



Carol Sill

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# Welcoming Summertime

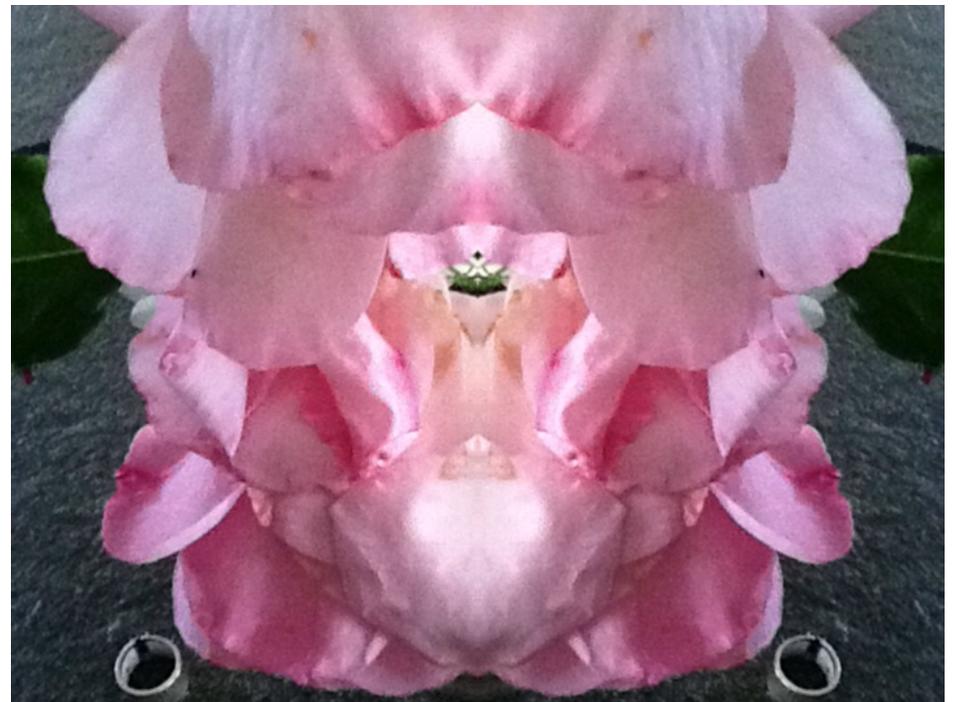
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## Easing into Summer

This little booklet holds a few of the images that came up to the surface while I was backing up the laptop to ship it off to Apple for repairs. It came back all perfect, and all data was still there.

I'm welcoming summer by just easily (and without too much over-thinking) putting together this little document, for your entertainment and amusement. And when it is done, it will be time for tea!



I don't have an origin for this Mouth of Truth image, and I believe one was also in the movie, Roman Holiday. Did Audrey Hepburn put her hand into it, or was it Cary Grant? It is very old.

In exploratory writing a few days ago I described something similar to this, but it was a finer life-sized face. Used for divination.

It hasn't been easy for me to write these days, and I see that as the fault of the demons who say: don't you dare write that.



*The ancient mouth of truth. They said you put your hand into it.*

Nevertheless, I will continue my accounts as best as possible, with truth behind it all. It isn't yet clear to me which direction the work will take, but I'm carrying on with the Personal Papers newsletter as I also work on my Wunderkabinett novel. When they are both going well, then you will see many postings. But if I am hung up in any way with the novel, then the Personal Papers newsletters suffer as well. And then there is the sheer joy of forgetting them both and going outside into the day, or connecting with all that rich real world that has nothing to do with writing. But the truth is, it ALL has to do with the writing, so here I am back again, after all.





## Memory Floats to the Surface

The past becomes present for an instant, then dissolves as always into the action of the present, before configuring a future. Second by second these waves flow and converge interdimensionally, with emotion and thought, feeling and intensity of the heart of creation.

Awash in this reality, I can only see the compression of vibrations and their interplay. Can't write them, not even in poetry.



# Lost Words?

Just impressions...



Lately I was too interested in other aspects of living, so didn't write as often. Words eluded me.



Sorry to say, I haven't regained those lost words, so here are some impressions instead.



In other seasons, writing flows easily. But in summer, the air is calling me to be outdoors and appreciate life's gifts.



Instead of writing, here is a tribute to nature, tea, life's generosity, impressions of petals and beauty,





## Time for tea

The bounty of life's offerings in the late afternoon! It's time for a good strong cup of tea. Join me any day you wish. I'm having tea every afternoon, right here, always.

