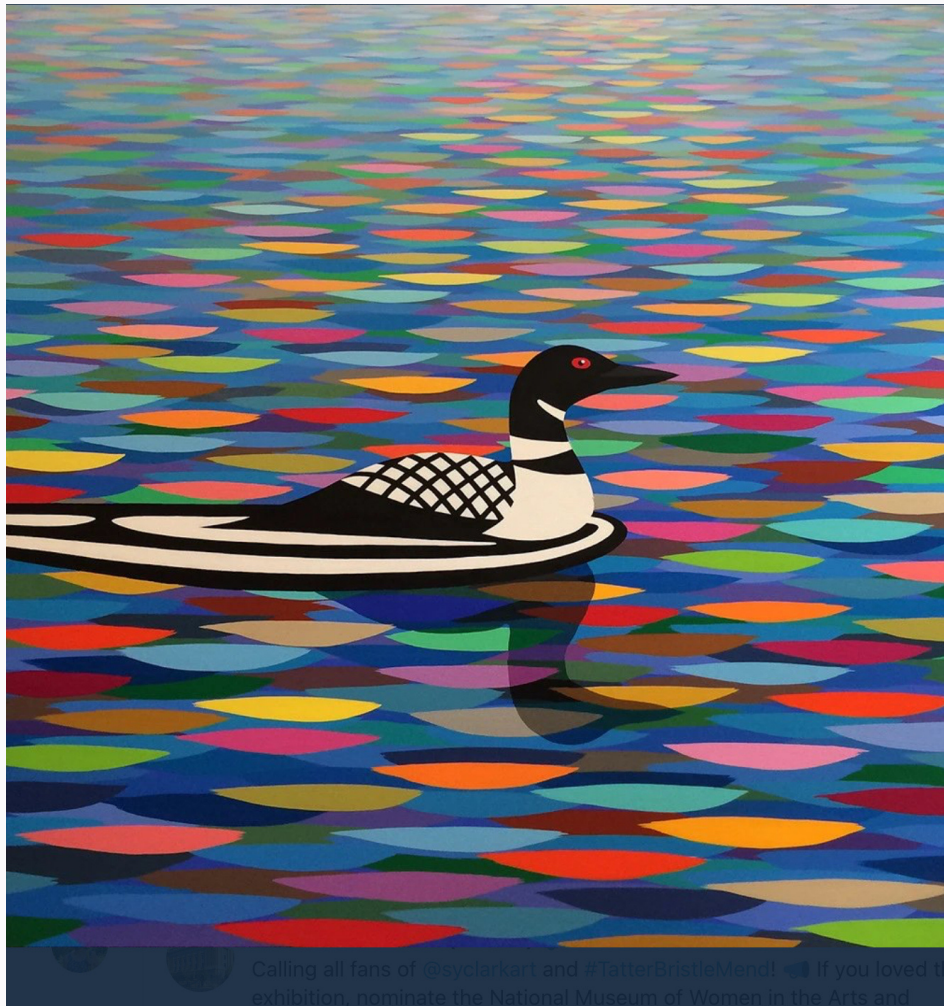


Just picked up my social distance support animal.



Bunsen and BEAKER 🐦 @... · 6h ·
When you dream of the perfect stick.





Loon Series Kurt Swinghammer

THE LOON

Not quite four a.m., when the rapture of being alive
strikes me from sleep, and I rise
from the comfortable bed and go
to another room, where my books are lined up
in their neat and colorful rows. How

magical they are! I choose one
and open it. Soon
I have wandered in over the waves of the words
to the temple of thought.

And then I hear
outside, over the actual waves, the small,
perfect voice of the loon. He is also awake,
and with his heavy head uplifted he calls out
to the fading moon, to the pink flush
swelling in the east that, soon,
will become the long, reasonable day.

Inside the house
it is still dark, except for the pool of lamplight
in which I am sitting.

I do not close the book.

Neither, for a long while, do I read on.

— Mary Oliver, *What Do We Know* (2002), *Devotions* (2017)

I created this issue during Edmonton's newly proclaimed Julie Rohr Week. I dedicate it to her memory. Read about Julie's life and legacy [HERE](#)

and perhaps
what made her beautiful
was not her appearance
or what she achieved
but in her love
and in her courage,
and in her audacity
to believe
no matter
the darkness
around her,
Light ran wild
within her,
and that was the way
she came alive,
and it showed up
in everything.

morgan harper nichols



September Glads Alexandrya Eaton

When it's over, I don't want to wonder
If I have made of my life something particular, and real.
I don't want to find myself sighing and frightened,
or full of argument.
I don't want to end up simply having visited this world.

Mary Oliver

**Be good to each other.
Be kind to yourselves.
Choose love over fear, every time.**

Julie Rohr

Thank you so much for reading,
All good things and much love,
Sue

