
KELLY'S CORNER

by Jan Kelly

The Vernal Equinox approached us with snow, rain, hail, sun, and general cloudiness fitting inbetween them. The Zodiacal year begins again. We were all represented if you looked at the moody weather, but Aries begins the wheel of the Zodiac. To all of us it is spring, printemps, primavera.

The first of March, the first house finch was spotted and heard, the second of March the first robin and the seventh, the trees were crowded with flocks of red-winged blackbirds. Their raucous insistence on territory and warding off of rivals is a strong reminder of spring because they will keep up their harsh sounds all through the day. In two weeks the ladies arrive and the men should have territory secured so that selection of a mate and nest building can go along on schedule. Watch for this medium-sized blackbird when you hear *kon-ka-ree*. That's when you will see his handsome epaulets. You will be as impressed as his future lady love will be with the quick crimson display. At this writing the peepers have not yet been heard. March 24th is the mean date for Provincetown. When the temperature is just right, one evening at dusk you will hear the diagnostic shrill sound. One, then two, then a few until the pitch, constancy and volume make a din. The silence of winter gives way to the sounds of spring.



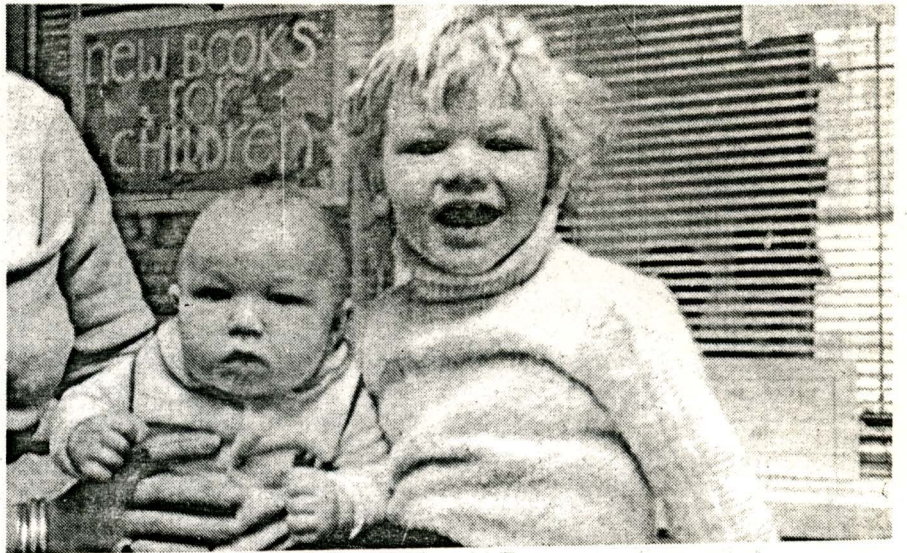
If you are at the library any Thursday morning between 10 and 11 o'clock you will hear another din. The pre-schoolers story hour has the same energy flow of the spring peepers. As the stories are read the energy of the toddlers grows—social contact, a new surrounding, so many people of their own height to look at, to touch, to make sounds at the gradual elevation of their excitement goes through the Hokey Pokey and then game time. The gradual slowing of energies is cookies and juice. Like the temperature dropping at the pond silencing the peepers one by one, the snacks confine the noise and energy of the pre-schoolers.

This tradition of story time has gone on for years sponsored by Friends of the Library. Many of us have taken our stint as reader and gamester. The present story teller is Katina Rodis and Katina has been entertaining and charming the Provincetown tykes for the past year. They love her and with good reason. She is always there for them and she performs her skills with no lapse in interest or involvement. Katina Rodis is a psychotherapist. She has her own counseling service which is called Chrysalis Counseling.

Katina Rodis specializes in both individual and relationship counseling, both short term and long term psychotherapy and multi-modal approach. She has a sliding scale fee and can be reached at 487-1938.

Katina is originally from New York City and is first generation Greek. She did her graduate work at St. John's University and her internship at Long Island

Jewish Hills Medical Center. She was attracted to Provincetown by the sense of community and the freedom of living through the dealings on the day on a first name basis. Volunteer work is ever a part of Katina's life and the library story hour is just one of her volunteer activities. We are fortunate that Provincetown attracts this calibre of human being.



If you should pass the library any Thursday between 10-11, from September through May, go in and take a look. You will see many great human beings—the young mothers and occasional fathers of Provincetown and Truro. They are involving themselves in just one more aspect of the center of their lives, their babies. You'll smile at the givingness of the whole picture. You'll also smile when you think these young women used to pound the floor boards of Piggy's dance floor till 1 am on many a frolicking night, and that now they do the Hokey Pokey at 10 am. All are adjusted and too busy to think of the old days.

Kim and Lynn Rilleau have a third baby and that's still his name these past 3 months. I suppose we'll have to name him, too. He is tall, 22 inches at birth. Guy, his 2 ½ year old brother looks like his ingenious grandfather, Roger Rilleau, the Celt from Brittany and Provincetown's original sandal maker. At heart he was a sculptor and theorist. Everybody misses Roger, but now we have a Guy.

Gail Browne was there with her darling twin girls, Jenny and Katie, double cart and two bottles pulled up along with the line of more conventional baby carriages. Charlie Hodge trots around carrying on an inspection while others sit and listen. Kira Irving daintily dances through it all. Cooper Kleykamp checks the book bindings at his height and his baby brother Casey. Tamara Eden Endich gets to visit with everybody before the hour is up. Twenty-five in all and not a whimper. At 11 o'clock the library empties out and becomes an institution of study and research once again. Jackie grabs her aspirin bottle, opens her office door and continues on the quiet-paced work of librarians. The children are out the door and onto the next thing. The work of raising, guiding, and directing these children is taken seriously by this conscientious group of parents. Watching reminded me of the Zulu saying: *You have to catch the future. It is not coming toward you. It is running away.*

Enjoy your spring.